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THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

FEBRUARY 1982 $3.00

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CONTENTS			**PAGE**
COVER	DiVina Celeste	Photo by Bob Guccione	
HOUSECALL	Introduction		6
FORUM	Correspondence		10
FEEDBACK	Opinion		34
CALL ME MADAM	Counsel	Xaviera Hollander	38
VIEW FROM THE TOP	Comment	Jane and Michael Stern	47
SCENES		James Delson	48
FILMS		Roger Greenspun	50
WORDS		Marilyn Stasio, Peter Bloch	51
SOUNDS		Robert Palmer	53
HAVE YOU WHIPPED YOUR CHILD TODAY?	Article	Michael Disend	56
THE BLUEST LAGOON	Pictorial	Photos by John Copeland	66
SLAMDANCING IN A FAST CITY	Article	Robert Keating	76
MADAME CLAUDE	Interview	Blythe Holbrooke	80
MARCO POLO, IF YOU CAN	Fiction	William F. Buckley, Jr.	84
DIVINA	Pet of the Month	Photos by Bob Guccione	89
WHY WE MUST EXPLORE OUTER SPACE	Essay	Dr. Mark R. Chartrand	110
CARMEN	Pictorial	Photos by Earl Miller	113
NAKED CITY	Photo-Reportage	Photos by Eddie Adams Text by Kathy Lowry	128
THE PLANET OF THE RAPES	Fiction	Thomas M. Disch	138
OF BITS AND BRAWN	Service	Gerard K. O'Neill	142
FROM RUSSIA WITH IRREVERENCE	Satire	Bill Lee	150
DREAMWATCH	Analysis	Dr. Albert Ellis	159
CENTS AND SENSIBILITY	Quiz	Frank Donegan	163
WINGING IT	Service		172
HARD TIMES	Humor		180
SWEET CHASTITY	Satire	Ron Embleton/Bob Guccione	188

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HOUSECALL

The birthday of St. Valentine, the patron saint of love, is appropriately celebrated by us this month in an exclusive interview with Germaine Grudet, who is much better known as **Mme. Claude**, the legendary proprietress of what was for twenty years the world's most luxurious and expensive international call girl operation (page 80). Claude, who protected her multimillion dollar business by allowing the French Foreign Ministry to bug her girls' visits to foreign emissaries, tells writer **Blythe Holbrooke** how she applied the lessons she learned as a young girl in a convent school ("to be on time, to be well-groomed, to do everything with as much intelligence, discernment, and attentiveness as possible") to creating her extraordinary enterprise. But more important, she lets Holbrooke— and *Penthouse*–know her secrets for making men happy (a woman "must say three things to a man: that he is beautiful, that he is intelligent, that he makes love well . . . they will always believe you if you tell them these things"), compares Americans and Europeans ("American men give themselves heart attacks trying to satisfy their wives, who are just never satisfied. But European women . . . admire their men more"), discusses bisexuality ("one has to experience everything") and male prostitution ("a man can't perform if he has doubts"), and explains the relationship between the economy and her profession ("the need and demand for sex remains constant. Sex is one of the few things that can survive any recession"). Holbrooke, who tracked down the now reclusive Claude in a Santa Monica apartment hideaway, is currently finishing a book on the power of gossip, which will be published by Coward, McCann & Geoghegan this fall.

We're happy to inaugurate on page 180 the first edition of "Hard Times," a monthly compendium of the most bizarre and lurid stories to be found in the nation's press. If you find such headlines as *"WOMAN MURDERS OWN CHILD–BECOMES PRISON-SPONSORED BABY-SITTER," "WITCH DOCTOR PERFORMS 'LOW OVERHEAD' BRAIN SURGERY,"* and *"HOOVER CLAIMS ANOTHER PENIS"* irresistible (and who doesn't?), "Hard Times" will prove to be another *Penthouse* favorite. And we welcome your contributions to this column. Send clippings to: Hard Times Editor, Penthouse Magazine, 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Please indicate the name of the newspaper and the date of publication.

Using a tiny classroom electric chair as a teaching device may sound like a story from the tabloid press, but like most of the shocking accounts in **Michael Disend's** "Have You Whipped Your Child Today?" an expose of the New Right's reign of terror in the schools, it is all too true (page 56). "If a little child does wrong deliberately and you produce a pain in his body and the pain is related to disobedience, then he develops a respect for obedience," Rev. Donald Howard told Disend. Howard, whom Jerry Falwell called "the driving force in Christian education today," along with other Moral Majority and fundamentalist leaders has evolved a terrifying philosophy of learning through pain that makes spanking, paddling, and whipping commonplace for the almost half - million children enrolled in their schools. And they don't want to stop there. After bringing "amoral public education to its knees" in the words of Jerry Falwell, the New Right plans to set up a network of "Christian" schools. Its final goal? Howard told Disend: "The ideal system is totalitarian government with a righteous and a pure and godly leader." And, Howard went on, "I think you could probably say according to scriptural principles that Jerry Falwell is a prophet." We, of course, couldn't probably say anything of the sort.

Humor Editor **Bill Lee** got a firsthand look at another kind of totalitarian dictatorship when he traveled behind the Iron Curtain to report "From Russia with Irreverence" (page 150). It's impossible for Bill not to ferret out the most amusing and surreal aspects of the world's most repressive society, but in this case his satire is tinged with fear: "For the first time in my life," he says, "I've deliberately altered the names and facial characteristics of my subjects in order to save them from the wrath of their despotic leadership."

The American reading public never tires of good spy novels and science fiction, and this month we're publishing an outstanding example of both. In "Marco Polo, If you Can" (page 84), *National Review* editor **William F. Buckley, Jr.**, continues his best-selling series featuring CIA agent Blackford Oakes. In this excerpt from his forthcoming Doubleday novel, an old girl friend of Oakes's becomes the central figure in a sinister KGB plot. And in "Planet of the Rapes" (page 138), **Thomas M. Disch** mixes futuristic fantasy and outrageous satire in a perfect fictional blend. "Planet" will appear later this year in a collection of Disch stories, *The Man Who Had No Idea,* to be published by Bantam.

The ways in which our lives are about to be transformed by home computers may *seem* like science fiction, but Princeton professor Gerard K. O'Neill, author of *2081—A Hopeful View of the Human Future,* explains how we can take advantage of these electronic miracles right now (page 142). And another distinguished scientist, **Dr. Mark R. Chartrand**, the executive director of the National Space Institute, argues that President Reagan's plan to reduce the already low space and research budgets will turn the United States "in many important ways into a second-class nation" (Advise & Dissent, page 110)

Pulitzer Prize-winning photographer **Eddie Adams** and writer **Kathy Lowry** visit an authentic American sideshow, the Mr. and Ms.. Nude American Contest in Naked City, Ind., for the latest in our series on "America at its Leisure" (page 128). And writer **Robert Keating** reports on a much more terrifying American freak show—the post-punk skinhead world of Los Angeles, where kids are totally burnt out, and sometimes dead, by the time they're sixteen ("Slamdancing in the Fast City," page 76).

As an extra bonus this month, be sure to read the free sample copy of *Variations,* the exciting latest addition to the Penthouse International family of magazines. And, finally, of course, there could be no finer fashion in which to mark St. Valentine's Day than by sharing the beauteous companionship of our delectable February Pets—all of whom are specially designed to keep you warm and comfortable this winter!

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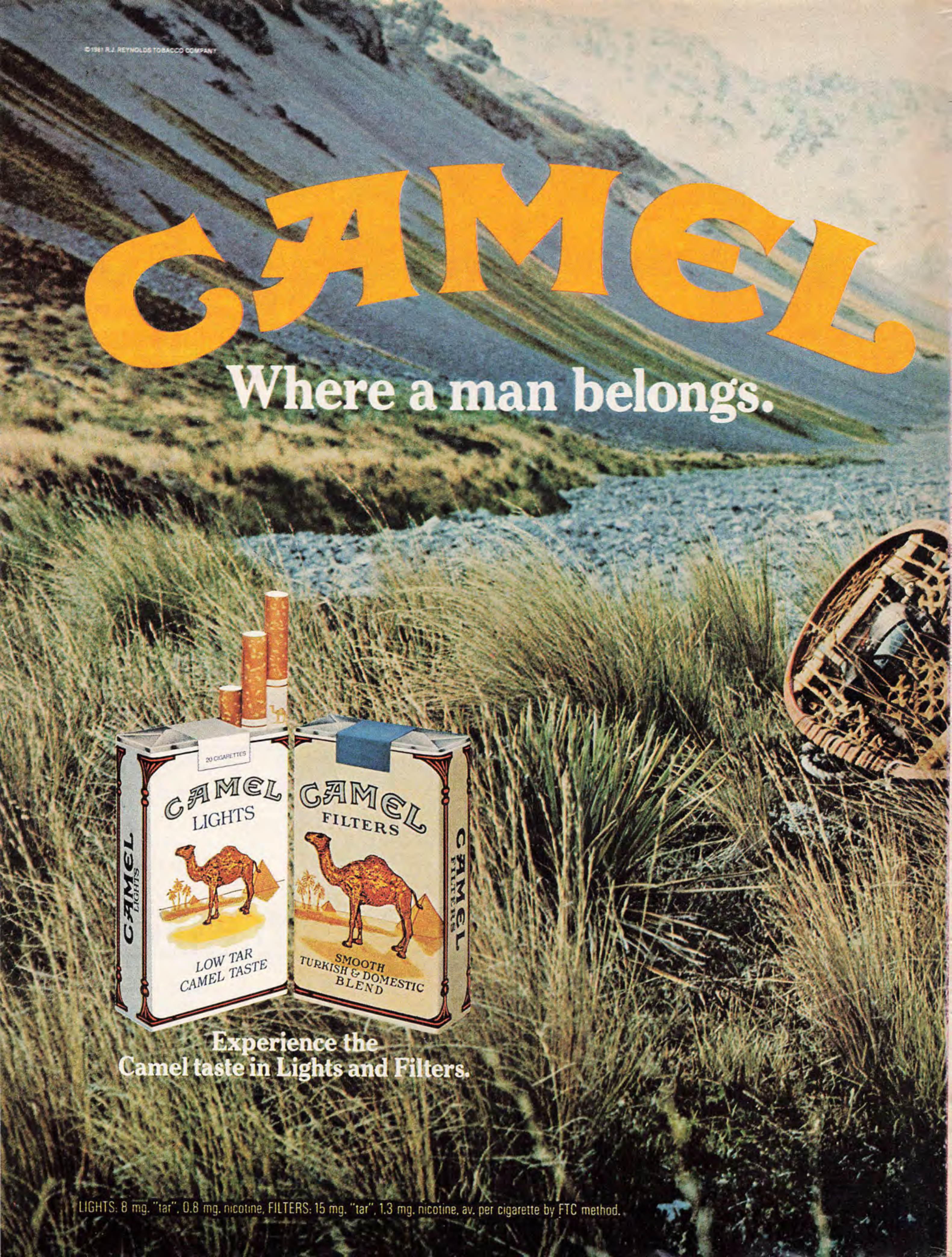

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FEBRUARY

PENTHOUSE FORUM

In which editors and readers discuss topics arising out of *Penthouse*, its contents, its aspirations, and its areas of interest. **Letters should carry name and address** (in capitals, please), though these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Letters become the property of Penthouse. Send to Penthouse Forum, Penthouse International, Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

And in this corner . . .

I loved your pictorial "Mud Wrestling Ladies." It was one of the best features you have ever had.

Other than seeing cat fights in school, I never saw two chicks really wrestle until recently, after showing my girl friend, Sarah, your pictorial on mud wrestling.

Sarah is twenty-five, a brunette, and very cute. She is about five feet five inches tall and weighs around 120 pounds. It's all in the right places, too. She has a girl friend, Jane, a gorgeous blond girl who is about the same height and weight as Sarah. They are good friends and spend a lot of time together. Jane is twenty.

One hot day Jane was over at my house with Sarah, thumbing through *Penthouse*, and saw the photos on mud wrestling. I jokingly said that she and Sarah would be a good match-up because they are both about the same size. I heard Sarah say, "Well, we have no mud anyway!" But Jane said, "Who needs mud?"

That suggested to me that there was some interest brewing between them, so I suggested that they wrestle on the living-room floor on a couple of mats I had. Sarah had on a pair of black string bikini bottoms and a T-shirt, and Jane had on jeans and a T-shirt. I tentatively suggested to them that they remove their tops. Sarah took off her T-shirt and was braless, as usual. Sarah was all ready and said, "Come on, Jane, off with the shirt!" Jane crisscrossed her arms and took off her own T-shirt and revealed a pretty pair of white boobs. She was braless, too.

Jane was really getting into it and unsnapped her jeans and slithered out of them. She had on white string bikini panties. She has a gorgeous body. Sarah went into her bag and took out a bottle of suntan oil and started pouring it on herself and Jane. She smiled and said, "This will take the place of the mud." After she coated both of them, I had to admit they looked pretty nice with their bodies glistening.

As I gave them instructions, they glared at each other, obviously eager to start. They couldn't have been more even bodywise—and in more ways than one. They started on their feet and quickly came together with a slapping sound. As they grabbed each other, they realized the oil was making it difficult to get a grab on.

Jane got the upper hand early by getting Sarah in a full nelson while they were still on their feet. It was really something seeing Sarah's cute little tits bobbing and wobbling as she tried to gain her freedom. To add a little fuel to the fire, Jane drilled a knee a couple of times up into Sarah's rump, making it jiggle. Sarah was a bit embarrassed by this and said with a little smile, "I'm going to get you for that!" Sarah's panties had slipped way down the back of her little ass.

Jane wrestled Sarah to the mat, keeping the full nelson on as they both got to a sitting position. Sarah tried to ward off Jane, but it soon became obvious that Jane was too strong. Jane wrapped her legs around Sarah's belly and locked her ankles, applying pressure. Poor Sarah was doing all the struggling while Jane just kept her in line.

I was standing on the sidelines, watching. Jane was really beautiful. As she kept Sarah in a full nelson, her pretty white tits mashed up against Sarah's back. Her belly was nice and flat without a trace of fat, and her white panties were starting to creep up her gorgeous ass.

I started to encourage Sarah by cheering her on, and she did manage to get her arms free, but Jane kept those strong legs around her belly. Sarah was breathing heavily and was obviously tired. Both girls were glistening with sweat and suntan oil.

As Sarah fought, trying to pry Jane's legs apart, she was all but out of strength. Jane turned to the side and took Sarah with her onto her belly. Jane jumped on Sarah's back and reached for Sarah's wrists. She twisted Sarah's arms in back of her, not applying great pressure, but enough to push Sarah's face into the mat. Jane held Sarah's arms up vertically in a beautiful hold. She was helpless, and Jane soon had her yelling, "I've had enough! Jane, you win!"

In a neat move Jane freed Sarah's arms but kept her straddled. Sarah, thinking she'd escaped, rolled over on her back, and when she did, Jane jumped on top of her shoulders with her knees. Poor Sarah was now being pinned down. Sarah tried everything but beautiful Jane was the boss.

After it was over I suggested they have a rematch, but Sarah was too tired. She eventually wants to get even, though!—*Name and address withheld*

He knows his place

My Mistress has permitted me an hour in which to write to you, as she feels that your readers might be interested in some of the daily humiliations a real slave undergoes in the hands of a skilled mistress. As I write this, my Mistress is standing over me, making sure that I am doing a good job writing this letter—every error I make

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My daily duties are as follows. At 7:00 A.M. I awaken her and serve her breakfast in bed. While she eats, I prepare her bath and clothes for the day. When she is finished with her breakfast, I assist her in the bathroom by massaging her, lighting her cigarettes, painting her nails, shaving her legs, drying her, dressing her, fixing her hair, and applying her makeup. If she needs to urinate or defecate, I serve as her toilet paper, using my tongue to clean her. If she is in the mood, I am allowed to lick her to orgasm.

As I do all these things, she tells me the chores that need to be done before she comes home from work. Just before she leaves for work, I polish her shoes with my tongue. Sometimes, if I have displeased her, she will require that I remain tied to a chair with weighted nipple clips on or that I keep a large dildo in my ass until she comes home.

Usually, though, I am required to work around the house in full feminine attire, including eight-inch high-heel shoes. Sometimes, to torment me, my Mistress sends out for something to be delivered to the house, so that I have to answer the door in my embarrassing attire. I have gotten some strange looks and ridiculing comments from the delivery men.

When my Mistress comes home, she inspects my work and then inspects me. I must be properly shaved. (I am required to keep my face, underarms, chest, pubic hair, and legs smooth-shaved. I am allowed, however, to keep the hair on my head, but I must keep it long and feminine.) My high heels must be well polished, my nails perfectly shaped and painted, my makeup applied perfectly and sexily, my "penis" shoved well up my ass, my stockings without runs, and my dress clean and neat.

I then take off her shoes and stockings, using only my teeth, and proceed to make her comfortable, usually servicing her with my tongue if she allows me to. I make dinner for her as she relaxes and decides on the evening's punishment. Some of the punishments that I have received are as follows. Once she forced me to go into a porno shop, in drag, to purchase some restraint devices for later play. I had to talk at some length with the salesman in order to insure that I got the right equipment. I have a deep voice, and it was painfully obvious to both of us what my true sex was. It was a very embarrassing situation, as the other customers kept staring at me. On another occasion, I was treated as a dog at a party hosted by my Mistress. I was led by her, while on all fours, to service the various guests, which included men as well as women. There have also been times when we have gone to the store, bought clothes, gone to the movies, etc., together. In all of these instances, my Mistress has required me to dress in sexy, eye-catching outfits to attract the stares that are so embarrassing, as those who stare wonder as to my sex.

She eats dinner by candlelight every night. I am used as the candleholder. The candle is shoved into my ass. I put my knees on the seat of a chair, and my head on the floor. The candle is then lit. Nude, I later eat scraps in a dog bowl, my hands bound tightly behind me. Then the punishment begins and goes on into the night. If my Mistress thinks that I deserve it, she will jerk me off. Sometimes, if I have been extra good, she will tie me down and fuck me. Mistress has just hit me on the back to signal me to close this letter.—*Name and address withheld*

"Then it's agreed—Miss Pith has the greatest ass in the whole corporation."

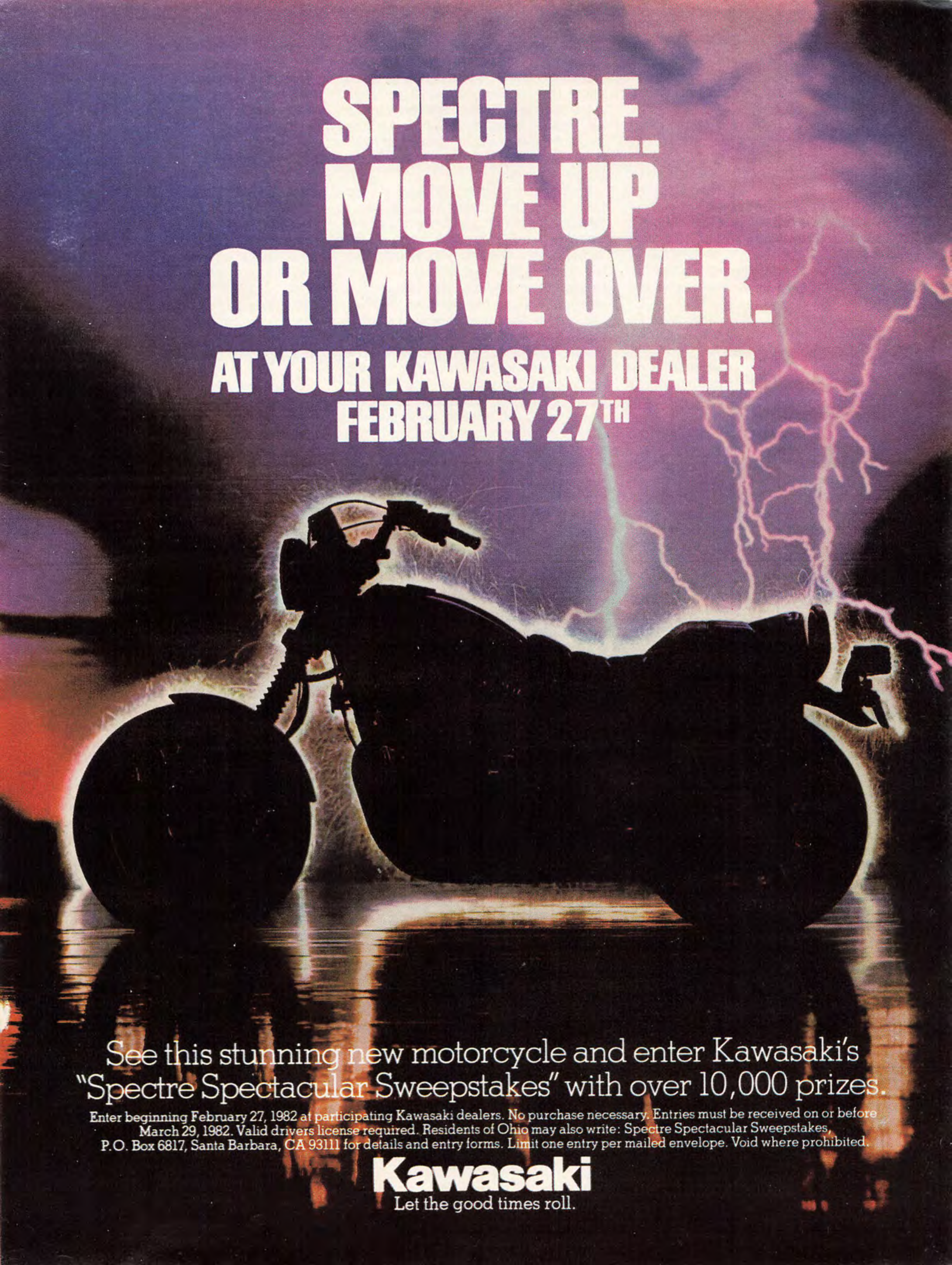
They love her ass

My husband and I are avid readers of your magazine and really enjoy the letters in "Forum." This letter is about an experience I recently had when I visited my old girl friend, Elaine, and her husband. I am five feet seven inches, have a 36-24-36 figure, and weigh 117 pounds. I was a virgin when I married Len and have never done anything like what happened on my trip.

Elaine met me at the airport and explained that John, her husband, was out of town and wouldn't be back until the next day. We spent the day shopping and ended up at her place for dinner and some girl talk. We opened a bottle of wine, and it wasn't long before our discussion turned to sex and our love lives. Elaine told me that John really got turned on by watching X-rated movies on their new videotape machine. When I told her I had never seen one, she jumped up and put a cassette on. We sipped our wine as we watched the film.

The movie was about a housewife taken captive by a gang of robbers and forced to have sex with each of them, any way they wanted it. I soon found that my panties were soaking wet, and I kept crossing and uncrossing my legs to relieve what I was feeling between my thighs. As the movie ended, I could only just sit there and stare at the blank television screen. Elaine asked how I liked the film, and I could only nod my head. Next, I felt her hand on my knee and tried to push it away, but she tightened the pressure on my leg until I gave up.

Soon, my dress and slip were bunched up around my waist and Elaine was gently rubbing my pussy through my panties. I knew that I should stop her, but the feeling was so great that I just sat back and enjoyed it. Just as I was about to come, Elaine stopped rubbing me and told me to take my panties off. I hesitated for a moment and soon felt her hands on my hips,



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pulling my panties down. Her fingers were quickly back on my pussy, and I found myself squirming all over the couch. When I came, I screamed with a pleasure that I had never felt before.

Elaine then told me to stand before her and strip. I felt like I was in a trance but did as she told me. As soon as I was naked, she told me to lie down on the floor and to spread my legs. Her lips and tongue were soon working their way up my legs, and I came as soon as she brushed my pussy with her lips. I lost count of how many times I came that night as her tongue worked its way around inside my love tunnel. Elaine really knew how to please a girl.

I must have fallen asleep, because the next thing I knew, Elaine was rolling me over on my tummy. Her lips were soon working their magic on the backs of my thighs, and I could feel the warmth spreading through my body again. She licked my bottom until it was wet with her saliva and then spread my ass cheeks and shoved a finger into my ass. I must have raised about six inches off the floor, because she swung her leg over me and sat on my back, holding me in place. Soon the orgasms were tearing though my body so fast, I just lay there trembling and screaming. I fell into a very deep sleep, and the next thing I remember is Elaine awakening me and telling me it was time to leave for the airport to pick up John.

After that night I was very nervous about meeting John for the first time. As soon as I met him, I knew I had nothing to worry about. He was very good-looking and had a great sense of humor that made you feel as if you had known him all of your life. The three of us went out to dinner and afterward, Elaine suggested that we go home for our nightcaps.

We all had a couple of drinks and soon Elaine and John were arguing about something. I tried to ignore them, but that was very hard to do while sitting on the same couch with them. John gave her one last warning, but she just sat there and laughed at him. Before she could say another word, John had her over his knee and was pulling her jeans and panties down. I sat there, staring at her upturned bottom and started to giggle when John began spanking her. Elaine kept asking him to stop but made no effort to try to get away. The more her bottom turned red, the more I was laughing at her predicament.

John rolled her off his lap and turned to me and asked what was so funny. I had the giggles so bad that all I could do was just shake my head. I soon found myself across his lap, and it wasn't until I felt my dress being lifted that I was able to stop giggling. I tried with all of my strength to push away from him, but he was just too strong. My panties were down around my ankles when I felt the first sting of his hand. I continued to try to get away from him, but all I did was have him spank me harder. Then, just as he had done to Elaine, he rolled me off onto the floor next to her.

I lay there for a few seconds before I realized that I was totally exposed to him from the waist down. As I closed my legs and started to pull my panties back up, John told me what a terrific body I had and that Elaine had told him all about the night before. I couldn't believe that she would have told John about our beautiful evening together and started to cry. Elaine put her arms around me and told me not to be embarrassed, because she and John shared everything with each other. I pulled my dress back down to cover myself and sat there listening to Elaine as she told John every intimate detail of the night before. When she finished, I was soaking wet again. I leaned over and gave her a deep kiss.

For several long moments my tongue fought with Elaine's. As we broke our kiss, Elaine stood up and pulled me to my feet. My panties were still around my ankles. John asked me to take my clothes off, and I found myself doing as he directed. Soon, I stood there before both of them, wearing only my bra and shoes, with my panties twisted around my feet. As I unhooked my bra, John asked me to turn around so that he could see my lovely ass again. I turned my back to him and trembled as he spread my ass cheeks apart.

He left the room for a few moments, and when he returned he handed me a tube of K-Y jelly. He told me to grease my ass well as he had great plans for it tonight. I could feel myself blushing as I smeared the jelly in the crack of my cheeks. Elaine told me to make sure that I got the jelly deep inside me and spread my cheeks as I worked my finger into my virgin hole. Elaine then had me get down on my hands and knees, as she pulled my panties and shoes off. She told me to reach back and spread my cheeks as far apart as I could get them and get ready for the fuck of my life. The pressure of John's cock at the entrance startled me, and I tried to pull away, but Elaine told me to relax and enjoy it. It must have taken John a good five minutes to get his cock buried in my ass, and I felt like I was being torn apart, but the pain quickly turned to pleasure as he slowly began pumping into me.

When the first orgasm hit me I fell forward, but John's strong hands soon had me back up on my knees as he started to really pound away. I can't describe the way I felt as orgasm after orgasm raced through my body. After what seemed like hours, he held my hips again as he pulled his cock out, and I could only just lie there as I tried to catch my breath. John and Elaine left me lying there as they went out to the kitchen to fix themselves a drink. After a few minutes, I felt strong enough to get up and walk out to the kitchen to join them.

Both were sitting at the table fully dressed, and I found myself embarrassed to be standing before them still naked.

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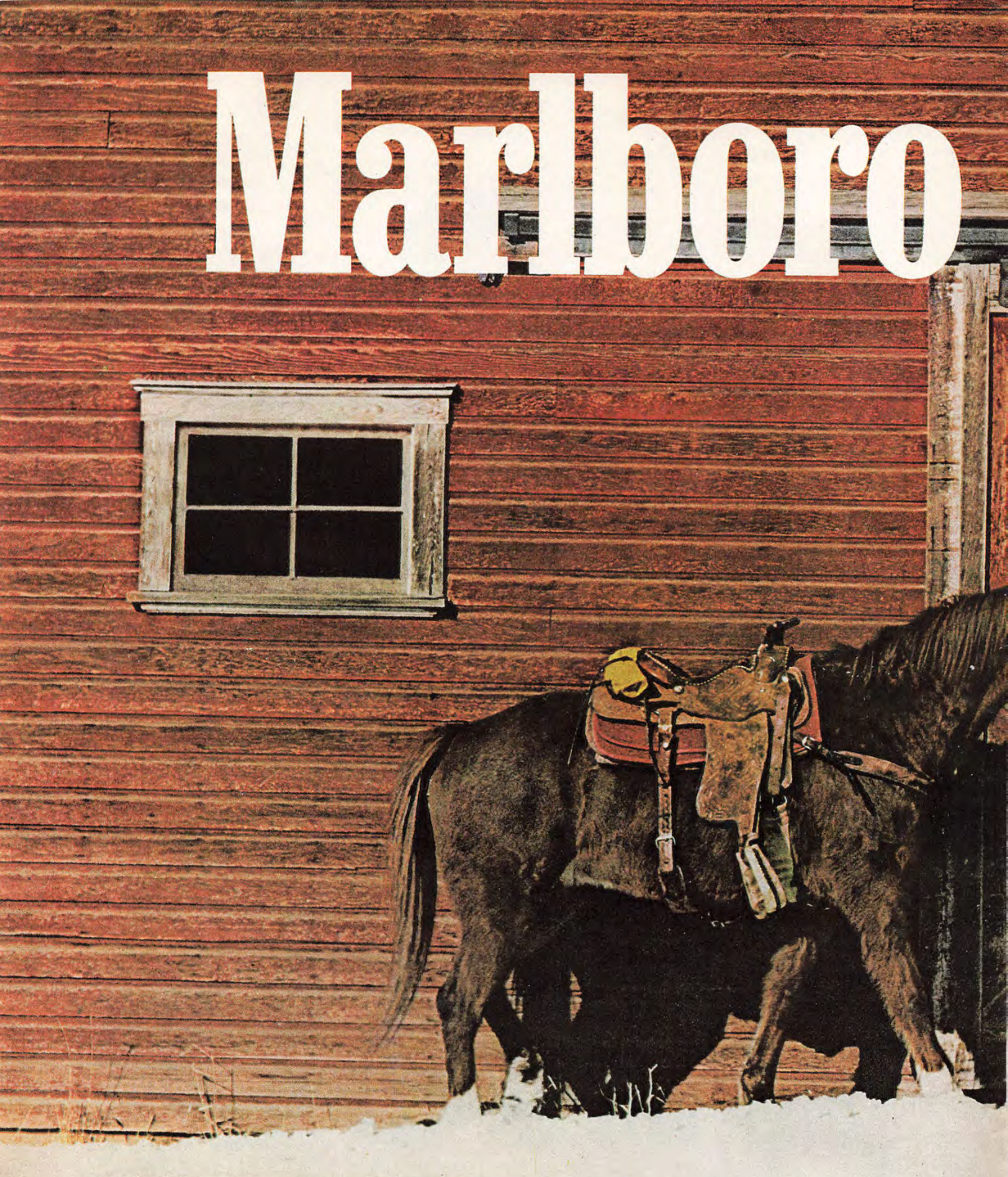

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Neither one of them made a move to fix me a drink, so I started to turn away to fix my own when I felt a stinging blow to my bottom. I turned around to face them as I rubbed my smarting bottom, and Elaine told me that my ass belonged to them for the rest of my stay with them, and what did I think about that? I smiled at both of them and turned around and walked over to the counter and bent over it, offering my bottom to both of them. It wasn't long before John was pumping away again, and we were coming again.

For the rest of the week I made my ass available to him whenever and wherever he wanted it. I always had to keep a tube of jelly with me and had to grease my own ass whenever I was told to.

John really used his imagination as to when and where he fucked me. Once he had me go into the rest room of a restaurant as we were just beginning to eat. When I got back to the table, both of them had a lot of fun asking how I felt sitting there all greased up. As we were eating dessert Elaine had me lean forward and pull the back of my dress up, and she ran her hand down the back of my panties, pushing them up into my crack. I felt as if every eye in the place was on me. In the parking lot we had parked toward the back, so when we got to the car John had me push my panties down to my knees and bend over the hood of the car as he filled me with his come. Three couples came around the corner just as we were finishing, too.

As I sat on the plane on the way home, I couldn't believe what had happened to me within the last week. I found out how much I was really missing with Len and nearly raped him on the way home in the car. At home, I walked out into the kitchen naked and pushed Len to the floor. You should have seen the expression on his face as I mounted him right there on the floor! That night we made love in every room of the house and in every hole that I had. A first for both of us. I haven't found a way to tell Len about Elaine and John but hope to before they visit us!—*Name and address withheld*

The hair's the thing

The letter called "Daring-do" in your October issue prompted me to write of a similar experience, but with a different twist. Neal moved into our building a couple of years ago, and my roommate and I thought he was a super guy, but quiet and shy. We introduced ourselves and saw a fair amount of him, although it was always a platonic threesome.

One night we were sitting around sipping beers, and the conversation turned to turn-ons. I asked Neal what turned him on the most. With a smile he replied, "Short hair." This got quite a laugh because we both had long hair, and he made a comment about having to look elsewhere. The conversation stuck in my mind, however, and I found myself calling Neal a few days later. My roommate was out of town for the weekend, so I asked him if he could come that night for dinner. I had a surprise for him. There was a strange feeling of excitement when I stopped to make a purchase on the way home.

Dinner was great fun. Neal was more animated than I had ever seen him. We laughed a lot, and opening another bottle of wine, we were in quite a festive mood. Finally, I excused myself and asked Neal to clear the table. Hurrying to the bedroom, I quickly changed into a negligee. I put the package on the dresser and called Neal, saying I needed him for a minute. When he entered, I handed him the package.

I seemed to be mesmerized, but I did close my eyes when he plugged in the clippers. Perhaps it was the wine, but it didn't bother me as my hair fell in my lap and on the floor. A sudden pang of regret came and went. As the clippers passed through my hair, I had a strangely erotic feeling.

A few minutes later Neal reached down and kissed me passionately. Looking up, I saw the end result—my hair was cut to less than an inch. Without a word we undressed each other, and as we moved toward the bed, he said that the rest of the turn-ons were all mine.

Was he ever right! The next hours or days are a blur. Once I got up to fix a little breakfast, but otherwise we made love in more ways than I thought possible. The shy one was a demanding yet tender lover. Sunday night came all too soon.

It is difficult to say whether the haircut or my moving in with Neal caused the most comment. My hair is still as short as it was—Neal sees to that. The change in him is unreal, and he has a sexual appetite which is hard to satisfy. Was the original trauma worth it? You bet it was.—*Name and address withheld*

Rest stop

I'm just getting over an experience I would like to share with your readers. I'm a foreman for a construction firm, and during the first week of October I was sent down south to help start a project. By the end of the second week everything was finished, so I hopped in my car and headed north for home, a decent meal, and two weeks' worth of missed sex.

Home to me is my lovely wife, Madeline, twenty-three, five feet eleven inches, 38-24-33, brown hair, and blue eyes. Not to mention VERY sexy and a superb lover. We've tried a lot of things sexually and we've tried the swing scene, but we swing best with each other.

Well, halfway home I picked up a 1969 red Camaro on my back door. When I say "back door," I mean riding my ass! After about five minutes of that shit at seventy, I dropped to about forty, hoping those crazies or whatever they were would get down and around. When they finally did, I

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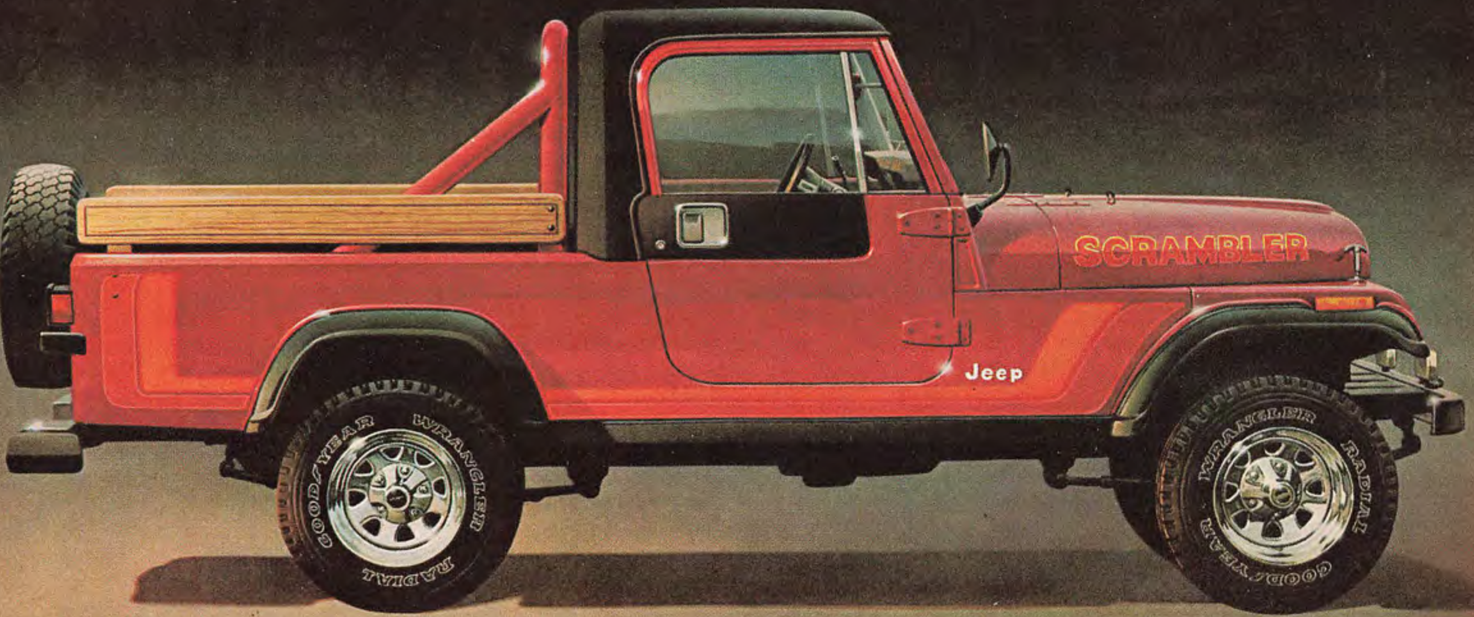
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saw this foxy black-haired chick riding shotgun. She smiled as they passed, and I figured it was just a macho man being funny.

It was starting to get dark, and a few miles down the road, off on the side, was this fine red machine and OH, MY SHIT! Two fine pairs of legs, with tight pairs of cutoffs hanging on for dear life. I damn near rear-ended them pulling off the road. After catching my breath I offered to help them with a smile, and they both accepted. They lost a belt and split a hose—simple overheating, I figured. Before they could make any decisions, I introduced myself and they did likewise.

Jenny was about five feet eleven inches, with straight blond hair of mid-back length, slender, with small, round, firm titties beneath a cutoff tank top. Karen was maybe an inch shorter, kind of slim, with wonderful, flowing black hair and a big—hell, enormous—set of lungs, with nipples half the size of a fist and hard as rocks. I am six feet one inch, 180, with medium-length blond hair and blue eyes, and I love long-legged women.

With the ice broken, I asked them to hop in and ride with me to the next town that had an auto parts store. I'd pick up the parts and fix the car for them before it got too late. They both smiled and accepted my offer, so off we rolled, jammin' on the Doors and just shootin' the shit.

As we drove, I left the inside light on so we could talk to each other and so I could marvel at these two lovely treasures. After fifteen minutes or so, I heard Karen rustling through my work clothes and gear in the backseat. Her find? The July issue of *Penthouse* that she had spied beneath my gear. I said, "You weren't supposed to see that." With a broad grin she replied, "I'll be okay, Ben. Just watch the road." Shortly after that Karen's foot hit my right elbow, and when I turned back to look, there she was, having taken off her cutoffs with her legs spread wide revealing the most gorgeous piece of female flesh there is. A glistening pink patch of flesh surrounded by a coal black triangle, her head buried in *Penthouse,* and her right hand massaging her clit.

Turning a little, I damn near ran off the road. Jenny, not yet noticing what happened, asked if I was okay and looked back at Karen. She turned back to me and smiled, "Damn, Karen, you're going to get us killed." With that she smiled again and turned to get between the buckets, slowly lowering her face to Karen's love nest. Karen pitched the magazine to the floor and gracefully took hold of Jenny's head, raising her pussy to her face and moaning softly. These two had their act together!

Immediately I thought of finding a rest area or motel. To heck with fixing the car, I'd hit a gold mine. Karen continued to moan and climaxed with a sudden jerking and grinding of her hips against Jenny's face. In short breaths she asked if I could find a motel for the three of us to spend the night in. I told her to enjoy herself, for relief would surely come along soon.

As my luck was going, the first motel I stopped at had rooms, so I took one with two double beds, one for "my wife" and the other for "her sister." I know that the old man behind the desk didn't believe that shit, but anything was worth a try.

We entered our room, and Jenny put her arms around my shoulders and Frenched me deeply. Karen took her clothes off and proceeded to take off Jenny's, then mine. We sidestepped to the bed and fell in a tangle of arms and legs and tongues. Jenny was gripping my mouth while Karen stroked my cock with her tongue, massaging Jenny's clit and hole with her right hand. Karen's hand must have done the job, because Jenny's grip on my head tightened as she climaxed. At the same time Karen, sensing my horniness, pulled back from my cock and drove her face and tongue into Jenny's pussy, slurping and sucking loudly in the process. As Jenny came down, she pulled away and kissed Karen, who came up to me with a kiss and straddled my face. Jenny mounted my cock, and the two girls, facing each other, began to French, at the same time riding me with a slow, grinding rhythm.

Karen's cunt juices were flowing with a sweet, musky smell as I tongued and nibbled her warm moistness. This girl was beautiful from down under. Tight round buns protected those lovely pink lips, surrounded by the biggest growth of black hair and outlined with the white evidence of a flesh bikini. I massaged those round buns and tongued teasingly between her two holes. Suddenly, as my tongue slowed into her cunt, she ground into my face with zeal and came, loosing her hold on Jenny and pulling my head to her pussy. For several minutes she pulled on my head, bringing me to an explosion that Jenny compounded by the pulling and squeezing of her creamy thighs. The seductive weaving and grinding of their hips against my face and cock brought me to a second coming, a sudden rush of climax and moaning from the three of us, with shuddering that lasted for what seemed an hour.

To say I was ready for more would have been a lie. I was sucked dry and exhausted. Jenny rolled off my drooling pole and lay close on my left side. Karen, getting up for a towel, stooped in passing to wash my cock with her tongue. She cleaned and sucked around my limp organ and, dissatisfied with its limpness, straddled it facing Jenny and me, and rode to another climax using her hand on my cock to massage her clit. Jenny and I watched her intently as she rode me, her coal black hair accented by gold earrings the size of a half dollar, her eyes closed. A moaning purr came from beneath those lovely titties. As sexy and luscious as she was, though, ol' nine was still limp, barely big enough to

handle. Finally she came down off her climax "high," and then we all fell off to sleep.

Just before sunrise I awoke to find Karen throating my organ. I sleepily watched for who knows how long when I spied her lovely thighs just a tongue's length away. She was on her right side with her left leg pulled up toward her chest and her toes arched into the air. She was offering this choice piece for my taste buds. I spread her lips slightly and slid my tongue and nose to the hilt, feeling her push against my face in orgasm and muttering something about "taking forever to notice."

She brought the leg and foot down to the back of my head and held it there, riding my face and coming like crazy. The lust and pleasure I felt for Karen brought me to an explosion of come that she took completely in her mouth. Still she came, shuddering and circling her hips on my face, her clit twitching like a rattler's tail. In my eagerness I bit that little bud with my lips, and did she ever come! She clamped even harder with her thighs on my head. Damn near broke my neck and suffocated me with her juices. I pulled back hard, hitting Jenny and waking her up. At the same time Karen rolled onto her back, fingering herself and arching her back to meet her finger.

I turned to Jenny to apologize, but she said it was all right, that it wasn't the first time that Karen had gotten wild. Seeing us watching her, Karen asked Jenny to sixty-nine with her while I doggied Jenny. Now the idea turned me on all right, but I just sagged. But I no sooner got behind Jenny, who had straddled Karen, when Karen's hand reached up from underneath and pulled my limp rod to her lips. The arousing feeling brought me to attention, and I slid my rod into Jenny's hole—which Karen so graciously held open. Karen heated up the motion with her tongue, darting it around my cock and teasing Jenny's clit. Karen was beginning to come again, for her hands had left my balls and held Jenny's head tight to her love nest. She must have bitten Jenny's clit at the same time because Jenny's hole took hold of me for a milking fuck like I've never felt. Karen in her coming sensed my readiness and plunged a wet finger into my ass, setting off a bang from my nine-inch pipe and stopping my heart at the same time.

I held Jenny by the hips until she stopped quivering, and then we all rolled over to regain our senses and to compliment each other. For the life of me, I never knew anyone who could come so much and so easily as Karen.

We showered, washing each other completely. I didn't miss a hole nor they a pole, Frenching and feeling each other for a last time. After a late breakfast we headed back to fix the car. Next to my wife, Jenny and Karen were two of the finest lovers. We plan to keep in touch and are looking forward to a foursome with Madeline next time. For that I can't wait!—*Name and address withheld*

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Hot and heavy

I recently had an experience I would like to share with my fellow *Penthouse* readers. I am a twenty-year-old sailor in the Canadian Navy. The other day my friend and I decided to go to the fleet club for a good piss up. We'd sat and had a few beers when we noticed our dreams come true. You see, we both have fantasized for ages about fucking some really fat broads, and there they were.

One was dark and had a neck brace, and the other was big and blond. They must have weighed 500 pounds between them. Sure enough, after a few minutes the dark one came over and asked Fred to dance. I could tell he was excited by the lump in his pants. In no time at all we were at their table, and shortly after that we ended up in their apartment.

Lisa and I took the bedroom while Fred and Terri took the couch. No sooner had we crossed the threshold than Lisa began to undress me and herself and began to devour my meaty cock with her hungry mouth. I got so hot I couldn't handle it. I ripped my cock from her lips and stuffed it into her fat, sloppy cunt. I rode her to two orgasms doggy-style.

Just when I thought she could take no more, she screamed for it up the ass. I ran into the kitchen, grabbed some margarine, and greased her up. I drove my shaft home, and she pushed back hard and with a piglike scream flooded my balls with her juice. I got so turned on I knew I was going to shoot, so I pulled my dick out and crammed every one of my nine inches down her throat. I filled her mouth with my hot jism, but she swallowed every drop. Satisfied, I rolled over and lit up a couple of smokes for us when I heard Fred calling me. I answered, and then he and Terri came in and hopped into bed with us. Fred immediately mounted Terri and began a furious fuck. Lisa got so turned on at the sight of her fat friend being impaled by my buddy's shaft that she straddled me.

After hours of sloppy sex, we collapsed in a four-person pile. When I awoke, Fred was shaking me. Quietly, we got dressed and tiptoed out, content in finally fulfilling our fantasy.—*Name and address withheld*

Party!

I have never written to "Forum" before, but I have always wished something unusual would happen to me. First of all, my name is Steve, and I'm brown-haired, six feet, and 210 pounds. I'm twenty-three years old. I'm from a very small town in Tennessee.

My story starts on a Friday afternoon when I and four buddies of mine decided to party, but not in our town. We all piled into my custom van and headed for the largest city we could find, about seventy miles away. Andy, Jean, Roy, and Don, and I were going through a small town on the way when we spotted a chick on the side of the road, hitchhiking. So, naturally, we stopped. We sure didn't regret it either. This chick looked like a younger and smaller version of Loni Anderson. She had the cutest body, especially her ass, and I could tell she had a pair of ripe and firm but small tits, as she had on a halter top.

Once she got in, she was pretty talkative. She said her name was Nicki, she was twenty-two years old, and she was going to the same place we were, to find a party or her ex-husband, whichever came first. She had been drinking a bit and said she had just gotten into a big argument with her boyfriend and she was ready to raise hell. This girl looked so sweet and innocent, but she had a sexy quality about her. I told her she was welcome to party with us. She looked at us and at all of our eager faces and bulging crotches, and said, "Let's start," and peeled off her top.

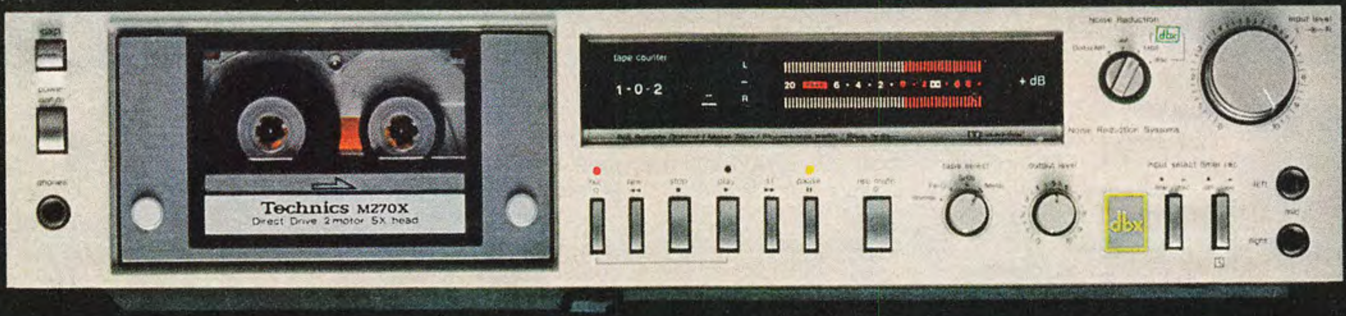
I did all I could to get the van pulled off the highway down a dirt road. We started by smoking a few joints and drinking beer. None of us could keep our eyes off Nicki's beautiful face and perfect boobs, and it didn't take long for all of us to have all of our clothes off. Each of us was elbowing the other for room to fondle this cutie. She told us she had never been gang-banged before, but she always wanted to, and also to fuck a black man. One of my buddies, Jean, is black, so she was all set.

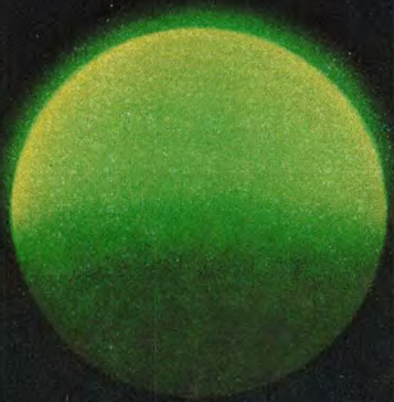
With that she grabbed Jean's cock and sucked it in her mouth while I started licking on her very sweet pussy. She reached out and grabbed Andy's and Don's dicks and started jacking them off. When Jean started coming in her mouth, she couldn't swallow all of it and most of it ran down her chin. Meanwhile, Roy, who had sat back to watch all the action, decided it was his turn at her eager mouth, so he started fucking her face. I turned her over on her stomach and fucked her dog-style. She was very tight and I quickly came.

Meanwhile, Roy came at about the same time in her mouth. She then told us that she could handle just two at a time. So, while Don and Roy and I sat back and watched, she sucked off Andy while Jean started fucking her in the ass. She really started going wild with Jean ramming her ass hole with his huge, black dick. I've never fucked a chick in the ass, but I have always wanted to, so I could hardly wait my turn. When she was finished with Jean and Andy, Don and I quickly took their places. She mounted Don and rammed his dick deep inside her cunt. I got behind her and stuck my dick up her ass hole. I stayed still while she fucked Don. The sensation was the greatest feeling I have ever experienced, and I knew it was for her also, from the way she was screaming and clawing at Don's shoulders.

We both came at the same time and rolled off her. She gave Roy another deep-throat job while we rested and drank a few beers and smoked a few more joints. When she was finished with Roy, she wanted more.

"At parties, Gracie, I wish you'd stop referring to me as your 'non-dairy creamer.'"





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Well, we kept it up for about seven hours, and finally she got tired. We each got to fuck her in her ass and pussy and received blowjobs from her. That was the most thorough gangbang any of us could ever dream of. We finally took her back home. She had hickies covering her titties and neck and come dripping out of every hole. Before she left, she told us that she wanted to see us all again soon and do it again.

Well, we found out that you don't have to be in a big city to party.—*Name and address withheld*

Well-equipped couple

My wife, Jane, and I have been enjoying a very fulfilling sex life for six years now. Jane is a very attractive woman, with a 38-24-36 body and very long brown hair to set off her magnificent body. Over our six years of marriage we have put together a very sexy wardrobe of lingerie.

The last time we made love, my wife added a fantastic new twist to our pleasure. We fulfill our fantasies by spending hours dressing each other up in sexy lingerie with a long session of lovemaking afterward. This particular evening I had done a beautiful job of dressing Jane. I started with a pair of very sheer black stockings, which were held up with a red and black lace garter belt. As I put the garter on her, I noticed how wet her pussy was, apparently from the anticipation of what she had in store for me. Next I put a very sexy black teddy negligee on her, one that is crotchless and has small holes for her nipples to stick out. After this I did her makeup. This consisted of bright red lipstick, dark eye shadow, mascara, and eyeliner. Now it was her turn to dress me.

Jane enjoys dressing me up as a woman. She had been to a sex-aids store the day before but wouldn't tell me what she bought until now. Jane reached into her top dresser drawer and pulled out a size 38C strap-on pair of tits that she had purchased the day before. I couldn't believe how real they looked and felt as she strapped them on me. She then put a very sexy red nightie and black crotchless panty hose on me. I was really getting turned on by now. She then went and got a long blond wig for me to put on. Next she put the same makeup on me as I had put on her. If I must say so myself I looked absolutely ravishing. Jane told me to go into the bedroom and said that she would be right in.

When Jane walked in, I couldn't believe what I was seeing: she had a twelve-inch strap-on dildo sticking out of her crotchless nightie. She said it was her turn to fuck me. Jane instructed me to turn over and get on all fours, which I did with no argument. I then felt one hand squeezing my new breasts and the other working my stiff cock up and down. I was really getting hot and knew an orgasm was on its way. Suddenly she penetrated my ass with her tongue, which was all I could take. I shot my wad in the palm of her hand. Jane rubbed this all over my ass and then took the Vaseline and greased the dildo. I felt her slowly easing the dildo into me. The feeling was unbelievable and brought my cock back to attention in only a few seconds. She reached around and with both hands massaged my cock and balls while thrusting the cock in and out of my ass. I felt a burning orgasm building up again. I could hardly control myself. I started thrusting back to meet her when I lost control and started screaming, "Fuck me, harder! Fuck me harder, deeper! Ooh, that's wonderful!" I must have shot a gallon of sperm all over my face. We both collapsed and rested for a few minutes before I finished the night off by fucking her with the dildo strapped on me, since I was too pooped to pop again.

The dildo was a fantastic addition to our wardrobe, as was the strap-on chest. I hope this letter will inspire some of your readers to go out and buy some sexy items.—*Name and address withheld*

Visual stimulation

A summer job I had this year and had been dreading turned out to be much more exciting than I had imagined. I worked in a medium-sized parking garage downtown three afternoons a week. One afternoon one of the regular young women customers stopped at my booth searching for money in her purse. I had noticed this attractive woman on previous occasions, and as she searched I contented myself with my advantageous view down her blouse.

She was a very pretty brunette, probably in her early twenties, with a very attractive figure. She always dressed well and was very businesslike. Well, as I was enjoying the view, she evidently had found her change. She finally said, "Do you want your money or not?" As I tried to regain my composure, I mumbled that the view was worth the $1.50 anyway. The woman looked at me, then quickly drove off as the gate went up.

The next few times the woman paid I was particularly attentive. Not many days later, as she pulled up to my window on a Friday, she rather coyly asked if a good peek was really worth the money. I told her, "Sure, for a good look." She smiled and then unbuttoned several buttons on her blouse, exposing a white, lacy sheer bra, straining to contain what looked to me like delicious C-cup boobs. I smiled, then pushed the button to raise the gate. Needless to say, I was looking forward to work the next week. On Monday, however, I was disappointed when she paid me and drove through. The following Wednesday she said nothing but quickly undid her blouse to expose another delightfully sheer bra that did little to conceal her hardened nipples.

For the next several weeks our peek-a-boob game continued. The woman had an

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extensive collection of sexy lingerie and seemed to enjoy showing off her body. Occasionally, there would be someone else in line, and the woman would have to pay me in cash. One day she asked for credit when she had a friend in the car with her. Over the next few weeks, about once a week, she asked for credit. Finally one afternoon I told her that her debt was getting quite large. On the following visit she was wearing a button-up dress. As usual, she began unbuttoning, but this time she continued to the bottom of her skirt. Evidently for my benefit, she had not worn a slip or panty hose but only a skimpy bra and panty set. Her legs, thighs, and hips were as nicely proportioned as her top. As I admired her, we agreed that half of her debt was paid off. I tried to find out her name and convince her to have dinner or a drink with me, but she refused.

For the next few weeks our routine reverted back to normal. She now, however, often had her blouse unbuttoned in advance and simply pulled it open as she approached the booth. On the few occasions that she wore a top that didn't unbutton, she would either ask for credit or quickly pull up her top.

Finally, one Wednesday she mentioned that the following Friday would be her last day using the lot and that she would pay her debt. Needless to say, I was looking forward to work that day. I had gotten a single pink rose for her and wrote a note thanking her for the pleasant memories. I began getting worried when she was later than usual. When she drove up wearing the same button-up dress I was delighted and more than a little excited. She was very pleased to get my note and rose and seemed somewhat saddened that our strange relationship was coming to an end. She slowly unbuttoned, revealing a new bra that showed off her tits. She continued unbuttoning, next revealing a matching garter belt, and as I awaited the sight of her panties, I realized that she had none on. She pulled her dress open to clearly show off her neatly trimmed pussy highlighted by her garter belt and stockings.

The bulge in my pants was huge, but she was not done. She next unhooked the front clasp of her bra, releasing her breasts for me for the first time. She was just beautiful and she knew it. She quickly dropped her dress sleeves and removed her bra. She then handed it to me as a memento of our summer. Then she buttoned up, smiled, and drove off. I never did get to kiss this woman, to say nothing of fucking her, but it was the most exciting experience of my life.—*Name and address withheld*

Stranger in the night

One evening Tom, my husband, had to work late. Our kids were spending the night with friends, so I was home by myself and very horny. I got into my silk nightie and got out some sexy pictures Tom and I had taken of each other. Seeing his hard, shining cock made me even hornier. My pussy was throbbing and aching for some attention. I started rubbing it slowly, running my fingers up and down my wet slit from my hole to my clit, trying to soothe it. But it just became more in need of a good licking. It wasn't long before I was coming.

I kept thinking of Tom's hard, smooth rod in my mouth and what it would be like if someone were watching me, or how it would feel to have another man or woman with us when we made love. My pussy's needs became more intense, and it was throbbing more than ever. I rubbed it faster and harder, and soon I was coming again. Finally I managed to cool down a little and drifted off to sleep.

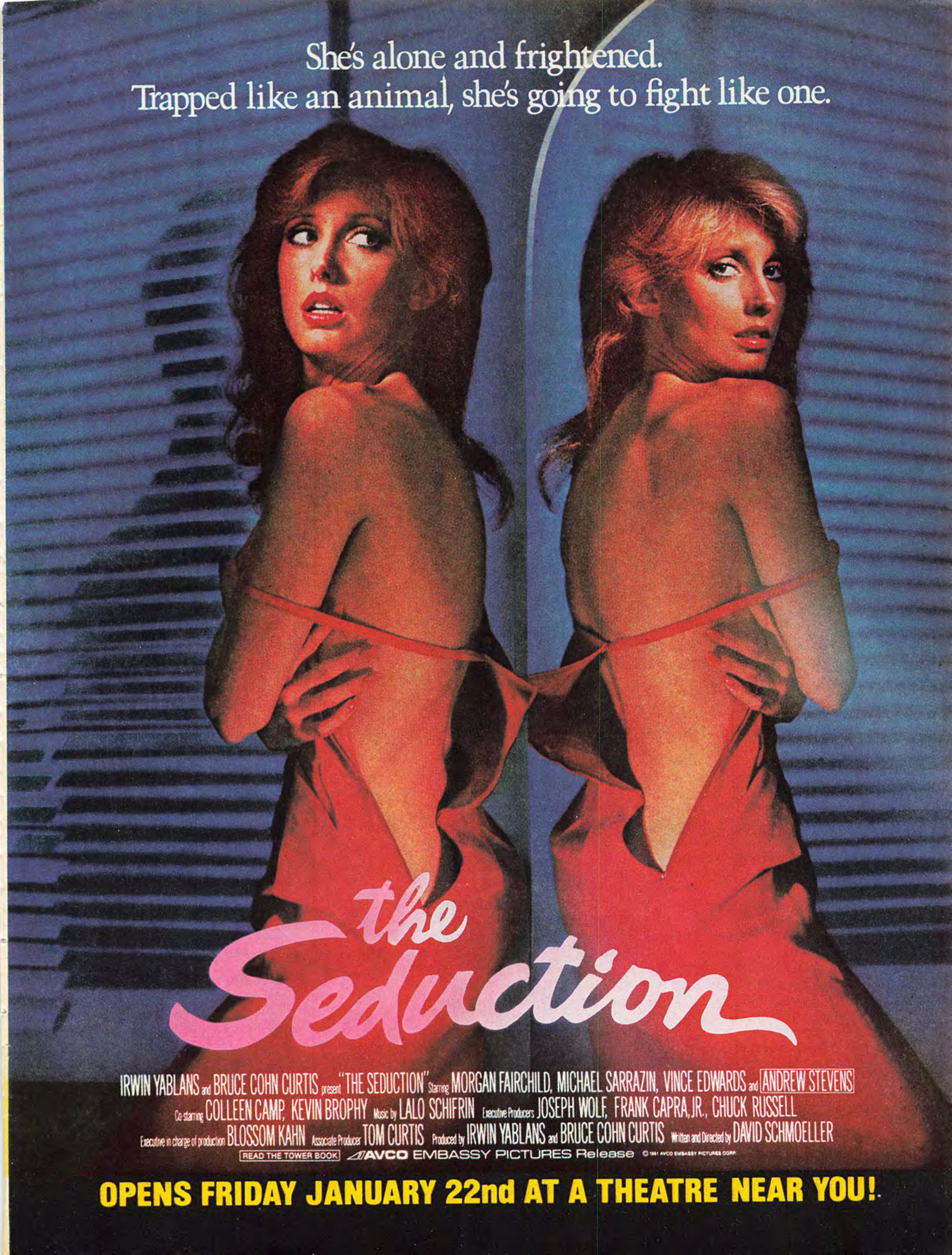
"It does the work of five secretaries, but I still miss the blowjobs."

When Tom got home he found me asleep on the floor in front of the fireplace. He knelt down beside me quietly and pulled his cock and started rubbing it all over my face. His cock was warm and hard as a rock. I took his massive tool and started sucking it. Then I was surprised, as I felt someone gently nibbling on my pussy lips and breathing warm air between my still-hot thighs. The faster I sucked, the faster the nibbling at my hot twat became. The smell of Tom's hot cock was enough to drive me crazy, but the nibbling was making me explode in orgasm. Tom told me to get ready for the "fucking and sucking of my life." With my eyes still shut, I began gently biting his wonderful cock and running my hot wet tongue up and down his shaft while I enjoyed the pussy licking I was receiving at the same time.

There were no lights on, so when I finally did open my eyes, I couldn't see who was between my legs. I knew it was a man from his slightly scratchy face. He said to me that "he had waited a long time for this" and that he and Tom were "really going to give it to me." He said that Tom had told him how much I love to suck cock and fuck. Tom pulled away and said, "So now you're really going to get it, but first we have to make sure you are ready."

The stranger removed himself from between my legs, got up, and started rubbing his cock around my lips and face. While he was doing that, Tom told me not to suck it or even lick his cock. It was very difficult not to sample this man's equipment, but I complied with Tom's rules. Tom then placed himself between my thighs and began lapping up my juices and teasing me with his fingers. Slowly he would run them up and down my slit as he sucked my hard, swollen clit. Tom's companion was still stroking his cock and rubbing it all over my face. I could feel its soft, warm skin with a touch of wetness. I wanted to grab it and suck him. His cock smelled so sweet I came several times before they both stood up and said, "Okay, show us what you were doing earlier. We want to see you rub your cunt close up."

I asked them if it turned them on to watch me masturbate. They both took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their hard cocks and started jerking them madly. This excited me so much I thought I would never get any relief. I stuck my fingers in my wet twat as far as I could. Tom kept saying he was going to come all over my face, but I had to fuck myself first. He left the room and came back with my dildo and the camera (it works in low light). I still couldn't see who had joined us, but that excited me even more.

I took the dildo from Tom and put it in as far as I could as I rubbed my slit. I watched them as they masturbated. Tom took a couple of pictures. The flashes blinded me even more. After I had come, this mysterious man came over to me and grabbed the dildo and started pounding it into me while Tom took more pictures.

Tom placed himself at my head, where I could smell his cock, and he asked me if I wanted to suck it. I said, "Yes, I want to . . . please, I need to suck it and bite it." He asked his friend if he should let me suck his cock, but his friend said that he didn't think I was ready yet and that Tom shouldn't let me have any.

This drove me wild, seeing it, smelling it, but not being able to touch it. Tom agreed with him and said to me, "Hands off, you cunt!" He slowly licked his way to my clit and started sucking on it wildly as the other man rammed harder and faster with the dildo. He kept telling Tom, "Suck her cunt good and hard. She deserves it." (Dirty talk drives me crazy.) I came again and asked if I could now suck one of their cocks. But all they did was go harder and faster and say, "Suffer, bitch."

Then Tom said, "I think she's had enough of that big cock," and the stranger agreed and started turning it as he pulled it out of me. They stood up and took my hands to help me up and guided me to the kitchen table, where they placed me on my back. Tom sat in a chair, and the mystery man spread my legs open wide and checked my pussy for wetness. His fingers were warm and slightly callused. He told Tom he thought I was ready. So Tom tasted my hot box by sticking his tongue in as far as he could and said, "No, not yet." His friend climbed on the table and began licking my tits and rubbing his cock over my face again. I could no longer stand it and grabbed his cock and sucked it into my mouth.

Tom pulled away and took more pictures and told me to show him "how a cock is supposed to be sucked, baby. Suck it good." I could feel his veins swell and taste his pre-come juice and knew it wouldn't be long before he would blow his wad. I sucked harder and faster. Tom kept saying, "Suck him till he's dry, you cunt!" It wasn't long, and he pulled his cock out of my steaming mouth and shot all over my face. Tom took pictures of this guy's come on my face and told me I was a good girl.

He wiped my face clean and handed the camera to his friend. He said it was his turn now and stuck his pole in my mouth. It tasted so good I had to rub my pussy. It wasn't long before he also came all over my face and filled my starving mouth while his friend took pictures. Tom came so much I thought I was going to drown.

We all needed a rest, so we smoked some doobies. When Tom turned the lights all the way up so we could look at our new pictures, I was very surprised to discover who our new partner was and felt my pussy start to throb again. I rubbed it slowly and watched in awe as they both became hard again.

We moved back into the living room. They placed me on my hands and knees. The mystery man climbed under me and started sucking my pussy while Tom fucked me from behind. I exploded again and again. Tom released his last drops of energy as his friend sucked madly on my sopping cunt. Tom pulled his cock out, and his friend got out from under me and turned me over for the finishing touch. He put his hard rod in my pussy while Tom took more pictures and told him to fuck me "good and hard." Soon this sexy man exploded and fell on me in exhaustion.

We all showered and looked at our pictures again and agreed to do this again some time. When I woke up, Tom was rubbing his sweet-smelling cock all over my face, and I felt someone between my thighs going after my still-hot twat.—*Name and address withheld*

Boss lady

I'm a construction worker in Northern California. I'm six feet two inches and 220 pounds. Between working and lifting weights I stay in excellent shape. My wife is a very petite and attractive woman. Our sex life is merely adequate, though. After a particularly hot day at work, I usually go to the local bar with some of my coworkers. I seldom call home to let my wife know, and this annoys her to no end.

After one of my late arrivals, I was greeted by my wife at the front door. I have never seen her so mad. She told me I had ruined her last dinner and she was going to do something about it. I started to laugh, and to my shock and amazement she slapped me and ordered me to go to our bedroom. I amazed myself when I complied. I was, strangely, becoming sexually aroused.

A few minutes later she entered the room and told me I was going to be punished. She ordered me to strip. I hestitated—and then noticed the look on her face and hurriedly stripped. She had me bend over and grab my ankles.

By now I was breathing heavily, both from excitement and from fear of what was about to happen. I felt a sharp sting on my ass as her leather belt found its mark. She reprimanded me for being inconsiderate, and she flailed away at my now beet-red ass. After a couple of minutes of this, she stopped and noticed my raging hard-on.

She ordered me to get on the bed on all fours and remain there until she returned. After about ten minutes she returned and told me to close my eyes and put my forehead on the mattress. This exposed my still tender ass to her every desire. I felt something begin to penetrate my ass hole and heard some feminine giggles in the room. To my horror, I realized my wife and I were not alone. By now it was obvious that I was having a dildo worked up my ass. It was giving me an exquisite mixture of pain and pleasure. Not able to stand it any longer, I opened my eyes and turned my head to see who else was in the room. It was two of my wife's girl friends from the neighborhood, and by the looks on their faces they were really enjoying themselves. My wife said that as my final punishment for disobeying her, I was going to entertain the girls. "Stand up and jerk off," my wife said in a very matter-of-fact tone. By now I was so excited I couldn't wait to get any kind of sexual relief I could. In a matter of seconds I was pounding away and came all over myself. As a final indignation I had to swallow every last drop my wife placed on my lips. I can't wait to see what kind of punishment I'm in for next time I'm late.—*Name and address withheld*

Just like home

Bob and I had been married for several years. We'd had a good sex life, but as time went on the occasions became more infrequent. One night, while making love, I said, "Why don't we do this more often?" Bob thought a minute, then said, "I guess we're in a rut. We need some excite-

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1. To enter fill out an official entry form, available at your local retailer selling Yukon Jack, or on a 3" x 5" card, hand print your name, address, city, state, zip code, phone no., with area code, and the answer to the official sweepstakes question below. Mail to "Yukon Jack" Sweepstakes, 1140 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N.Y. 10036.

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3. Entries must be postmarked on or before March 1, 1982 and received by March 7, 1982.

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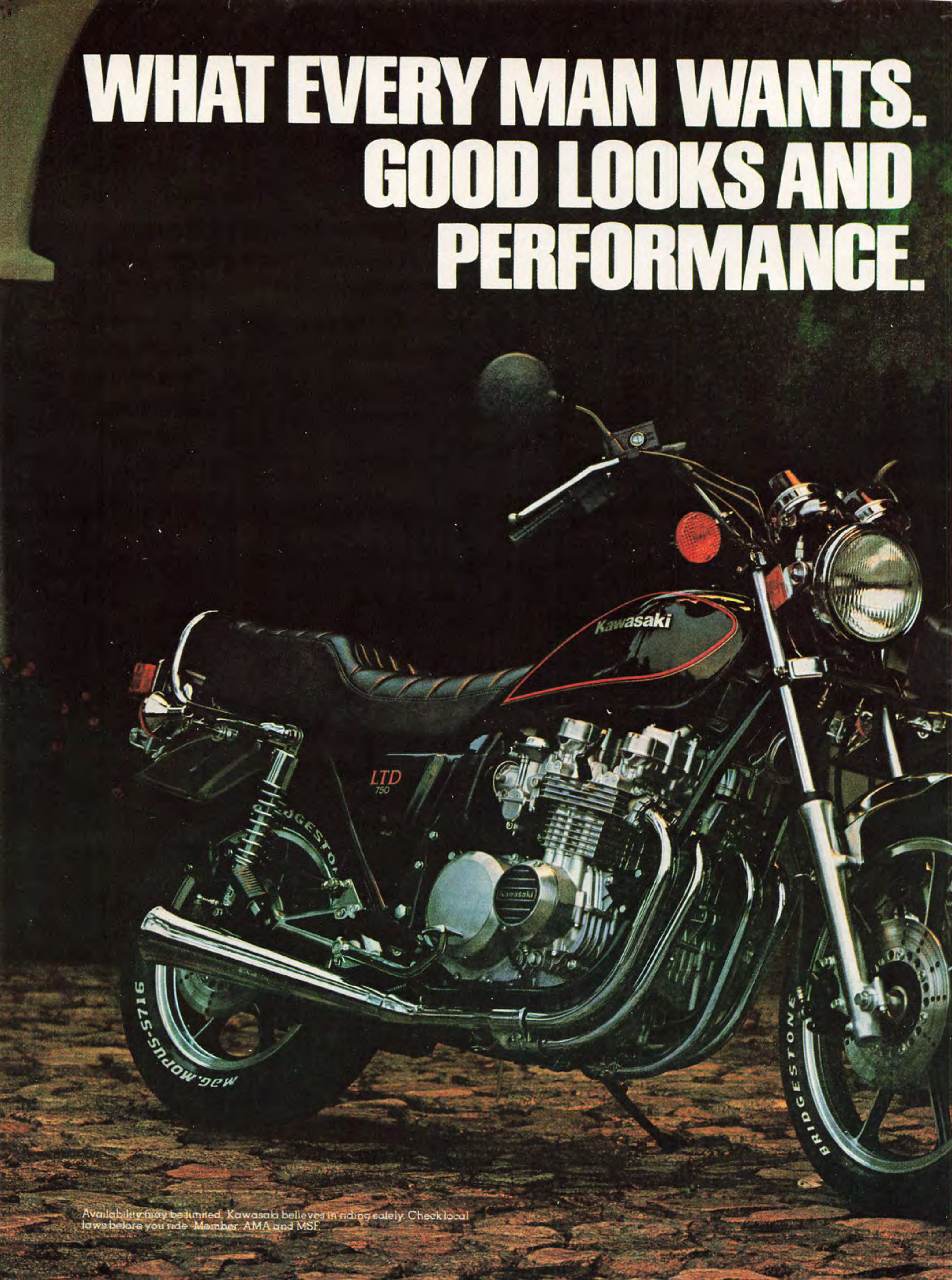

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ment." I agreed. "What do you suggest?" He surprised me. "Why don't we try a threesome?" I replied, "Oh, I'm not enough for you, and you want another woman, huh?" He shook his head, "No. I can hardly take care of you, let alone trying it with *two* of you! What I meant was having another man join us."

I was shocked, but I admit I was also a little interested, and I said, "I don't think I'd like that. Maybe I wouldn't know how to act with another man." He grinned and said, "I doubt that that would be a problem! What do you say we try it?" I replied, "I'd have to think about it, but I can see that just talking about it has got you nicely worked up!" The lovemaking that ensued was more like our earlier days together.

I did a lot of thinking about it, even visualizing making it with some of the men I knew. So, a couple of nights later we were in bed and I said, "Remember what we talked about the other night?" Bob was instantly alert. "You mean about a threesome?" I nodded. "Are you sure you really want to?" He hugged me close. "I sure do!" So I said, "I'm willing to try it *one time* to see what it would be like." Bob's arousal was sensational, and once more we had a wild, grand, and satisfying session.

When we lay back in each other's arms, I asked, "How do we go about it?" Bob said, "I don't know right now, but maybe we could start by using the guest room for a boarder." I sat up. "That's *it!* Tommy and Kay have split up, and he's been living in a motel for a couple of weeks. . . " Bob laughed. "Hey! I like him, and so do you. Why don't I invite him over to dinner tomorrow and bring up the subject then?" I nodded and impulsively gave Bob a passionate kiss.

Tom moved into the guest room the day after. On his first evening with us, we had had a couple of after-dinner drinks, and the three of us were talking. I said I hoped he would like our guest room, and Bob chimed in, "If there are any amenities missing, just let us know." Tommy replied, "Thank you. I can only think of one amenity missing—a willing woman in bed with me, preferably about five feet six, with long legs and adorable small breasts, blond hair, and blue eyes." I blushed, for I felt he was describing me, and I heard Bob chuckle. He looked at me. "We'll see what we can do, won't we, Honey?" I could only nod. Then, flustered, I excused myself to go to the kitchen.

When I returned, I stopped just behind the doorway as I heard Bob ask, "Have you ever been in a threesome?" Tom answered, "No, but I'd sure like to try it sometime. Have you?" Bob said, "No, but Nancy and I have talked about the possibility lately. She's willing to try, but we don't know how to go about it." Tommy replied, "You shouldn't have any trouble! Nancy is an ideal woman. In fact, I wouldn't mind being the third person!" Bob laughed. "Why not? I'm proud that you think she's desirable. Now all we have to do is to find out if she wants you. When she comes back, why don't you show her you're interested? For starters, why don't you move over here on the sofa when she comes back, and I'll leave you two alone for a while."

I felt myself becoming really aroused and decided that I could play the game myself. I moved back to our bedroom door and called, "Bob, why don't your refresh our drinks? I'll be there in a few minutes." I undressed and daringly put on a scanty baby-doll outfit topped by a filmy negligee.

Bob had finished the refills, and I returned to the living room, trying to act unconcerned, saying, "I hope you don't mind my changing. I feel so much more comfortable now." Their eyes widened and Tom said, "I sure don't mind. That's a pretty sexy outfit." I replied, "Bob thinks so, don't you?" I looked at Bob coyly, and he said, "I certainly do! Now I'm going to have to leave you two for a few minutes." He looked at me and winked. I winked back, smiling, and sat in the middle of the sofa. "Tom, why don't you sit here?" I patted the place beside me, and he accepted the invitation.

I hadn't heard any doors close when Bob left and kind of sensed that he must be where I had been standing only moments before. I decided to enjoy this to the full. When Tom sat down, I patted his leg. "That's better. But I can't understand why you and Kay split up. You are such an attractive man." He responded, "Oh, that's a long story, and I won't bore you with it." He added, "But why talk about that? Do you know how attractive I find you? And your outfit is stirring a lot of urges in me!" WIth that, he moved to kiss me, letting his hand drop to my leg. I responded to his kiss, which quickly became a passionate Frenching. It lasted quite a while as he began to move his hand until he was now caressing the inside of my thigh. I pulled my head away and said, in mock horror, "Suppose Bob comes back and finds us this way?" He grinned. "I gather that it's what he had in mind." Innocently, I asked, "What were you two talking about while I was gone?" "How lovely you are—what else?" he said. I persisted. "Inquisitive, aren't you?" He laughed again. "I got the idea that he'd approve of what we're doing if you were receptive to it."

By now his hand was between my legs, which I had spread slightly, and I said, loudly, "Do you think I'm being receptive enough?" as I flexed my legs apart even further. He responded with another kiss that became passionate again. No answer was needed. When he opened my negligee and cupped my breast, I moved my own hand to close it over the erection which was trying to gain release from his trousers. He pushed my bra upward, and my breasts were exposed, the nipples erect. He tongued them, eventually taking one, then the other, in his mouth.

"Excellent, Stockwell! You've learned to roll with the punches!"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 206

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PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK

is a serious dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of *Penthouse*—its aspirations and its areas of interest. **Letters for publication should carry name and address** (in capitals, please), although these will be withheld, on request, by the Editor. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Penthouse International, Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Falwell watch

I see in this morning's paper that you are taking on the Reverend Jerry Falwell again—this time with a full-scale attack. Good for you!

I saw Bob Guccione's brief debate with Falwell on the Tom Snyder show some time back and was very impressed with his performance. He saw Falwell for what he is and said so very articulately and effectively. We have been waiting for someone with the guts and resources to take on this frightening "New Right" and all it represents. I sincerely hope that your series on Falwell accomplishes everything you set out to do—including selling enough magazines to cover your considerable expenses (which will probably include a few lawsuits)!

Unfortunately, we have had to suspend publication of our *Alternate* magazine just as the next issue contained the lead article, "Falwell: The Man, the Myth, and the Mouth." I can only hope that other publishers will follow your courageous leadership and put this McCarthy of the eighties into his proper perspective.

May we offer our congratulations and best wishes for your continued success with your very exceptional magazine.—*John H. Embry, Publisher, Alternate Publishing, San Francisco, Calif.*

Having bought the November issue of *Penthouse* for the Jerry Falwell exposé, I was somewhat disappointed that the authors did not go any further in their pursuit of Falwell . . . As head of a tax-free $50 million-a-year empire and self-appointed ayatollah of American morals, Falwell enjoys a corporate life-style that is also most interesting! If a picture is worth a thousand words, why not publish a photograph of Falwell getting into his corporate jet; being chauffeured around in his corporate limousines; luxuriating in his first-class traveling accommodations that he charges to his parent organization and in the fabulous mansion he owns, probably at little or no cost because of his church's vast real-estate holdings; being represented in court (with legal fees paid by the church, of course) by corporate lawyers in their $500 suits; etc., etc.?

If the faithful wish to support their leaders in this fashion, I have no objections. What I *do* object to is that because of the tax-exempt status of organized religion, it has turned into a multimillion-dollar growth industry in this century. It's *big business*, by another name. And an irresistible lure for the less than scrupulous!

Hell, their books are not subject to annual audits by independent accounting firms according to some kind of generally accepted standards, nor are they open to the general public, which in the last analysis is underwriting all this tax largesse.

One can only wonder what in the world the separation of church and state and our guarantee of "religious freedom" have to do with this free ride off the taxpayer in the first place.—*Mrs. M. B. De La Croix, San Diego, Calif.*

Mr. Volkman and Mr. Davis reply:
We share your concern for the lavish life-style of Jerry Falwell—and some of the other denizens of the God business. Nevertheless, let's be fair: it is true that while Falwell has a $170,000 home (surrounded by a $100,000 wall) plus private jets, chauffeured automobiles, and so forth, these technically belong not to Falwell but to his congregants, who willingly spent their contributions to buy them for their pastor. It is important to understand that legally a religious organization can outfit its leader in whatever luxury it deems appropriate. Further, we agree that some religions have used their tax-exempt status to accumulate great wealth. However, the First Amendment, which guarantees the free exercise of religion, also effectively prohibits the state from interfering in that religion, unless proof exists that church funds are being used illegally for private purposes. There is no evidence at this point to suggest that such conduct is occurring with respect to the Moral Majority or Falwell's church. Our articles have raised questions not so much about how much money is being spent, but about the circumstances under which that money is coming in.

Let me suggest that the best response of *Penthouse* readers to Jerry Falwell's Moral Majority is to get on their mailing list. If millions of *Penthouse* readers did this, think of the money the Moral Majority would waste mailing out their material to people who are unsympathetic to their cause! And they would be striking a small blow for free expression, the First Amendment, and the right to read publications like *Penthouse*. Also they would get a few laughs from the drivel that the Moral Majority sends out.

The Moral Majority's response? It would take human intelligence to separate the Moral Majority's true supporters from those of us who are having fun at their expense. Somehow I suspect that there are very few intelligent humans involved with the self-proclaimed Moral Majority.—*Dr. Robert Yaes, New York, N.Y.*

Just a note of thanks for all the enjoyment I have received from reading your magazine. Also a note of encouragement for you to stay on Jerry Falwell's case, as I feel the so-called Moral Majority is neither moral nor the majority. I desire *to think for myself* on all subjects that affect me. Keep up the good work, and we will continue to support you through patronage of your magazine.—*Bruce Garrison, Anchorage, Alaska*

Big Mother

Congratulations to Catherine Hiller for her brilliantly alarming piece "Embryo Patrol" (October 1981). My only hope is that the scenario she describes remains just what it is in *Penthouse:* fiction.

Unfortunately, it could become reality if such single-issue crusaders as Senators Jeremiah Denton (Rep.-Ala.), Charles Grassley (Rep.-Iowa), John East (Rep.-N.C.), and Jesse Helms (Rep.-N.C.) and Rep. Henry Hyde (Rep.-Ill.), as well as thousands like them known collectively as the New Right, have their way. It is commonly thought that their main rallying point is opposition to abortion, but these people really want to create a repressive, theocratic dictatorship in which many of the individual pleasures and diversions that Ms. Hiller describes and we now take for granted will be illegal. Such a society is just as undesirable as the Big Brotherdom of George Orwell's *1984.*

The seeds of such a society may already have been planted; in this year's budget Congress appropriated at least $16 million for a program to promote teenage chastity. The brainchild of Senator Denton, the proposal would call for the establishment of storefront chastity centers, intensive Christian indoctrination at home, and a sharp reduction of funds for family planning. In an interview on public television's "MacNeil, Lehrer Report," he termed the measure the Adolescent Family Life Program. Not only is this a deplorable invasion of privacy, but also it can usurp First Amendment guarantees of religious freedom. Furthermore, the next logical step from such a beginning is an organization similar in form and function to the Hitler Youth or Fidel Castro's Young Pioneers.

Senator Denton's colleague, Roger Jepsen, has introduced a Family Protection Act, an omnibus bill that would, among other things, exclude all parental disciplinary measures from prohibition under child-abuse laws, cut off federal funds to schools that do not allow parental review of textbooks, and prevent schools from using federal funds to buy educational materials that feature a progressive view of the status roles of men and women in modern society. Even Jepsen realizes that the legislation cannot pass Congress intact; so he intends to submit the various

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Along with Congressman Hyde, Sen. Jesse Helms, the most prominent spokesman of the New Right, originated a bill that dogmatically and unequivocally states that human life begins at conception. Under the Helms-Hyde bill, states could legally prosecute for murder anyone who performs an abortion. But Sen. Orrin Hatch (Rep.-Utah) objected, claiming that if the bill is signed into law, it can be struck down by the Supreme Court as unconstitutional. Moreover, it would divert attention from the ultimate goal: a constitutional amendment banning abortion. Once such a precedent has been set, it is easy to see how an agency like the Embryo Patrol might evolve.

We who love our freedom should recognize the New Right as a clear and present danger to that freedom and should realize that many of these simplistic moralists would jump at the chance to assume the role of Big Mother should the opportunity present itself. Our best hope now is that the various pieces of legislation now under consideration fail to withstand judicial tests of constitutionality. In addition, we must mobilize forces of our own to counter in any way we can this grave threat to our civil liberties. If we do not, then Ms. Hiller's prophecy will be self-fulfilling.—*Nick Tsambassis, West Brownsville, Pa.*

I wish to extend my praise for the excellence of Catherine Hiller's story, "Embryo Patrol." The piece, although evident as fiction, was shocking and seemed potentially prophetic.

I believe the majority of *Penthouse* readers are of a high intellectual level; yet I am curious to know how many are aware that the type of violation of rights written about in Ms. Hiller's story is a very real future possibility. I wonder how many are aware of the implications of the proposed legislation of the Human Rights Bill.

This proposed legislation would not only allow for equality in sexism but also, additionally, permit a certain amount of protection to unborn children. Ultimately, it may produce effects identical with those in "Embryo Patrol."

As your publication emphasizes, there are more young adults enjoying sex than ever—but I'm certain that most are unprepared for the responsibilities of a family. I am neither for nor against abortion, but it seems that government interference should not be allowed to alter or violate a person's life-style!

I personally do not relish "Big Mother Watching." I suspect that your readers agree—unless, of course, they are the ones doing the watching!—*Mrs. Lou Ann M. Coursey, Cicero, Ill.*

Both of October's short stories, "Embryo Patrol," by Catherine Hiller, and "Voyagers," by Ben Bova, were good, stimulating, and interesting reading.

Regarding the theme of excessive governmental control over our personal lives and the KGB's truly scary mind-control methods, I must say that I only wish that more people knew that this is not fiction. Such techniques are in use in this country, promoted by Russian-controlled groups, such as the "American" Psychiatric Association.

A remote-control shock device is now being used in certain areas on school children with "behavior problems." If this seems incredible, it is. But the facts are there. They call it "therapy" and "education." They disregard the study showing that *dogs* produce better therapeutic results for depressed people than psychiatrists and an earlier study showing that "psychotherapy" gives worse results than no therapy at all.

Let's stop funding psychiatry and start pushing for legislation restricting psychiatrists' license to abuse patients with involuntary drugging, shock "treatment," and brain operations; eliminating their "expert witness" status in the courtroom; and revising the often arbitrary and unjust procedures for involuntary commitment of an individual to an institution.—*Name and address withheld*

Larry Holmes: pro and con

I am amazed how much the rest of the world little notes nor will long remember the truly unbiased, caring human qualities of boxing's heavyweight champion, Larry Holmes.

May I point out to Mr. Quantrell of Elmore City, Okla. ("Penthouse Feedback," November 1981), that Larry is probably one of the most decent, unselfish men I know. While individuals and corporations with wealth that dwarfs Larry's have chosen to leave downtown Easton, Pa., in favor of sprawling malls and fast-food outlets, Larry has pumped millions of dollars into our community by way of a beautiful home, a nightclub, a restaurant, and a sportswear shop. He has built a large training center for pre-bout workouts open to the entire community (which is predominantly white). Larry gives much of his time and money to support our local Boys' Club and St. Anthony's Youth Center in hopes that our kids can grow up in a better environment than he did. It was at the center that Larry trained and matured into the great fighter he is. He couldn't *buy* a fight with the likes of Ali, Frazier, Young, and Norton when they were in their prime, because they *all* knew Larry had the talent to beat them.

Larry has offers daily to invest in major projects in large metropolitan areas, but he has chosen to live and invest in Easton, a town of 29,000 people who respect him for the tremendous growth he has shown as a fighter and for his fineness as a human being. Larry rose from poor beginnings in the Deep South to predominance in a world unfortunately still mired in bigotry and racism. It's too bad Larry can't help

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some others mature the way he has.—*Walter S. Mitchell, Jr., Easton, Pa.*

I am writing in reference to the interview with Larry Holmes, by Lawrence Linderman, which appeared in your August issue. I'd like to make a few comments:

(1) Mr. Linderman states that Mr. Holmes is the only boxer in the world who can deck an opponent with a single left jab. Well, Gerry Cooney, in his last few fights, has put away a couple of boxers with his left jab also.

(2) Before and after Gerry Cooney's last fight, almost all sportswriters in the New York area were saying that Mr. Cooney's left is the best in boxing history—even better than Joe Louis's or Rocky Marciano's or Joe Frazier's. They didn't say a word about Larry Holmes's left.

(3) Mr. Linderman states that there isn't a single heavyweight on the horizon who seems even remotely capable of defeating Holmes. Now let's be realistic. Gerry Cooney is a very good heavyweight boxer and is capable of beating Mr. Holmes. Now don't get me wrong; Larry Holmes is a very good boxer, but don't make him out to be the greatest boxer in the world, because he isn't. If he were the greatest, why did he wait until Ali was over the hill, and why did it take him so long to beat him when he finally did fight him?

(4) Larry Holmes said that there aren't any good boxers around. Maybe that's why he has the crown now. But Gerry Cooney is a big threat now! He proved it by beating Jim Young, Ron Lyle, and Ken Norton, who were not over the hill until they met with Cooney.

(5) Holmes stated that Cooney hasn't fought anyone tough yet. Well, Holmes hasn't fought anyone tough yet, either!

(6) Holmes also says he doesn't get the recognition he's earned. Maybe if he starts fighting guys like Cooney, he will. When you fight guys like Leon Spinks, Ossir Ocasio, Trevor Berbick, who aren't that good, it's hard to get recognition.

Also, Mr. Holmes, all boxing fans who come to see you fight whether you win or lose are the people who pay your high salary and have the right to think that any boxer is as good as you—and some might think that you can be beaten. You referred to these fans as follows: "People who think different than that amount to zero, nothing. I think they're small-minded." Stop putting down the *fans;* they're the ones who have placed you where you are! And start fighting some good boxers instead of just putting everyone down! *Then* maybe you'll get the recognition you deserve.—*Russ Bonavita, Carteret, N.J.*

Mr. Linderman replies:

Mr. Bonavita's first two comments compare the respective left hands of Holmes and Cooney, but that's almost like comparing apples and oranges. Although both boxers are converted southpaws, Holmes probably has the most damaging left jab in heavyweight history; Cooney's forte is a crushing left hook. When I interviewed Holmes, Cooney hadn't yet fought Ken Norton. In fact, since December 1979, the carefully managed Cooney has fought only four rounds while disposing of Jimmy Young, Ron Lyle, and Norton—all of whom were finished as contenders before the end of the seventies. Ali also was over the hill when Holmes fought him in 1980. But by then Holmes had been WBC heavyweight champion for more than two years. (During that time Ali had ducked him and not vice versa.) In any case, Holmes is a classic boxer; Cooney, a classic slugger. When they finally oppose each other this coming March—in what will probably be the richest title fight in boxing history—we'll all get a chance to see how good both men really are.

Mud-wrestling women

Your feature on female mud-wrestlers in the October 1981 issue was great! I would really like to see more of this. A few months ago I attended a bachelor party that featured a wrestling match between a pair of delicious young girls. Instead of mud, though, they oiled their bodies heavily with baby oil. They wrestled on a regulation mat, starting out in string bikinis. I don't know whether there was actual animosity between the two or not, but they really had a war! Their bikinis lasted only a few minutes, and they continued to go at it nude.

At the beginning of the match, they announced that the winner would be determined by submission only. It was all conducted in a very serious manner, both girls looking daggers at each other the entire time. I don't think there was a guy in the place who didn't have an erection from the time the girls stepped on the mat. The slap of their oiled bodies coming together was exciting, but their sensuous grunts, squeals, and moans were very erotic! They separated only a couple of times during the match, and when they did, they slowly circled each other with bared teeth and flashing eyes. That was nearly as exciting as the action itself.

Please show this kind of thing to us more often. There are quite a few men and women who love to see beautiful, evenly matched females in the ultimate contact sport, wrestling.—*Name and address withheld*

That was a great photo layout in the October issue—the mud-fighting ladies. I've been to several of these matches, and I've never seen two lovelier contestants than yours. Were they two of your Pets? They should be!

But the very best part of the October issue was its cover. What class! She is the epitome of feminine, sensual beauty. I'd nominate Sheila Kennedy for Penthouse Pet—or for anything! Thank you!—*Mike Anderson, Richmond, Ind.*

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LETTER OF THE MONTH

About two years ago I moved from an apartment complex to my first house. While living in the apartment, my wife and I made many friends. But little did I know at the time how many friends I really could have "made."

An attractive divorced woman lived on the top floor of our building with her young school-age daughter. The woman, commonly known as Bunnie, was in her late twenties, with bleached blond hair, a cute face, average breasts, a nice ass, and great legs (this can be attributed to her school days as a cheerleader). While living in the same building with her, I maintained a casual friendship with Bunnie. She was always nice to me and occasionally gave me a come-on smile when her daughter and live-in boyfriend were not around. If only I had known then of the treat of meat that was nestled at the top of those beautiful legs, I would have pursued her sly smile.

Shortly after moving to the house, I had to return to the old apartment building, and I noticed Bunnie's car was parked out front. Since it was a workday and close to lunch, I decided to drop in for a visit.

Upon entering her apartment, I could tell that she had been getting high. She informed me that she had had a run-in with her boss and decided to take the day off. She asked me to join her in some wine and a joint. Since I had the day off as well, I decided to take her up on her offer. As we partied, she kept eyeing me. I've always felt uncomfortable when a woman eyes me, and this time was no exception. She sensed my nervousness and told me to relax. So I took off my shoes, loosened my tie, and lay back.

Now her roving eyes settled directly on my now growing bulge. As the combined effect of the wine and herb was now hitting me, I decided to return the stare. My eyes traced her tight shorts. I could see an indentation where her cunt lips parted. This made my already swollen member twitch. We were both aware of each other's staring, and we broke out in laughter.

As she got up to change the record, I watched her sensuous walk. She has a very sexy walk, which was greatly enhanced by her tight white cutoffs. To get to the turntable, she had to walk directly in front of me. As she did I could smell the sweet, alluring aroma of her womanhood. Once in front of me, she stopped, leaned over, and picked up a record from the floor. Her ass was now within biting distance. I could feel my now turgid member about to pull an Incredible Hulk routine and rip right through my pants. She stood up and turned to say something, but she lost her balance and fell right on top of me. We both started laughing.

As she tried to sit up, she accidentally grabbed my swollen cock for leverage. I couldn't hold back now! I planted a deep, wet kiss on her hungry lips. Passion shot like electricity between us. I immediately slid my hands under her loose tank top to discover her firm breasts. Since she had no bra on, I started rolling her already erect and quite large nipples between my fingers. At this point she released my rock-hard pecker from the confinement of my pants. She greeted my beet-red cockhead with her eager mouth and proceeded to bathe the head, shaft, and balls with her tongue. As her expert mouth brought me closer to exploding, I slid my hand up her pants leg to her love box. As I caressed her moist pussy, I encountered the most fleshy clit that I've ever seen. This drove me wild! Since my cock was about to explode in her mouth, I decided to pull out to save my love juice for later. Besides, I had to get that fleshy cunt into my mouth immediately!

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I instructed her to remove her clothes, since it was lunchtime and I had to eat! I dropped to my knees and buried my face in her awaiting pussy. Her clit must have been at least three inches long. The sensation of eating her fleshy cunt drove me wild. I must have eaten her for at least an hour, refusing to let her loose as she convulsed in three separate orgasms.

She now begged me to fuck her with my beautiful cock. I teased her love hole with my swollen cockhead. Every time I poked her, I could feel that greedy pussy trying to pull me in as she pleaded with me to fuck her! Although I wanted to continue to play with her flesh and tease her with mine, I decided it was time to give my cock and her hungry hole what they both wanted. I plunged deep into her! Now we were both pumping away in an intense frenzy. She met every thrust with her tightly gripping cunt. The sensation of her well-trained cunt muscles gripping and grabbing at my cock kept me coming and kept me hard well beyond any previous lovemaking experiences.

I pounded away into her hungry hole with ever increasing strength. Soon her panting and moans became outcries and screams. "I'm coming, oh, God, I'm coming!" she gasped as with one great shove I embedded my cock to new depths. Slowly, I started rotating my shaft while still deep inside her. This set her off into a new series of orgasmic quakes.

I felt as though I could come again, so I decided to ease off to save my strength for what was yet to come. Besides, my mouth craved to play with her fleshy clit. Her outcries let me know that she loved it as much as I did. I plunged my tongue deep into her cunt and could taste the salty, sweaty intermingling of our love juices. As I was deep inside her cunt I could feel that wet, warm flesh against my face. I wanted to eat her forever.

After our lovemaking session, which lasted over three hours, we decided to get cleaned up. We were in the shower together when she decided that she hadn't gotten enough of my cock in her mouth. She wanted me to come in her mouth, but I didn't think it could be done. As she was fondling my balls and attempting to swallow my cock, we were interrupted by the sound of someone coming in the front door. Bunnie quickly got out of the shower and grabbed a towel. It was her daughter. She told her to go out and play. We both decided that I had better split before we got caught.

Unfortunately her boyfriend asked her to get married shortly thereafter. After they were married, Bunnie and her husband moved out to the West Coast.

Bunnie is the only woman I've had with such a fleshy cunt. I would like to know if a woman's clit ever gets bigger later in life—because of kids maybe? Does a woman with a large clit get off better because of it? What is the largest clit you've ever seen, eaten, or heard of? Finally, can any woman develop the gripping technique that Bunnie has?—C.S.

"Like a fool, I told him to put his money where his mouth was."

I think I can answer your questions. First of all, a woman's clit does not grow with age, and the size does not affect the intensity of pleasure, although women obviously have a larger area for stimulation. What matters is not so much the size of the clitoris as its position. Frankly, some women's are hard to find. The biggest clitoris I've ever seen belonged to one of the girls who used to work for me in New York. I never lay down with a tape measure, but her clit was about three-quarters the size of my index finger, and I have long fingers.

Lastly, a woman can develop her vaginal-squeezing technique by exercising. Any girl aspiring to the standard of your Bunnie should practice holding objects in her snatch and gripping them. Try starting with a thermometer and move on to bigger and better things.

TAKE MY WIFE, PLEASE

Your choice of letters concerning exhibitionism and voyeurism led to our decision to write concerning our activities of the past few years. It all started one weekend several years ago, when Pat and I were out of town. We went to an XXX-rated movie, during which Pat allowed my hand inside her coat and then her pussy. By unsnapping and unzipping her jeans, I easily hit a warm, moist pussy. While watching the movie and masturbating Pat, I noticed a man several seats down watching us. After Pat's climax, she was ready to leave. On the way to the car I asked her if she knew we had been watched. She said she had noticed, but it had added to the fun, and she wanted to know if it bothered me. I said, "Hell, no."

In just a few months we progressed to letting truckers on the turnpike see Pat with her head in my lap in the car, with her skirt up and her blouse undone, giving them a clear view of her pretty 34B tits and pussy. Her climaxes during these times were some of the most satisfying.

We started going into the city at night to nice restaurants, with Pat wearing very sexy and revealing clothes. A waiter or customer frequently noticed her lack of a bra or her plunging neckline, showing a nipple, and many a parking lot attendant saw a full pussy flash as I paid the ticket.

Then my company sent me to a convention at a resort out West. Pat begged to go. One night she jokingly promised three days of sex if I'd take her. She would be my sex slave, would wear anything, flash anything, and be available at all times. I asked her if that included allowing someone to touch her when she flashed. Her reply was a very timid and soft, "I'd do anything that you want me to do."

We arrived that first evening and were invited to a hospitality suite for drinks. Pat was one of the few wives in attendance, but the real reason for her popularity was *her bralessness. One of the men got into a conversation with us on the subject of wives coming along. He commented on how lucky I was to have a pretty wife. I agreed and reached around, clutching her right breast as he watched. Her nipples were at attention and stuck through the gauzy material of her dress. One thing led to another, and Pat and I had to excuse ourselves and return to our room.*

There we had dynamite sex. In the middle of our screwing, I asked if she wanted to let someone really see her on this trip. Her answer was "I said I'd do anything you want."

The next afternoon Pat was at the pool sunning and I was sitting at the bar, conversing with a new friend from Oregon. We were admiring the women at the pool when he mentioned the cute blond with the pink bathing suit. I said that she was my thirty-three-year-old wife. This began a conversation that culminated with my asking him if he'd like to view her without the pink bikini.

After his answer of "Yes! Yes!" we walked over and sat beside Pat. I introduced Wayne and explained that we'd been admiring her and we wanted to return to the room and see her without the bikini. She smiled and gathered up everything and walked to the room with us.

In the room I fixed us all some drinks, and Wayne and I sat down as Pat released the top of her bikini, showing Wayne her pretty tits. Then came the bottoms, leaving her naked. I motioned her over to my chair and commented on her lovely 34B-25-35, five-foot-four-inch frame. With her deep golden tan, blond hair, blue eyes, and trim figure, Pat was a source of pride to me. I eased a finger into her pussy, finding it hot and very wet. I suggested to Wayne that Pat might like to see him, and he lost no time stripping to the raw. There stood a good eight inches of cock for Pat to see and admire. She fondled it as his hands sought her many charms. I assured them that if they were as horny as me, I had no problem with them having sex. Wayne eased Pat onto the bed, sinking his eight inches into her pretty pussy. As they fucked, I placed my cock in Pat's mouth and almost immediately sent a stream of come down her throat as Wayne deposited his in her other end.

Wayne left after this, but the three of us got together again that night. We sandwiched Pat between us as I screwed her ass and Wayne screwed her pussy. Pat was a sexually fulfilled woman that night!

The next night was our last, and since Wayne had left earlier in the day, I asked Pat if she would like another man. Her answer was her standard "I'll do whatever you want." That night we stayed late in the hospitality suite until only our two hosts and their bartender were left. We were in a long conversation about nothing when I suggested that since they'd served us for three nights, Pat would serve us all after the bartender had gone off duty.

She really got turned on as I sat the

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three of us men down and said we were going to have a striptease. We'd all had too much to drink, and inhibitions were lowered. I think by now both of the men figured Pat was not my wife. Soon she had stripped naked and was walking from one man to another, letting each one feel her. I told them they could fuck her if they wished but to be gentle. For over one hour I held my urges and watched as those two men really devoured Pat.

Upon returning to the room, she undressed and lay on the bed, feeling her pussy full of come. She said that she'd done as I pleased, and now she wanted me to eat her. I felt her pussy. It was wet and full, and it sort of turned me on. She started begging me to eat her. Down I went. I kissed her clit and then dove into her pussy. I don't know who was turned on the most. We switched to sixty-nine and climaxed together.

It has been some time since our trip, but its effects have lingered on in the form of a better marriage through sharing some secret times. To date we have had no chance to repeat them. We're both a little worried about changing the traditional relationship that is expected of married couples. We've talked about swinging only with strangers and only when we're out of town and on an infrequent basis. What are your thoughts on this subject? Should we stop or continue expanding our horizons?—P. and K.

You sure seem to have gotten into the swing of things. If, as you say, your marriage is still fine, in fact better, my advice is to keep up the good work. And good luck in finding new partners!

IT'S GREEK TO ME

I am a nineteen-year-old Norwegian who was fortunate enough to be able to afford a charter flight to Greece for my Easter holidays. Walking along a deserted beach one afternoon, I suddenly heard voices. No one could be in doubt about what was going on behind the rocks in front of me. I did something which I will never regret: I peeped through a crack.

A couple had been picnicking on a tiny, secluded part of the beach. Now they were enjoying themselves in the missionary position. He was too quick, however. She reproached him violently. He groaned and went to the edge of the water to wash. When he lay down again, she started to suck him. He soon responded to her caresses, his flag went up, and he suggested something. They quickly got into a position I had not heard of before.

He stretched out on his back, legs together. She squatted over him, face to face, her knees pressed together. Thus she lowered herself on him. When his penis was in, he grabbed both her hands to give her support. She bent slightly forward, then slowly sat up, straightening her back. This seemed to send her at once into spasms of pleasure. She soon could not take the strain anymore and leaned forward again. The exercise was repeated over and over again. You could see the strain on her. Sweat broke out all over her body. Her excitement grew. She started screaming and shouting. There was no other movement. He did not seem to get particularly aroused physically. He lay still, supporting her with his hands, regarding her with immense tenderness and satisfaction. In the end, she seemed to get the orgasm of the century. She collapsed completely and seemed to faint. He carefully untangled himself and massaged her legs, to ease cramps, I suppose. Then he rolled her over on her back and had his pleasure with great Greek bravura. Only when they were snoring in the warm sun did I sneak away.

They were not what you would call an attractive couple—middle-aged, fattish, rather unkempt. He had not shaved for days. But it is one of the most beautiful sights I have ever seen: a person able to give such pleasure to the one he loves!

On my return, I did not hesitate to try this with my girl friend. What a fiasco! She only thought it was a great strain, and it brought her no pleasure. Now she refuses to indulge in this "silly, Greek practice," as she puts it. Could you please tell me where my girlfriend and I go wrong. It cannot have to do with the size of the penis. His was average, and so is mine.

I am not so dumb that I think a successful position is enough in itself when you make love. But knowledge never hurts. The Greek couple were obviously very familiar with the practice and were well adjusted to each other.—B.T.

You have obviously been witnessing a true act of love between two people who are very accustomed to making love to each other and who have been together for years. In a good relationship two people gradually learn each other's desires and needs, so that their sex life gets better and more meaningful all the time.

However, everyone's body is different. People come in different shapes and sizes. To one girl, being on top of her lover may be a great turn-on; to another, it may well be painful, depending on how deep the man thrusts his penis inside her and how large he is or how small she is.

You and your girl friend should try and find out what pleases each of you most. Be inventive and daring, and if what the people in Greece did leaves her sensationless, move on to some other, more exciting position with her.

MORNING EXTRA

I'm twenty-one years old and have been married a little over a year. I'm blond, my measurements are 38-24-34, and I'm five feet eight inches tall. My husband, Scott, is a ten in any woman's book, but he has a problem: he can't handle drinking. That's how I became involved in the situation I will describe.

Every time Scott drinks he gets into fights, and because of this he has been arrested on numerous occasions. The last time the court placed him on probation. Well, Scott and I went out to a Mexican restaurant recently, and sure enough, I couldn't stop him once he started drinking. Before I knew it, he went over to a table where four guys were sitting and started calling them queer and then just started to punch them.

Someone called the police, and they arrived shortly after the fighting had stopped. The police questioned all parties involved. I went up to one of the guys my husband hit and begged him not to press charges, as my husband was on probation and I didn't want him to go to jail. His name was Al, and he pulled me to the side and said the only way he wouldn't press charges was if I put out for him and his buddies at a time and place of their choosing. Seeing little choice in the matter, I agreed. Al talked to his three friends and then told the police officers they wanted to confer with their lawyers before charges were brought. The police agreed to do it that way. So now I knew I was going to have to put out or else risk the possibility of Scott going to jail. Before everyone left, Al got my address and said they would be over around nine in the morning.

Scott finally left for work at 7:30 A.M. with a splitting headache—I was very worried he was going to call in sick. After he left, I found myself in nervous anticipation. Sexually I'm inexperienced, but I've had some wild fantasies about being gang-banged. Now it would be a reality, and I was really looking forward to it.

I decided to wear my blue see-through nightie and my high-heel pumps. Right at nine Al arrived at my apartment and introduced his friends as Bob, Randy, and Dan. They were all just home from college on semester break. Al led me into the living room and told me to take off the nightie but leave the high heels on. From the way they ogled my breasts, I knew they would receive a lot of attention. Parading in front of these guys was getting me so excited—I couldn't believe how wet I was between my legs. Al next told me to go behind the overstuffed leather chair, lean over it, and spread my legs. The next feeling I had was heavenly: a tongue was fluttering over my clitoris, and I had an orgasm immediately.

Randy moved in front of the overstuffed chair and stood on the cushion. He then unzipped his fly and pulled out eight inches of the most beautiful cock I've ever seen. I've licked my husband's cock but have never put it in my mouth. But now, as in my dream, I engulfed Randy's sweet meat with my lips. Al then placed his tool in my now flowing cunt, and I felt as if I had a pole running through my body. Randy had a powerful climax, and even though I choked on my own saliva, I stayed with his ejaculation and swallowed his sperm. Dan jumped up on the cushion next, grabbed my blond hair, and began to hump in and out of my mouth. He was rougher, but it

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just seemed to add to my excitement. After Al came in my cunt, Bob entered me, and it felt like a telephone pole. If I hadn't been lubricated, I don't think I could have accommodated him. It was at this point that Dan erupted, and his sperm ran down my throat. I couldn't handle his load and lost some of it out of the corners of my mouth.

Al now brought me into the bedroom, where he had me lie on my back. He straddled my stomach and placed his hard-on between my tits and began fucking back and forth. I felt someone take each of my hands and place them on two hard-ons, and I began jerking them off. I looked and saw Bob kneeling by my head, jerking himself off. Bob came first, with his sperm hitting me on the cheek. Then everyone else came, and sperm flew all over my face and in my hair. I felt like I was having a shower in sperm. I had an orgasm that seemed to last forever.

As they left that afternoon, they said they would be back in the morning. How could I object? As it turned out, I had them the next three days till they had to go back to school. It was fun. I never would have tried to live out one of my fantasies if I hadn't been placed in a compromising situation. Now I find myself looking forward to school letting out for summer vacation.—S.M.

I'm not sure which is the problem, Scott's drinking or your horniness, for which you are half apologizing. As for Scott, you can threaten to take off with another guy if he does not cut out the booze. If he is a reasonable sort of man, you might be able to persuade him to seek professional help about his drinking. It sounds like he may really need it. If he is too selfish to be moved by your threats or convinced by your advice, you might be better off letting him go to jail next time. The shock could do him good, and think what you could be up to while he was inside!

"Not many guys will even date blind girls!"

I'll be interested to hear if your fantasy works out to your satisfaction. Beware, though: elaborate fantasies are often a disappointment. The reality rarely lives up to your expectations. Yours, however, is fairly simple and straightforward; so it may be the thrill you dreamed about after all. I am always interested to hear from readers who carry out their fantasies.

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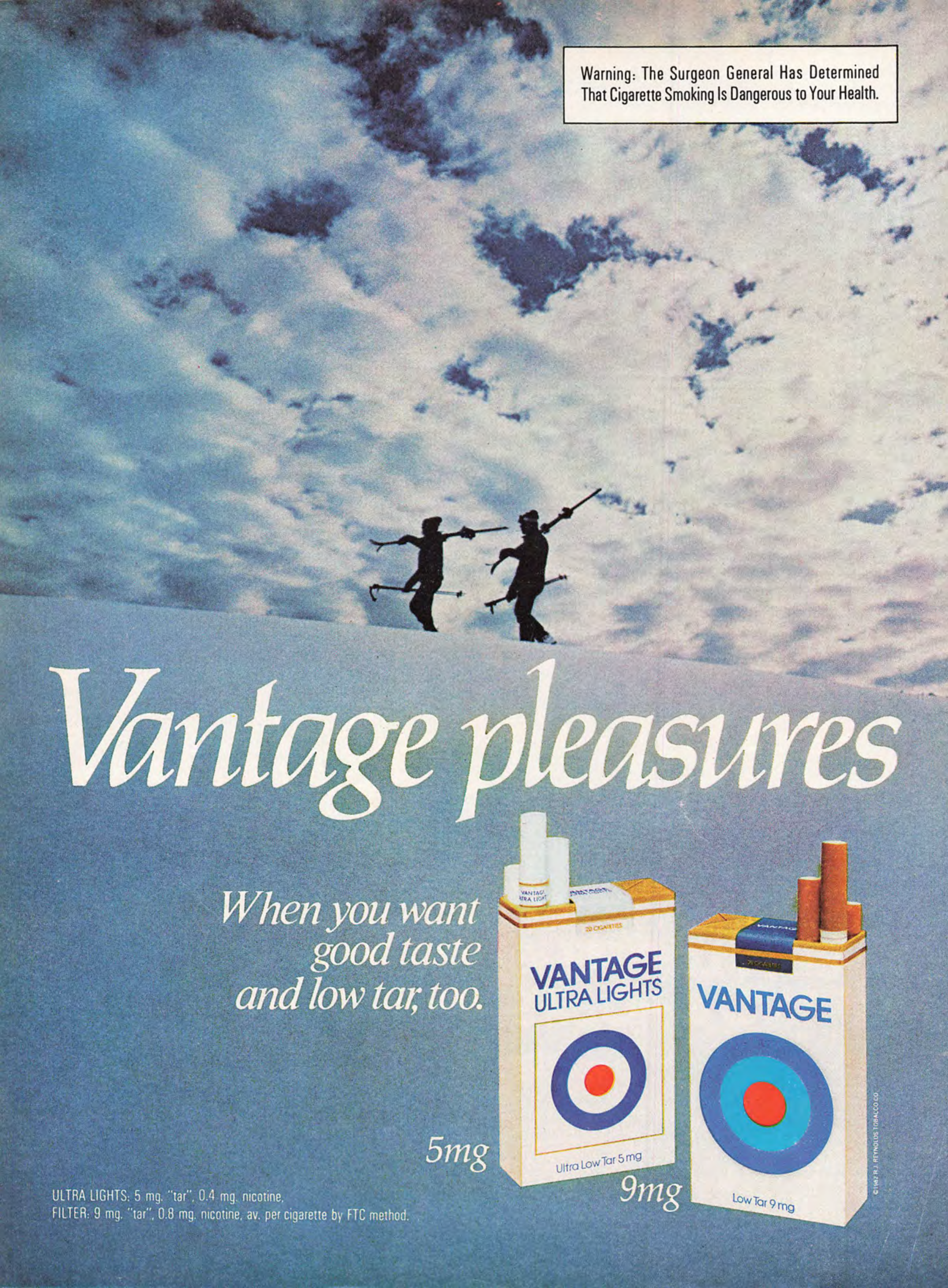
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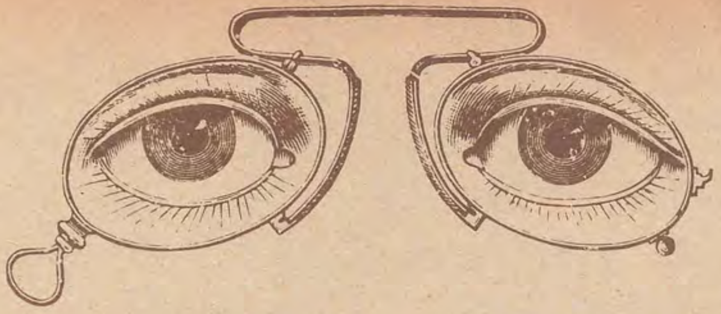


VIEW FROM THE TOP

TERMINAL TALK

BY JANE AND MICHAEL STERN

Imagine you could stage a dinner party and invite anyone you wanted—no matter when they lived or who they were. Would you choose Shakespeare and Señor Wences? Cleopatra and Gorgeous George? Our favorite fantasy brings Alan Alda, John Wayne, Phil Donahue, and Gary Cooper to our dinner table. Yes, it's the strong, silent types against the recent crop of blabby ones. There's nothing like a clash of personalities for spicing up the tuna casserole. As in a duel, we would ask our guests to invite seconds. Alan and Phil could have Woody Allen waiting in the wings. The Duke and Coop might bring Clint Eastwood to back them up. Imagine the scintillating conversation:

DONAHUE *(his silver head pinned between hunched shoulders):* Help me out, guys. Don't you think this macho bit is a handicap in the bedroom? I mean, doesn't it keep us from being intimate with our wives?

COOP: Nope.

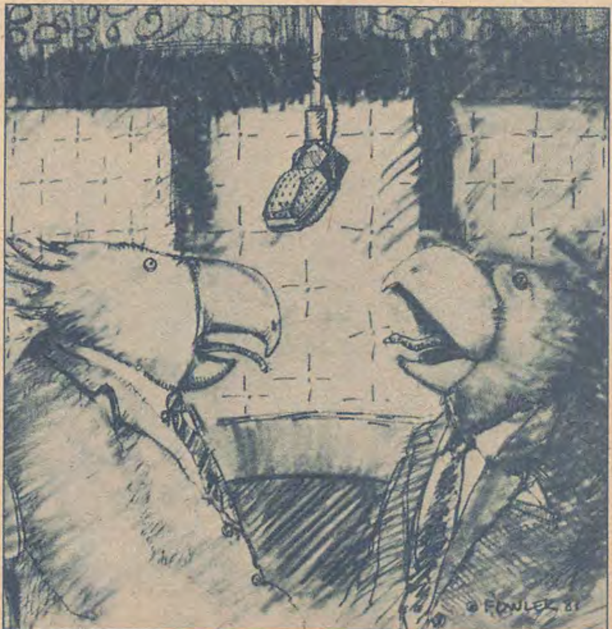
ALDA: Ah, c'mon, I'll admit it first. I'm scared to death to let down my facade around women. But underneath I'm just a vulnerable, sensitive, caring, loving person in need of a support system.

THE DUKE: Mister, ya talk too much.

DONAHUE: Let's be honest, fellas. Let's open up. Let's get in touch with our mind-set and acknowledge where we're coming from. If we don't talk, how can we ever . . .

Conversation ceases as The Duke pulls out his six-gun and shoots the tops off the salt and pepper shakers.

These quasi homicidal dinner-party fantasies are an allergic reaction to what must be called the New Sensitive Man, as personified by Alan Alda and Phil Donahue.



Eric Fowler

Alan and Phil: sworn enemies of all the dirty little isms: sexism, racism, ageism; fighters against prejudice and privilege; the bane of right-to-lifers, Bible-thumpers, Moral Majoritarians, and anybody else who dares to express narrow-minded views. Our boys' weapon of choice: the human mouth. If they can't stop their enemies, perhaps they can explain them to death.

Alan and Phil: they're foursquare in favor of honesty. They believe in loving and sharing. Openness is their middle name.

The two guys couldn't be nicer. Their minds are as pure as Perrier, and twice as trendy. Isn't it about time someone told these two that we've heard enough, thank you, and shut up?

Don't get us wrong. Philosophically we agree on most issues with Alan and Phil. We certainly don't wish to return to he-man and total-woman sex stereotypes, by which we would be judged entirely on the size of Michael's biceps or Jane's skills with a kitchen mop. Nor do we run around our house at night in sheets with eyeholes. Actually, we're pretty nice people, married twelve years without once having started the day by grinding grapefruits into each other's faces. Why, we're probably just the kind of couple Alan and Phil might have for friends. Maybe that's what's making us so edgy.

We're a little worried about what these New Sensitives represent. A healthy raised consciousness is fine, but does that have to mean that everything sexy between a man and a woman gets left behind?

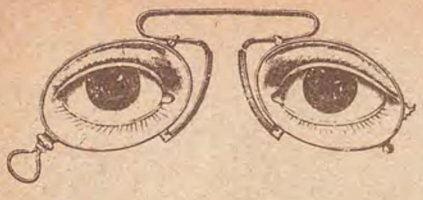
Yes, Alan and Phil, we will admit our thought crime: not only do we believe that men and women are different, *but we also like it that way.*

Do modern women really want a man who is just like them? Except for not getting a period once a month, Alan and Phil are more like women than any woman we know. Indeed, their compulsion to open up about their problems is enough to make the average female seem about as articulate as a Marine DI. Faced with a choice between Phil's compulsive rooting for answers and sob sister Alan's menopausal fits, any normal lady might rightfully opt for a night at the neighborhood bar, throwing back Jack Daniel's.

Phil and Alan: the most popular men in America. Walk into a bookstore, and there is Phil Donahue on the best-seller shelf, hands clasped together as in prayer, lacking only a halo to complete his beatitude. Turn to the magazine rack, to the ladies' shelf, where you expect to see Sophia or Liz on the covers, and lo! . . . the girls have been bounced to make room for Mr. A. and Mr. D. Between the recipes and sani-pad ads, the two sensitive guys tell the world just how nice they really are.

No—wait a minute. That's not true. Alan and Phil are too nice to tell us how nice they are. "I don't want to sound freakishly perfect," Alan told a recent interviewer. Whew! Sure glad for that.

You see, being lapsed Catholics, Phil and Alan know just how to wear a hair shirt with all the élan of designer jeans, attracting legions of housewife fans by apologizing profusely for all the sins of malehood as well as for their own heinous thoughts and deeds. Take *The Four Seasons.* The part Alan Alda wrote for himself must have sucked all the Dostoevskian juice from his actor's soul. His character's unspeakable crime? The personality defect that drove him to the brink? He couldn't "let out his anger."



When Arlene Alda was asked about her husband's shortcomings, she ripped the lid off his nice-guy image by confessing that *he can never find anything in the refrigerator!* We can practically guarantee Mrs. Alda that the inability to locate mustard is not in the pantheon of great sins. For that, Alan won't burn in hell. At most, a couple of minutes in the toaster oven.

Life with the Aldas might be noble, but it's not what you'd call a million laughs. Asked what they like to do with friends, Alan said, "trade perceptions." What do they like to talk about? "What is depression? How can you set values?"

We can see it now, an evening with the Aldas. We want to go out for Mu Shu Pork and a John Carpenter movie. The Aldas want to get a double anchovy pizza and trade perceptions. "Come on," we say. "We traded perceptions last week. How about roller skating?"

On the other hand, Phil and Marlo might be fun for a night. We could start with reruns of "That Girl" and finally settle the debate about who wore more eyeliner, Marlo Thomas or Priscilla Presley. Then we could get on to lurid subjects, like the ones he has on his show—those really great moments with the double sex change marriages, the hookers, and the porn stars. We will know things are cooking when Phil starts cocking his head like a nervous puppy, eager to please but never once acting like a full-grown dog and lunging for the jugular, or at least lifting his leg in excitement.

What really bites is that no matter what we say, our two saints won't hate us. They're too nice for that. They'd rather seek to understand us, by talking about our feelings until—like victims of Chinese torture—we crack.

We can see it now. We're offered an hour on the Donahue show, an offer no author can refuse. We arrive on the set, and in from the wings runs Alan Alda to join Phil and us in a torrid point-counter-point. We sit camouflaged in shadows like the really bad guests—the child molesters, the rapists, and the Nazis—as Alan and Phil wear us down with a barrage of psychobabble. Finally, in the murky darkness, we collapse in tears, confessing that this whole vendetta is really just a scam to sell our books on nationwide TV.

But do Phil and Alan gloat over our humiliation? No! In our fantasy, the two media saints lock halos and, as in Michelangelo's famous moment of creation, extend their hands to us in friendship. Our fingers move close to theirs, slowly, slowly, until—whammo!—like tag-team wrestlers, we flip them both and get them into figure-four leg locks. In front of 20 million viewers, their verbiage is reduced to crying "Uncle!"

Many things in life are possible, but for us friendship with Phil Donahue and Alan Alda isn't one of them. We'd rather be shot quickly by John Wayne than die a long, slow death by terminal talk.

Curt Gunther/Camera 5

Ken Regan/Camera 5

Alan Alda and Phil Donahue: the mouth as weapon.

SCENES

SCREEN SCREAMS

Horror movies, like the fiends and monsters they glorify, refuse to die. Since the release of *Halloween* in the fall of 1978, there have been no fewer than 150 horror films released in the U.S., with some estimates running as high as 300 chillers. In 1980 alone 117 horror films went into production, and 1981 saw a tidal wave of blood, brains, and entrails spread across practically every motion picture screen in the country.

And there's no clear end in sight, as so many different audience tastes are being catered to and so many psychological needs being met. "Horror films both serve and play upon the primal fears that occupy the dark corners of our unconscious mind," says filmmaker Wes Craven, whose entries in the field include *Last House on the Left, The Hills Have Eyes, Deadly Blessing,* and the upcoming *Swamp Thing.* "They give us a vent for many of the thoughts which must be suppressed in our regimented society, such as violence, sexual fetishism, and the ability simply to let go emotionally."

"You just can't stand in the street and scream," says Tobe Hooper, whose *Texas Chainsaw Massacre* is widely regarded as the scariest film ever made. "Under most circumstances screaming out loud is considered unbalanced behavior, but in horror films one can do it and still remain part of the crowd."

It's the shared experience of moviegoing that gives horror so much of an edge over other types of films. For, like comedy, it relies on the crowd's natural inclination to interact with others when stimulated by the proper entertainment. "Audiences love to be scared," says Micky Stevenson, producer of *Humongus,* in which an oversized youth terrorizes, kills, and eats a group of cute teenagers on a deserted island in the Canadian wilderness. "But people want to be scared in the nice, warm surroundings of a movie house. If you jumped out of the shadows on a dark street, they'd die of fright, but within the confines of a comfortable theater, en masse, they love to be terrified."

John Irvin, director of *Ghost Story* and of television's *Tinker, Tailor, Soldier, Spy,* compares at-

Shock Treatment: *horror that offers a direct route to emotions.*

Humongus: *sex and violence now go hand in hand.*

tending a horror film to the sort of experience people go through in wartime. "Horror films tend to be more popular in the periods between wars. Now that there's nothing but the hazy memory of Vietnam for most of the audience, young people see the cinema as a kind of testing ground. They say, 'I'm tough. I'm not gonna scream. I'll keep looking.' There's the sense of being able to take being horrified or frightened and therefore being able to walk away from the film a bigger person. Taking a date to a horror film can be a very macho experience.

"I remember going to a horror film as a boy," Irvin says. "I sat in front of a man who kept saying to his girl friend throughout the movie, 'Honey, I'd never let them do *that* to you. I'd look after you.' The sense of male protection was heightened, allowing him to put his arm around a girl, as she screamed, to show how strong and invulnerable he was."

"I don't doubt that there's some 'laying power' in taking a girl to a horror film," says Hooper. "Sex and violence seem to go hand in hand at the movies anyway; so horror merely enhances the experience."

"Despite the fact that people don't talk about it much, the sexual aspect of horror is a major drawing card," says Roger Corman, who has been making successful horror films for twenty-five years. "Horror offers a direct route to the emotions which other types of films can only hint at. The use of beautiful young women as victims, for example, introduces a sadomasochistic element, in varying degrees of strength, into most horror films."

Dead and Buried: *yucking out.*

"But sex can be used several ways," says Jerry Belson, writer-director of the all-new *Jekyll and Hyde: Together Again.* While there's plenty of sexual suggestion in our film, the dark side is really only hinted at. Even the violence is kept in control. We try to shock people, not yuck them out."

Belson's film is in the minority when it comes to the yucking out of audiences. "Most horror films are aimed at the lowest-common-denominator audience," says Irvin. "And though I have no interest in showing a catalogue of horrors, each more grisly than the last, this is the exception rather than the rule. Many filmmakers judge the success of their work based on their J. P. M. count: Jolts Per Minute. Sounds like a blood count, which it sometimes resembles."

Wes Craven, whose early films contained some of the most explicit violence ever put on screen, is trying to change his style in the offbeat *Swamp Thing.* But he realizes he may be losing some of his repeat business by alienating the fans of gore. "Exceptionally violent horror films always attract an audience," he says, "which Sean Cunningham and I discovered when we made *Last House on the Left.* We broke through barriers of what had been considered acceptable guidelines for violence, just as Tobe Hooper did in *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre,* and found a huge audience waiting for that type of horror film. They weren't being properly served by the old style. But when we gave them what they wanted, we established a pattern that lasted through the seventies and is continuing today."

"People speak of films as a roller coaster," says Hooper, now at work directing a Steven Spielberg production entitled *Poltergeist,* which Hollywood insiders say will do for TV what *Jaws* did for sharks. "It's interesting to note that about the same time that *The Exorcist* and *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre* came out, roller coasters in amusement parks started to become more sophisticated, adding corkscrews, loop-the-loops and 'Montezuma's Revenge' features. As far as I was concerned, I made *Texas Chainsaw* for the same reason they were improving the rides. I felt I hadn't had my money's worth since I was eight years old."

"I can see the correlation between horror films and roller coasters," says Irvin. "They both have the crucial ingredients of shared terror and incipient panic, which open the door to the hidden chambers of the imagination. So when people start shouting out loud, sensing a communal threat, a shared terror, you know the attraction's effective."

"To the extent that you can give your audience the perfect roller coaster ride, they will support your films," says Sean Cunningham, whose *Friday the 13th* was an immensely successful and violent summer entertainment in 1980. "But most filmmakers can't sustain the proper pace. Shocks alone don't do it."

Since *Halloween,* a new hybrid of horror and 1940s Andy Hardy–type films has dominated the expanding market. These pictures offer cute teenage girls and boys being stalked and butchered by mad killers. There are always a few flashes of tits and ass of the intended victims, skinny-dipping in idyllic forest glades, making love in remote campsites, or taking *Psycho*-esque showers. Then the inevitable slasher appears and works his or her way through the cast like a hunter in a duck blind. Though the intention is suspense, in most cases the product is laughable. Ten years ago, showing blood gushing from a wound was considered disgusting and too strong for a mass audience. Now, as evidenced by the intentional laughter generated by the shredded flesh and gaping wounds of victims in *An American Werewolf in London,* it can work as comedy relief. Which leads to the question, Where can horror go next?

Jekyll: *sexual suggestion.*

"It's coming to the point where you've either got to do it live, on stage, or start throwing minority groups to the lions in Yankee Stadium," says Irvin. "On the other hand, if there were a war tomor-

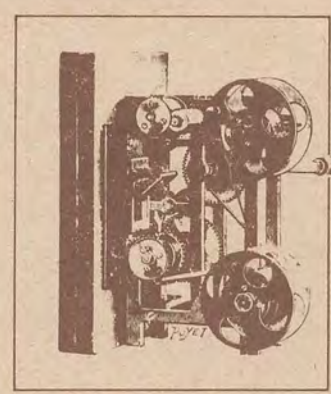
row, we'd be back to Rodgers and Hammerstein in a second instead of revivals of *The Thing* and *The Cat People*."

"I don't know that there are any limits left," says Craven. "Snuff movies are beyond the pale, of course, but there's no need to show real death when special effects are so realistic." "Right," Hooper says. "The only direction left is a more creative one—finding fresh approaches to the material. After all, how many ways are there to flay someone's skin off? The ultimate I can imagine would be a ninety-minute celebration of marrow squirting from bones and eyes being ripped from their sockets. But that might be a bit too much for an average audience. That's really perving out on pain, except for an S & M crowd."

The Hollywood establishment is split in its approach to the current cycle of ax-ploitation films and other gratuitous head-pullers. Because it takes about two years to create, shoot, and distribute a big-budget film, the fear is that horror will have shot its bolt before the new pictures hit the market. "I think it's already happened," says Corman, whose New World Pictures is a proven weather vane in the exploitation field. "The wave's peaked this time around; so we'll stay clear of horror until a new wave starts to form."

Sharing Corman's views are Columbia, Filmways, and Warners, who have no horror films on their production schedules. But Universal has four *(The Thing, Ghost Story, The Cat People, Creature from the Black Lagoon)*, and Avco-Embassy *(Dead and Buried)*, 20th Century-Fox *(Shock Treatment)*, and even Walt Disney (Ray Bradbury's *Something Wicked This Way Comes*) are all proceeding with varying degrees of trust that the audience has not yet reached saturation level on rolling heads, hatchet choppings, and the other standard elements that Hooper has called "the accoutrements of death." Should Corman's estimation of the genre's demise prove true, fans needn't grieve for long. Horror may be down, but it never stays buried for long.—*James Delson*

FILMS



RHYTHM AND BLUES

From the first it must have seemed the greatest idea. It had the sweep, the spectacle, the prose, the poetry, the sex, the seriousness, the humor—not to mention the terrific bookstore profits of a best-selling novel. But the catch in making a movie out of ***Ragtime*** is that E. L. Doctorow's book very nearly *is* a movie. Without denying any of its immense skill, intelligence, and vitality, it is less a sustained narrative than a fabulous sequence of chance encounters and stunning coincidences. In this engaging jumble of public and private history, you can already too clearly hear the cameras whirring.

Even in its smallest structures the book sets a trap. Nothing in film corresponds to the march of Doctorow's simple declarative sentences. While the book can pass you through the most unlikely junctures of fact and fantasy by grace of its direct, disarming style, the movie remains caught in the literalness of the physical image. Of course, there might be worse traps. And God knows there have been worse movies than this very reasonable, occasionally inspired Milos Forman film about turn-of-the-century life in and just outside of New York City.

At the center of it all is a proper suburban family: Father, Mother, Grandfather, and Younger Brother, who one day discover a newborn black baby crying in their garden. Through Mother's kindness, they take in the child and his own young mother, Sarah. Thus they make the acquaintance of his father, the proud, mysterious ragtime pianist Coalhouse Walker. It is Coalhouse's humiliation at the hands of a New Rochelle volunteer fire department and his spectacular revenge, invading the Pierpont Morgan Library in New York, that is the main event of the movie. That and the sensational but none too relevant story of how chorus girl Evelyn Nesbit's millionaire husband publicly murdered her lover, the architect Stanford White, are the only real events in *Ragtime*. This makes for an incongruous story line, in which the wayward charm of Evelyn Nesbit and the tragic dignity of Coalhouse Walker must suggest more meaning than in fact they do. If you've read Doctorow, you'll appreciate how much the film loses by virtually banishing the book's supporting cast of outlandish luminaries: Sigmund Freud, Henry Ford, J. P. Morgan, Theodore Drieser, Admiral Peary, anarchist Emma Goldman, and the great escape artist Harry Houdini with his beloved mom.

What remains is always handsome, often sumptuous, sometimes moving, but more frequently just obviously ambitious. You see the nature of the ambition in the elaborate studio reconstructions of the Morgan Library and the old Madison Square Garden, and also in the re-creation of a 1900s tenement street in the actual 1980s streets of New York's Lower East Side. It is as if a show of authenticity were being forced to take the place of the ideas that the novel advances in its fantasy kaleidoscope of social history. Everything has become more solemn, less fluid, more literal, less alive.

Like some other second-rank filmmakers, Milos Forman partly redeems the limitations of his vision with a genuine sensitivity toward actors in specific situations and roles. I'd single out Elizabeth McGovern (the sane, cheerful girl friend in *Ordinary People*) as a surprisingly complex and appealing Evelyn Nesbit, Mary Steenburgen as a sweetly determined Mother, Howard E. Rollins as the volatile, stubborn, articulate Coalhouse Walker, and, above all, James Olson as Father. Olson plays a middle-aged, middle-class stick-in-the-mud who, by adherence to a decent but not especially enlightened standard of values, becomes the conscience of the film. Largely because he's there, feeling his way painfully into the social realities of the twentieth century, the movie gains something on the novel. It gains in an image of private sadness some of what it loses in feeling for public life.

François Truffaut has now made twenty features. They are not all

Tragic dignity: Rollins as Coalhouse Walker in Ragtime.

equal. But enough of them are great—for starters, *Jules and Jim, The Wild Child, Two English Girls, The Man Who Loved Women*—to place Truffaut among the best living directors, perhaps the only one whose career as a whole amounts to more than the sum of its individual films. In fact, those films don't remain "individual" for very long. They become parts of a huge multi-film fabric of cross-reference, allusion, and deepening resonance. Sometimes Truffaut will quote from himself, as in the moviemaking movie *Day for Night* or the semiautobiographical Antoine Doinel series. Sometimes connections will surface without any apparent intention at all.

McGovern as Evelyn Nesbit.

So it is not surprising that when Mathilde Bauchard, heroine of ***The Woman Next Door***, takes some dramatic tumbles, she is faintly re-creating the fatal falls of the twin heroines of *Shoot the Piano Player* (1960) and recalling, by contrast, the magical balance of the kids in *Small Change* (1975). It's not that Truffaut's films are of a piece. Unlike most filmmakers, Truffaut really has a cohesive world view. Having said so much, I'd better add that I have some questions about what *The Woman Next Door* brings to that world view. But it is a fascinating movie and for some critics (not for me) the best Truffaut in years.

Mathilde Bauchard (Fanny Ardant) and Bernard Coudray (Gerard Depardieu), once ardent though mismatched lovers, have been out of touch for some time. Both are well married to other people. But now, quite by accident, Mathilde's husband has rented a house near Bernard's. Soon the pair are back at it, endangering their marriages, making each other miserable but also happy, exercising a physical passion that they share, though never in sync.

They can live neither with nor without each other, muses Mme. Jouve (Veronique Silver), the middle-aged proprietress of a local tennis club who functions partly as the lovers' confidante, partly as a commentator on the quandary of their lives. Mme. Jouve should know. Years ago she threw herself from an upstairs window in her own fit of lovesick despair. She survived, but with a permanently crippled leg.

About Mme. Jouve's function as a narrative device, I have my doubts. But as an addition to the incredible Truffaut gallery of falling females, she is important—especially since she was lucky, having outlasted her fall, and now gamely manages despite the trick leg. Her luck isn't absolute. When her old lover arrives in town, she flees to Paris—whether to hide the ravages of age or to avoid an explanation for the leg remains a question to the end. But that she has had luck, that she has had an accident, that Bernard and Mathilde meet again by accident—this begins suggesting a pattern as important to the movie as its demonstrations of erotic passion.

If life is a slippery menace, whereby one may break a leg or lose a lover or just by chance find him again, then Mme. Jouve balances, not too steadily, on its surface. But Mathilde sinks beneath, caught in her feelings of ecstasy and despair. Confronting "chance" and "accident," she characteristically turns them into doom.

Any Truffaut movie will tend to be as much about the options for telling a story as about the story it actually tells. In *The Woman Next Door* the options are especially arbitrary: either one explanation for Mme. Jouve's flight or another; either escape for Mathilde and Bernard or destruction. In a sense, they embrace their tragic fate without earning it. I wanted them happy at the end rather than as the movie has them—dead.

All the principal actors are attractive, but Fanny Ardant is in a class by herself. A tall, dark, slender, and unusually strong-featured woman, a classical actress on the French stage, she might have seemed a likely middle-class movie heroine to nobody but Truffaut. For this movie she has one fantastic quality. This is the first time Truffaut actually dwells on physical love. The anticipation of sex, its deprivation, its promise, its remembrance—these are the stock-in-trade of his romantic dramas. But the act itself he has shied away from. Now he begins to glory in it, with some lucid, modest, untricky, beautiful filmmaking, and with an actress who can express sensual gratification like no one else I've seen on the screen. Ardant is in those moments so lovely as to transform Truffaut's movie from a study of mismatched obsessions to a celebration of healthy appetite. Making love, she simply overwhelms the film. Unfortunately for *The Woman Next Door*, she overwhelms her destiny as well.—*Roger Greenspun*

Depardieu and Ardant.

WORDS

MODERN ROMANCE

Love and romance and, for that matter, sexual politics used to be so simple. The man was the one on top, in every sense, and that was that.

Now that the American sexual revolution of the 1960s has come full circle—with the children of the first liberated generation now coming to maturity—everybody is suddenly bent on taking stock. At least, so it seems from several recent and upcoming books about sex and modern human relationships.

What a lot of analyzing everybody's doing! There are new manuals on the human sexual system, both male and female; studies of deviant sexual behavior, from dedicated pedophiles to convicted rapists; historical and statistical surveys of changing sexual behavior; and a major new study of feminism.

At the same time, we're seeing lots of books that present (and in some cases openly *celebrate*) throwback sex of earlier, preliberated days. Books high on romance and counterrevolutionary emotional obsessions, about sexually driven men and women who seem not to have heard the twenty-year-old news that human passion is supposed to be free, easy, open, natural, and, above all, healthy.

We'd be less surprised by this curious dichotomy between the modern, clinical approach to sexual relations and the old red-rimmed-eyes style of romantic obsession were it not for the fact

that both attitudes often coexist in the same books.

Although we can appreciate their educational value for twelve-year-old retards raised in glass bell jars by repressive legal guardians, the new sex manuals are either duller or sillier than ever. (Behold-children-the-wondrous-machine-we-call-the-human-body type of thing.)

The Male: From Infancy to Old Age (Scribner's), by Dr. Sherman J. Silber, shows the good doctor to be so awed by the complexity of ejaculation that you'd think the penis was the Chartres Cathedral. At the same time, his relentless emphasis on the male organ and its infinite variety of possible ailments could lead grown men to wet their beds in anxiety.

In the same way, Ann Oakley's ***Subject Women*** (Pantheon) illustrates how deadly the textbook approach can be when applied to living human history. Although her factual data are presented lucidly enough, this stolid chronicle of the change in women's sociosexual status since the Victorian period has less vitality than does a history of the German baronial wars.

The many medical doctors and academicians who contributed their scholarly brains to ***The Visual Dictionary of Sex*** (A & W) have no more luck with their pop approach to sexual history past and present. Stacked with a lot of visual aids for people who presumably still move their lips when they read, this hodgepodge of factual and folkloric information (including more than you really want to know about circumcision) has little more than curiosity value.

There's no text at all to gag on in Charles R. Collum's photographic essay, ***New York Nude*** (Amphoto), a logical follow-up to his *Dallas Nude.* Just pages of naked studies of ordinary bodies belonging to people you pass every day on the streets without ever feeling the urge to undress them. We've yet to be convinced that obesity, stretch marks, and sagging pecs constitute a moving aesthetic experience. But as Collum candidly observes, "Twenty years ago this book could not have been done"—which does seem to be the point.

Between the scholarly, the trivial, and the simply curious, there are a number of new books offering sincere, even admirable, attempts to analyze developmental changes in human sexual relations. The most interesting of these and surely the most important has to be Betty Friedan's ***The Second Stage*** (Summit). After putting feminism in its historical perspective, Friedan unflinchingly sums up its political failures and psychological confusions—most tellingly, the difficulties modern women are experiencing in integrating the emotional and professional spheres of their newly liberated lives.

Walter Dorin

Great Lovers: *Ed and Lillie.*

Friedan's thoughtful conclusions—urging a return to a broadly defined "family" reorientation and a shift from feminist political issues to "human liberation" for all—are bound to be controversial in some quarters. But the urgency of her voice is an irresistible call for both men and women to rethink, with or without tears, feminism and its ultimate human goals.

Friedan isn't alone in her ambivalent feelings regarding the challenges and limits of sexual freedom. ***Growing into Love*** (Putnam), an otherwise sappy pop-psychology book about the mysteries of adolescent sexuality ("What was behind those bland eyes, those smooth complexions?"), at least confirms that the kids are just as confused as we are. Although Kathryn Watterson Burkhart's nominally scientific survey of 250 teens shows that American kids are far more worldly-wise and uninhibited about sex than they used to be, and at a much earlier age, her young respondents also reveal a downright touching attachment to old-fashioned notions of love and romance.

Burkhart may be justified in proclaiming that "the new sexual freedom has meant demythicizing sex." It does seem as if the new sexual freedom has also *re*mythologized pre-1960s romance.

One gets much the same impression from ***The Cosmo Report*** (Arbor House), Linda Wolfe's fascinating interpretation of the candid responses made by 106,000 *Cosmopolitan* readers to that magazine's probing poll on sexual behavior and attitudes. Although the survey reveals what we've probably all figured out for ourselves—that more American women are discovering and indulging their sexual appetites, with fewer hang-ups—it also indicates a surprising amount of conflict and discontent.

True, women are offering giddy testimonials on behalf of oral sex, multiple sex partners, and a variety of experimental sex practices. But their lucky sex partners would probably be shocked to learn how much *more* value this cross section of American womanhood places on love and romance. They'll give group encounters and anal sex a proper try, but their real enthusiasm is reserved for mood music and dim lights, being undressed and courted with "tenderness and understanding."

There must be something in this insistent (if not always openly expressed) desire for romantic involvement in sex, because it keeps coming up in the most unexpected places. In Clifford L. Linedecker's ***Children in Chains*** (Everest House), for example, even the creepiest, most brutal child molesters persist in speaking of the "real" love and affection between them and their young victims. Similarly, some of the most vicious specimens in Lee Sussman and Sally Bordwell's ***The Rapist File*** (Chelsea House) refuse to confront their hatred for the women they've brutalized and persist in their fantasies that their victims both encouraged and enjoyed their experiences.

Given this evidently indestructible human need to romanticize human passion—in *whatever* form that should happen to take shape—it's small wonder that people are still writing books in praise of mythical-scaled lovers. "We need . . . most of us, to believe in the concept of eternal lovers," states George Melly's text in his ***Great Lovers*** (Harmony Books), a collection of Walter Dorin's whimsical portraits of famous and infamous pairs. Pointedly, most of these grand passions turn out to be illicit (Oscar Wilde and Lord Alfred; Edward, Prince of Wales, and Lillie Langtry), and many of them involved crimes of violence (Dr. Crippen and Ethel Le Neve, Frankie and Johnny).

Wide World Photos

Liz: a national folly.

If it isn't illicit and/or violent, "great" love seems to have little interest for writers. Lacking downright crime, Kitty Kelley concentrates on the "illnesses, injuries, and heartbreaks" of her celebrated subject in ***Elizabeth Taylor: The Last Star*** (Simon & Schuster). This salivating rehash of the Taylor "legend" (translation: her scandalous affairs and ill-considered marriages) goes beyond making Elizabeth Taylor look like a fool. It confirms our national adulation of folly committed in the name of romantic passion.

The greater the folly, the stronger the adulation. So goes the rationale for such books as Anthony Haden-Guest's ***Bad Dreams*** (Macmillan) and Diana Trilling's ***Mrs. Harris*** (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich). Haden-Guest's exhaustively researched account of Buddy Jacobson's murder of his ex-girlfriend's lover glories in the romantic fantasy that murder takes on mythical proportions when it is committed in the name of love.

Jean: unbridled passion.

Wide World Photos

Trilling's philosophical account of the Jean Harris–Dr. Herman Tarnower murder case, however, nobly tries to explode the myth. Although she admits that she, too, was attracted by Mrs. Harris's mythological persona as the Wronged Woman, Trilling gamely forces herself to judge the individual, rather than the symbol of "the embattled female spirit." Ironically, the book leaves us with the feeling that the murderous Mrs. Harris might have gotten off scot-free if she had identified herself as a lover of unbridled passions.

For all our modern, liberated ways and sophisticated sexual intelligence, we're obviously still suckers for the myth of romance.—*Marilyn Stasio*

FRIENDLY GOVERNMENTS

Any resemblance between the fictional country of Malagua, the setting for Tad Szulc's exciting new thriller, ***Diplomatic Immunity*** (Simon & Schuster), and any one of a handful of contemporary Latin American tinderboxes is, no doubt, intentional. For over thirty years Szulc has been a top global reporter with expertise in the underground of international espionage. He's concentrated special attention on the Latin and South American nations where the CIA's influence in internal affairs is far from negligible.

In *Diplomatic Immunity*, Szulc's first novel, Julia Savage, the new United States ambassador to Malagua, whose arrival in that steamy country is greeted by a nearly fatal bomb attack, has to decide whether the corrupt Malaguan dictator, Gen. Juan Ferrer, deserves continuing American support to help fend off the Left-leaning guerrilla "Front" that is attempting to overthrow him. Szulc, whose years as a reporter included presidential meetings in the Oval Office as well as clandestine interviews with revolutionaries in secret jungle hideouts, brings this knowledge and experience dramatically to life as Ambassador Savage gets caught up in events beyond anyone's control.

Although *Diplomatic Immunity* is engrossing as a work of fiction, its underlying message is as important to us today as it was when Fidel Castro marched into Havana or when the shock troops of the ayatollah forced the shah into exile: the world is a nasty and complicated place, and America cannot avoid reality by setting up and keeping in power "friendly governments" that happen to be hated by their own people.—*Peter Bloch*

SOUNDS

ONE OF THE BOYS

Rod Stewart likes being out with the boys. In a song he calls "Tora, Tora, Tora" on his new album, *Tonight I'm Yours,* he sings about how much he enjoys a rough-and-tumble Saturday night, and he makes it clear that in *this* world there's no room for anything frilly or fancy—"no sophistication, no designer jeans."

But wait. Can this really be "Rod the Mod," who always dresses to kill and pursued live-in romances with Britt Ekland and other Hollywood beauties before he married Alana Hamilton, the willowy blond ex-wife of actor George Hamilton, in 1979? How can one of the world's wealthiest rock stars—sprawling chateau in Holmby Hills outside Los Angeles, hit singles and albums coming steadily for more than a decade, *People* magazine covers, Hollywood high life—get away with singing about knocking around with the guys, like an ordinary bloke, and keep a straight face?

On *Tonight I'm Yours,* Stewart's best album in years, he gets away with it. He sat in the bar of an exclusive Manhattan hotel recently, working on three large, vicious mixed drinks that had mysteriously piled up in front of him and looking forward to a grueling four-month tour, and he seemed genuinely excited. "I really *am* looking forward to getting back on the road with the boys," he said earnestly. "I guess it really is kind of adolescent." (Stewart is thirty-six.) "But isn't that what rock 'n' roll is supposed to be about?" He took a long sip. "Actually," he reflected, "rock 'n' roll is basically about sex."

When Stewart first visited the United States in the late sixties as lead singer with the Jeff Beck group (on bass was future Rolling Stone Ron Wood), he was already looking sharp and distinctive, with his many-hued wardrobe, his elastic body moves, and his crowning thatch of blond hair. He was already one of rock's premiere sex symbols, and he never forgot the vital rock-and-sex connection he had understood early on.

But there has always been more to Stewart than that. When he followed his two classic solo albums of the early seventies, *Gasoline Alley* and *Every Picture Tells a Story,* with records that had their ups and downs but were on the whole considerably less inspired, he lost some of his original cult fans, even as he built a massive popular audience through extensive touring and hit singles. What those original fans missed, if they turned off to Stewart sometime in the mid-seventies, was his continuing growth as a songwriter and organizer of musicians. And he has been one of rock's most vivid and economical lyricists, he writes melodies that have real distinction, and he has gradually perfected a rock-'n'-roll attack that builds from Chuck Berry but is capable of assimilating everything from folk music to country to soul to disco.

Stewart was a folkie to begin with. He grew up poor in North London, the son of immigrants from Scotland, and attended school with three future members of the Kinks. His first musical hero was the American folksinger Ramblin' Jack Elliott; then he discovered the blues and sang lead with several bands led by British blues booster Long John Baldry. The job with Jeff Beck, which lasted from 1967 to 1969, turned him into a hard-rock screamer, and that's how many American rock fans first thought of him. Imagine their surprise when his solo album *Gasoline Alley* appeared in 1970. The title song found Stewart sing-

ing nostalgically about his humble origins, accompanied only by acoustic guitars and a mandolin; and while some of the album rocked harder, on the whole it was folk rock—*definitive* folk rock.

From 1969 until 1976, Stewart and Ron Wood performed and recorded with the Faces, a brawling, hard-drinking rock band they had helped patch together out of the remains of an earlier English group, the Small Faces. The arrangement was curious. Stewart was making records as a solo artist, and Ron Wood was collaborating with him on some of the finest songs on those albums, including the huge hit "Maggie May." Stewart's solo albums made him a star, while the Faces made a series of uneven records and toured like troupers, with Stewart as lead singer and theoretically just "one of the boys." It couldn't last. In '76 Ron Wood left to join the Stones, and Stewart finally started putting his own bands together.

At first, these bands tended to be gaudy and heavy-handed. Carmine Appice, who had been drummer with the Vanilla Fudge and a short-lived Jeff Beck supergroup, was bombastic, and while Stewart's insistence on using three guitar players was valid in theory, in practice the idea took some ironing out. He made some notable records. *A Night on the Town* spawned an unforgettable hit single, "Tonight's the Night," which anticipated the deflowering of a virgin with undisguised relish, and another Stewart original, "The Killing of Georgie," which was about a gay-world murder in New York. The album also yielded an emotionally wringing performance of Cat Stevens's "The First Cut Is the Deepest" that cut the Stevens version to shreds. But in person his band tended to reduce most of these songs to near-parody.

By the time he cut "Blondes Have More Fun" in 1978, Stewart was one of British rock's most visible tax exiles and a permanent Los Angeles resident. And while the album's monster hit, "Da Ya Think I'm Sexy?," put money in his pocket, it also seemed to wallow in narcissistic excess. Nineteen-eighty brought the album *Foolish Behavior,* which was cautious, not foolish, but an improvement. At least, the critics reflected, Stewart seemed to be recovering his strengths. And then came *Tonight I'm Yours.*

Michael Putland/Retna Ltd.

Rod Stewart: "Rock 'n' roll is basically about sex."

Suddenly, Rod was back in peak form. He hadn't made an album as consistently inspired since *Every Picture Tells a Story* in 1971, and he made sure the new record included souvenirs of the music that mattered most to him—rockabilly in "Tear It Up," Chuck Berry basics in "Tora, Tora, Tora," Dylan in an unforgettable "Just like a Woman," even custom-tooled dance-floor disco-rock in the hit single "Young Turks," which sported the most compassionate lyric Stewart had written since "The Killing of Georgie." And "Only a Boy" returned to his adolescence, with folksy harmonica and pedal steel guitar floating in and out of the arrangement; it was "Gasoline Alley" revisited, but with a mature flavor all its own.

Asked about the slagging he'd received in recent years, not only from critics but also from young punk-rockers who thought of him as the ultimate jaded, useless rock dinosaur, Stewart smiled wryly and said, "A lot of that criticism was justified. And it did me a lot of good. I'd started to drift pretty far away from rock 'n' roll." *Tonight I'm Yours* isn't just a return. It sounds like a rock autobiography, from the early memories in "Only a Boy" ("rock 'n' roll was in my brain, Eddie Cochran running through my veins") to the gospelish affirmation of the album's final cut, "Never Give Up on a Dream."

The fact that Stewart has come down to earth musically (and put together his best band, with a wonderful new drummer named Tony Brock in place of the excessive Carmine Appice) doesn't mean he's given up thinking big. During the second month of his tour, he performed at the L.A. Forum, and the show was beamed around the world, live, by means of a complex, ad hoc satellite network. The TV show, with FM radio simulcasts of the sound, was available to 85 percent of the television set-owning homes in the U.S. and millions elsewhere. Only one other rock star has reached so many people at the same time—Elvis Presley.

Stewart's domestic life seems unruffled. His wife, Alana, is from a small town in Texas, and like Stewart she mixes a glittery facade with a personality that's essentially down to earth. He complains that the only music she likes is country and western, and she shakes her head and mutters "You're all crazy" when he stays up all night with male friends, talking soccer and rock 'n' roll. But they had cut back drastically on their social life before Stewart's tour started, preferring to stay home and enjoy each other's company. So why shouldn't Stewart enjoy barnstorming around with the boys? He can have it both ways.—*Robert Palmer*

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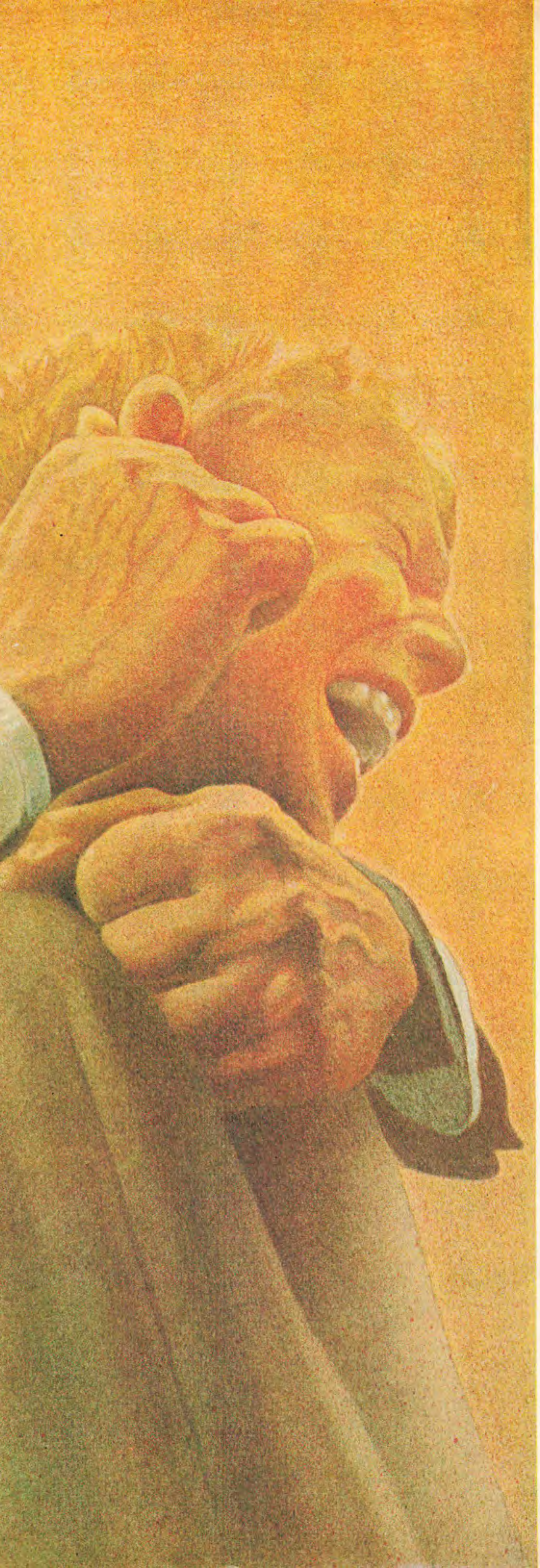

If *you* think the Moral Majority
and other New Right fanatics are scary,
just imagine that you're a
five-year-old kid and your whole life has
been placed in their hands.

HAVE YOU WHIPPED YOUR CHILD TODAY?

BY MICHAEL DISEND

Although the Moral Majority and other New Right organizations harp incessantly on the "rights" of the "unborn," to the point of advocating a constitutional amendment prohibiting abortion, they do a complete turnabout when it comes to fighting the abuse of *living* children. It's almost as if, once born and growing, those sacred fetuses join the ranks of sinners, to be chastised along with the poor, the blacks, the gays, and anyone else immoral enough to demand a semblance of justice on earth. In truth, the only children that concern the Moral Majority are the kind you can't see and can't hear: those in wombs. The others can get whipped until the Second Coming.

Last year about eighty people, many of them fundamentalist ministers, marched in Terre Haute, Ind., to protest the involvement of the county welfare department in child abuse cases. The incident that so inflamed these clerics concerned the divorced father of a nine-year-old boy who admitted that he had beaten his son with a wooden ruler on the "bare bottom" for lying. It was no ordinary beating. The boy's maternal grandparents complained to the authorities, and a caseworker, backed by a police officer, was so alarmed that she had the boy removed from his father and placed in protective custody.

Prominent among the protesters was Rev. Greg Dixon

ILLUSTRATION BY ALEX GNIDZIEJKO

of Indianapolis, national secretary of the Moral Majority and a bitter opponent of the state's child abuse law. Dixon, pastor of the 8,000-member Indianapolis Baptist Temple, had said, "We have always recognized this law as being a very insidious thing . . . that the law would allow the state to take children away from their parents. I said when the bill was passed it would create gestapo agencies all over the state."

Another marcher, Rev. Ed Thibodeaux, pastor of King's Baptist Church at Terre Haute, also said, "We don't need child protection agencies. We don't have that many child abuse cases. They need to justify their existence; so they've got to create some."

Lt. Jerry Barker, for twelve years supervisor of the child abuse section of the Indianapolis Police Department, disagreed emphatically with the ministers' statements, which he termed "outlandish, completely ridiculous, and unfounded. I thought they were some overgeneralized, very simplistic, uneducated, biased kinds of things with no rational basis."

At the time of the Terre Haute incident, Barker said that his section had received 3,105 reports of child abuse from January 1 to November 30, 1980, about 80 percent of which were verified. (And in 1979 there were 711,142 cases of child abuse reported nationally.)

He was especially rankled by Dixon's remark referring to child protection units as "gestapo agencies."

"That's like me saying two thousand years of Christianity haven't worked; let's all go out and be atheists," commented Barker. "It's about as ridiculous. A statement like that shows me from the beginning that the person is very closed-minded and not coming from a rational basis.

"The laws were not made to take any privileges from the parents as far as punishing their child or correcting their child, but to protect those situations where the punishment is overreactive. The hardest kind of person we've had to deal with in a child abuse case was a person who came in and sat very calmly . . . and would parry us with a quote from the Bible: 'There's man's law, there's God's law, there's man's law.' Police officers have a responsibility to enforce the law and think about the here-and-now kinds of consequences. We're not in the business to quibble and argue about someone's religious beliefs.

"Never once did we say it's right or wrong to hit a child with a ruler or to slap their hand. But, on the other hand, it becomes out of the realm of discipline when you start leaving marks. I'm not talking about a little red spot. I'm talking about bruises, contusions, abrasions, scars from head to toe. Kids have a right to a better life than that.

"I think," concluded Barker, "that any responsible persons, be they fundamentalist, Christian, atheist, or anybody else, that have a basic love for children can understand the intent behind the law. The whole thing is helping and protecting kids. If one of those fundamentalist ministers could go out with a child abuse unit for a week and see the kinds of things we see, I'm sure they wouldn't be making those kinds of statements."

STAY TUNED TO WKIL-- YOUR ALL-VIOLENCE STATION
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A week might not be enough time for Moral Majority leader Greg Dixon. The preacher has an obsession with spanking, paddling, and whipping kids. "If you haven't left any marks," Dixon has said, "you probably haven't whipped your children." A viewer reported that on his Sunday morning TV program, "In His Labor," he suggested that people display bumper stickers reading: "Have You Whipped Your Child Today?" He then spoke with obvious pride of the thrashings his mother gave him, remarking with approval that "she nearly beat me to death." He also quoted Scripture for the proposition that "the blueness of a wound cleanseth" and extolled the virtues of using a rod, rather than the back of one's hand, to inflict corporal punishment. "I am advocating whipping," he stated. "That's a Bible doctrine with fundamentalists."

Others differ. "Violence is contagious," said Paul Messplay, executive director of the Indiana Mental Health Association, "and when a child has been hit and abused, he is likely to perform acts of violence against his own children. Parents hit and abuse children because they are unaware of how to discipline and mold a child without using violence. If the church is not going to protect the mental and physical well-being of the child, then we must rely upon law enforcement agencies, welfare departments, and other human services to protect our children."

Rev. Greg Dixon and others like him have declared a holy war against such "secular humanist" propaganda. Along with Rev. Tim LaHaye, one of the most effective propagandists of the New Right, Dixon was appointed by his seminary classmate Jerry Falwell to sit on the Moral Majority's first national executive board. Dixon spearheaded an attack against the local Indianapolis county prosecutor, arguing that he had turned the city into a haven for homosexuals. He also led a protest against the YWCA for allowing a group of homosexuals to use a room for a discussion of gay rights. He savagely maligned ex-Sen. Birch Bayh in the last election, accusing him openly on television of being "anti-God" and out to "legalize immorality." He organized and led a half-dozen huge rallies of 5,000 to 10,000 each in support of Anita Bryant's antigay crusade and the Church Freedom Legislative Package, which supposedly "keeps the bureaucrats out of church affairs." He also headed the protest of 400 right-wing fundamentalist preachers on behalf of Brother Lester Roloff, who had been charged with gross physical abuse, negligence, and violation of the individual rights of children.

Roloff is one of the big names in the flourishing Texas child-care industry. He's

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an outspoken, Bible-carrying evangelist who has run homes for delinquent teenagers in the Corpus Christi area and in Hattiesburg, Miss., and a center for alcoholics and drug addicts in Culloden, Ga. By the mid-1970s faithful radio listeners were sending in an average of $7,000 in "Love Messages" each morning after hearing his broadcasts on over 100 stations nationwide. Their gifts to Roloff included a $60,000 home, a private airplane, a maroon Cadillac, and a mink coat for his wife.

Roloff was making it big as an evangelist-entrepreneur until 1973, when two parents visiting their daughter at Roloff's Rebekah Home for Girls heard shrill, hysterical shrieking. The father investigated and in another room found "three male subjects holding a girl and slapping her. One of the subjects was holding the girl by her legs, upside down, with her head on the floor." He promptly removed his daughter from Rebekah Hall for good and contacted the police. The case that followed drew national attention.

At hearings sponsored by the Texas state legislature, children from the home related how staff members beat them and would "not know how to stop." They said that some of the staff would climb into bed, sit on the youngsters, and batter them without mercy because they were "witches, demons, whores, etc. . . ." Girls who'd been beaten had photos taken immediately afterward, and these were dramatically presented as evidence in 1973. Roloff himself took the stand to declare: "Better a pink bottom than a black soul. . . . We whip 'em with love, and we weep with 'em, and they love us for it. We never leave a mark on 'em." Finally, after a two-year dispute, he successfully resisted having his homes inspected by transferring their ownership from Roloff Evangelistic Enterprises to the People's Baptist Church.

Last year I visited Moral Majority national secretary Greg Dixon at his church headquarters in order to understand fully the New Right's views on education. The Indianapolis Baptist Temple is located in a conservative, middle-class neighborhood on the city's south side. It is apparently a wealthy church, listing $5 million in assets, mainly property. These include the twenty-two-acre church complex, three mid-priced homes for its pastors, an elementary school, a gymnasium, and a bus garage. Staff salaries in 1979 amounted to $351,598. Besides speaking on his national television show, Dixon speaks daily on local radio. All of this requires the service of a full-time financial director, also paid by the church.

Dixon often employs unusual methods to increase membership and attract contributions. Besides seeing balloons with his face on them, reading "Fly High With Jesus," church members have watched Dixon swallowing goldfish and measuring himself against midgets. Dixon has had people do parachute jumping and has paraded more than forty buses around the track of the Indianapolis Speedway, and his church members claim to have set the record for the most hamburgers—3,000—ever purchased at one time at a White Castle restaurant.

To gain more members, they've recruited mentally handicapped people and occupants of old-age homes. At one service Dixon's associates distributed lists of 1,000 prospective members to be enrolled if possible. New visitors to the Temple are asked to pose before the crowd and are later subjected to follow-up visits and phone calls. The issues of ever-increasing attendance and money raising are exhorted during worship services.

"It is my responsibility to tell you what to do in every aspect of your life," said Reverend Dixon one Sunday.

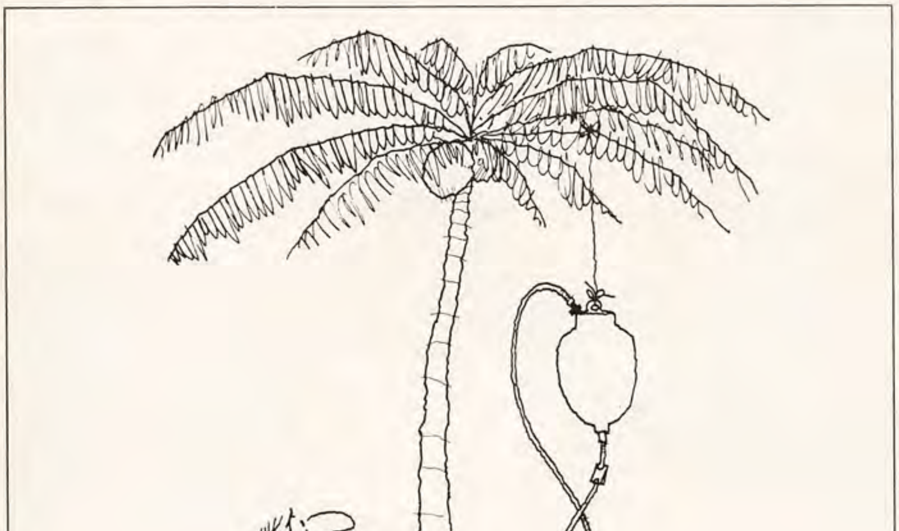
My interview took place in the pastor's study, strangely decorated with black-and-white raised-felt wallpaper, scarlet curtains, and patterned carpeting, all lit with a cold, fluorescent glow. Dixon is a short, potbellied man of forty-eight years, with dark eyes. That afternoon, in his double-knit trousers and rumpled white shirt, he resembled a used-car salesman after a hard day in the lot.

"Basically the public-school system . . . is atheistic, politically it is socialistic or collectivistic, and philosophically it is relativistic," he told me. "In the area of religion they've left God out, in the area of politics they've left out the free-enterprise system, in the area of philosophy they've left out absolutism. They've taken God, America, and absolutes out of the curriculum. In a public school you would have the philosophy—in reality it is propaganda of the federal government—that permeates all of the curriculum of the public-school system, regardless of what course you're talking about."

Reverend Dixon seemed to grow visibly angry at this point. "We have a whole generation now that have been taught in schools all over the world a lack of absolutes. We have a whole generation that's been taught that they have evoluted and that they're nothing more than animals. Therefore you have a whole generation now that are acting like animals. Young people today are acting like animals because they've been taught they are animals!

"I call these people the New Nazis, the evolutionists," said Dixon. An opponent of Darwinian theory, he believes that "the natural result is the anarchy and terrorism and revolution that we're experiencing all over the world."

I asked him why mainstream churches oppose his movement. He contended that they are jealous of the success of the moral crusaders because their own pews are empty while the fundamentalist churches are full. "The liberal churches, they're not successful, they don't have any crowds, they don't have anybody to preach to," he said. "I think it was the same motives that



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caused Jesus to go to the cross! They were jealous of His success.

"Now I think," added Dixon, "that there is an elite cadre in the churches that are truly concerned that their ends will not be accomplished in the communizing of this country."

An "elite cadre"?

"Oh, yes! Oh, yes! There's no question in my mind that Communists are in many of the pulpits of the old-line denominations across America who are not Christians at all. They are wolves in sheep's clothing."

I asked him for some names.

"Well," remarked the preacher cagily, "I could not name someone that I believe is a Communist. I know people that probably could give you some names. But the kind of people I'm thinking of would be like Bishop James Armstrong of the Methodist Church here in the Indianapolis area. I have no knowledge of him being a Communist. I've never heard him say that he's a Communist, but his philosophy is collectivist philosophy, and I'm thinking of Eugene Carson Blake, who at one time was the stated clerk of the Presbyterian Church, U.S.A, who now is associated with the World Church. I'm thinking of the president of the National Council of Churches. I can't think of his name right now. He's a black man, and his philosophy is collectivist philosophy. . . . "

Dixon went on to denounce "liberation theology," which he called "nothing but pure Marxism in a religious cloak. This is what those nuns and priests were teaching down there in El Salvador that got killed. They were not preaching the Gospel of Christ; they were teaching liberation theology."

The public-school system particularly incenses this man of the cloth. He sees public education as a vast plot. "It all works together. The abortionists, the planned parenthood, the SIECUS, the sex-education people, the zero-population-growth people, and the secular humanists. They're all working together to create a phobia in the minds of our young people in the public schools to do away with themselves, knowing that only the survival of the fittest . . . "

Wait a minute, I interrupted: are you saying that they actually want children to commit suicide?

"Oh, yes! Because they know that to keep four billion more people from being born in nineteen years that a certain percentage will have to be aborted. A certain percentage will have to be stopped through contraceptives. A certain percentage will have to be stopped through sex-

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ual satisfaction through homosexuality and lesbianism. A certain amount of people will have to be eliminated through suicide. A certain amount will have to be eliminated through sterilization. A certain amount will have to be eliminated through euthanasia. So consequently these new Nazis, these neo-Nazis, are really teaching genocide to our young people in the public schools."

He paused.

"It's a conscious conspiracy, no question about it. And they're funding their program through the abortionist centers. The only way they can get government funding for these abortion centers is to have customers. If they don't have any customers, they're not going to get any money. So they're trying to stir up the passions of young people so they go out and commit fornication so the girl can get pregnant and she'll go down to the abortion center and they can get federal funds, and that's how they're funding their whole program."

Reverend Dixon's attitudes aren't unique. They are fairly representative of what the "New Christian Right" has in mind for the whole country. The key word in their curriculum is *punishment*. And it is not just the poor, the blacks, the liberals, the Jews, and other "secular humanists" who are on their hit list. They also seem, in a profound fashion, to be committed to the physical punishment of children.

Children are full of play, laughter, and irreverence; they have happy, natural instincts. The fear brokers of the New Christian Right don't trust children, because they don't trust these instincts in themselves. Their God is simply angry, vengeful, unforgiving—and with the threat of eternal punishment for sins, they demand mindless obedience from both congregants and the children under their control. As Rev. Greg Dixon has said: "Everyone is born a sinner." With an estimated 450,000 youngsters enrolled in fundamentalist schools, many of which utilize corporal punishment, one can only wonder how many children weep themselves to sleep at night, quietly traumatized in incidents that rarely reach public attention.

This crushing of the free human intellect is much harder to achieve in adults. After all, other than cult members, what educated grown-up would willingly give up the right to think, the right to one's own mind, and the right to choose? Yet, with the proper dosage of evangelical sweetness, a so-called teacher can mount a bold campaign upon a child's common sense and build Absolute Faith in that child by

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means of fear, dread, and abuse.

But sometimes building faith creates problems with parents and the law. For example, the minister of the Bible school class at Immanuel Baptist Church had an odd way of teaching children to "hear the word of God." First he placed a child, sometimes as young as six years old, on a small stool in front of the class. Then, as the other children gawked, the minister counted down from ten, pushed a button, and twelve volts of spine-jolting electric shocks pierced into the child's buttocks.

The minister, Rev. Dwight Wymer, thirty-six, built this miniature electric chair all by himself. The stool had a metal screen covering a hole cut in the seat. A pair of wires connected the screen with a battery, and the device was attached to a hand-held push button.

Wymer had been jabbing the button for six years and had employed his "teaching aid" on hundreds of children in his Grand Rapids, Mich., church. He saw nothing grotesque in his actions. "Sometimes God talks to you, and we just don't listen," he told the 135 children in his class. "But sometimes He can shock you into hearing His word, and this just makes that demonstration clear."

The rationale is obscure, but when the excruciating expression of terror and pain on the face of an electro-shocked eight-year-old boy, Brian Tenhopen, appeared on the front pages of newspapers across the country, it triggered a national reaction of revulsion and outrage.

The Kansas Department of Health and Environment denied the license application of Cookson Hill Christian School in Niotaze on grounds that school officials had ignored the department's regulation banning corporal, humiliating, or frightening punishment. Department Secretary Joseph Harkins also cited a complaint by Michelle Dwyer, sixteen, a former student, who charged the school with bruising and scratching her in the course of imposing school discipline. Ralph Gorman, the co-director of the Cookson Hills Christian Schools, said, "We believe in biblical principles and biblical ethics. We'd like to be able to use a little biblical discipline—which includes a few swats if the situation calls for it."

James Woodring, the principal of Fellowship Christian School in Durham, N.C., was charged with child abuse and assault of a minor. He was accused of spanking Michael Johnson—six years old and diagnosed as hyperactive by a pediatrician—with a paddle seventeen times and severely bruising the child's buttocks. The trial considered his "paddling" of students according to "biblical standards." Principal Woodring cited Proverbs 22:15, which recommends the use of the "rod of correction" to drive "foolishness" out of children, as "the word of God on corporal punishment." The boy's mother, Mrs. Sandra Johnson, said that Woodring had refused to administer medicine prescribed for Michael's hyperactivity because "he said he didn't believe drugs were the answer to Michael's problem." Woodring was acquitted, according to District Court Judge Samuel Gantt, because he had not used "excessive force."

In Madison, Wis., Rev. Wayne Dillabaugh, then pastor of the Northport Baptist Church (currently dean of students at Fairhaven College in Chesterton, Ind.), was charged with battery after he paddled five-year-old Timothy Fischer, a student in a church-affiliated school, with an eighteen-inch redwood paddle. The boy's mother said that Timmy first tried to conceal the livid bruises. "He had something drummed into his head. He'd be disciplined if he told. He didn't tell me. I had to find them. He was all black and blue. His whole bottom was. I was just shocked. I just looked. I was just staring at it. I was really upset. I called the guy, but he denied every bit of it. Baloney! I was really mad and shocked at the same time, because I can't understand people doing that."

Outraged, she then took her son to a doctor, and the physician filed a complaint with the police department, which took photos of the bruises. Dillabaugh's battery trial took place in a courtroom packed with journalists and fundamentalists, many of whom wore buttons indicating support for the pastor. His Madison defense attorney, Jack McManus, initially concentrated on Caryl Fischer's character, trying to portray her son as the disturbed result of a bad environment, a child needing the pastor's harsh discipline.

The high point of the three-day-old trial occurred when Timothy Fischer was led to the stand by an aunt, who stood protectively by his side and held his hand after he had been seated. Although Caryl Fischer now states that her son was calm and determined to give his account before taking the stand, he became fearful when defense attorney McManus, who had vigorously objected to his being allowed to testify, insisted that the aunt leave the child's side. When the aunt withdrew her hand and left the stand, Timothy began to weep. And as the assistant D.A. prosecuting the case approached the chair in order to soothe the lad, McManus again objected and the boy's whimpers turned to sobs.

Judge William Sachtjen immediately ruled that Timothy could not testify and then ruled again that he wouldn't even be shown to the jury because his appearance might prove "highly prejudicial." The decisions were a heavy blow to the prosecution, which had intended to make a dramatic point of the difference in size between the boy and the preacher.

Under cross-examination Reverend Dillabaugh admitted delivering at least four blows to the boy's bottom with the paddle after a young female teaching assistant had already spanked him twice. Following his first two blows, the preacher said, he asked the child whether he understood why he had been disciplined and received a "surly 'Yes, sir.' " In response, continued Dillabaugh, "I told him because he had answered surly to his pastor, I was

CONTINUED ON PAGE 182

"I don't want to get too personal, Johnson, but how often do you change your underwear?"

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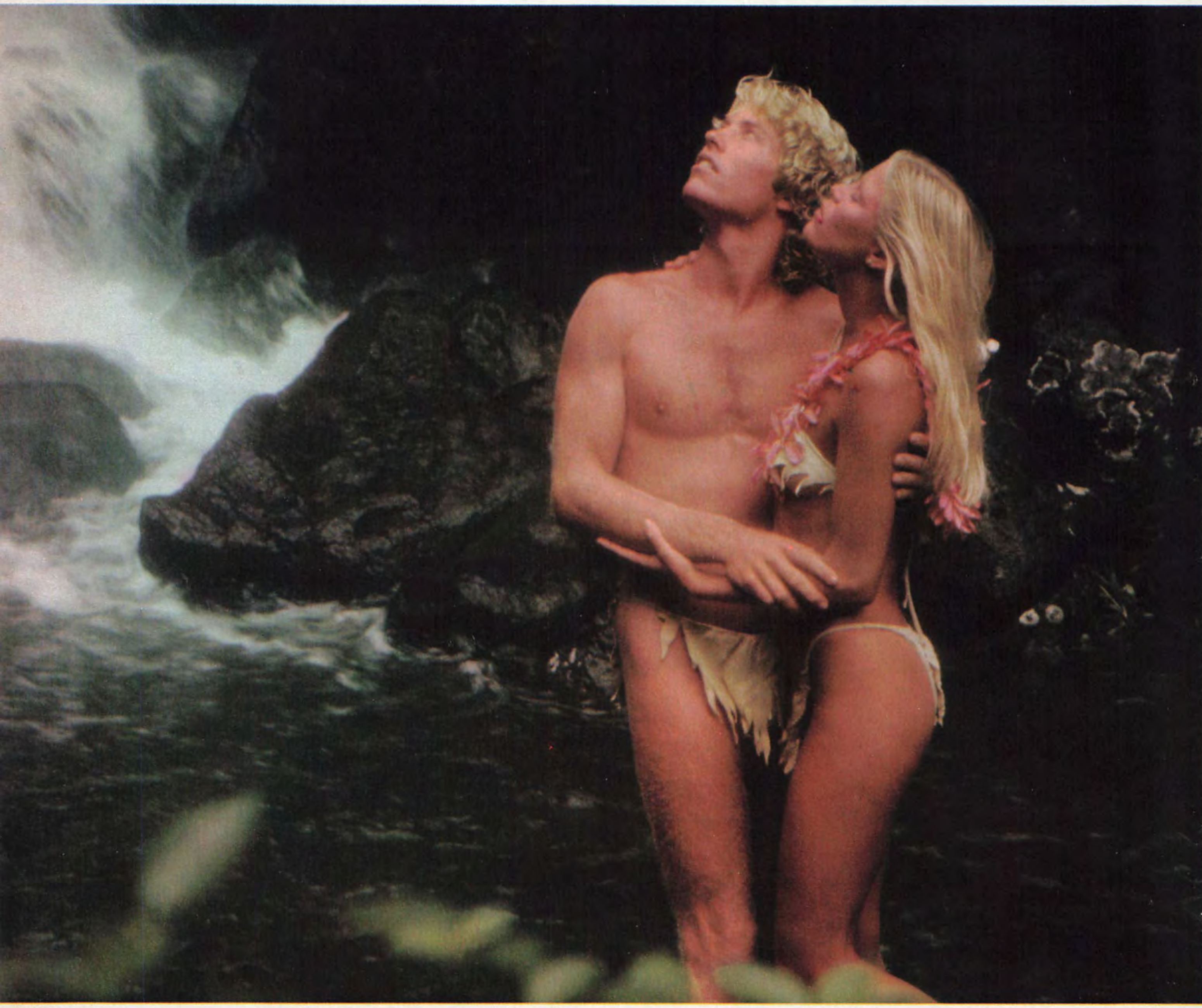
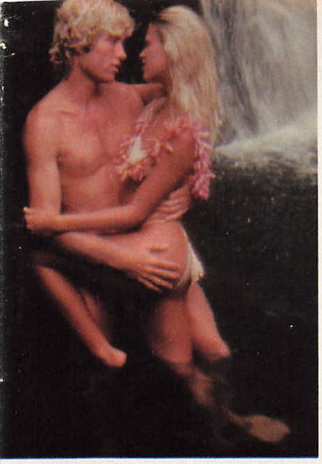
THE BLUEST LAGOON

DIRECTED AND PHOTOGRAPHED BY JOHN COPELAND

Time is on their side, a patient chaperone of pleasure. For Kristen and Tommy (whose close encounter brightened our September 1981 issue) the glistening rush of waterfalls softly creates the music that is a background to their rhapsody. Constantly alone, the lovers are two who seem one. Words are a rude interruption to the intimacy of their silence . . .





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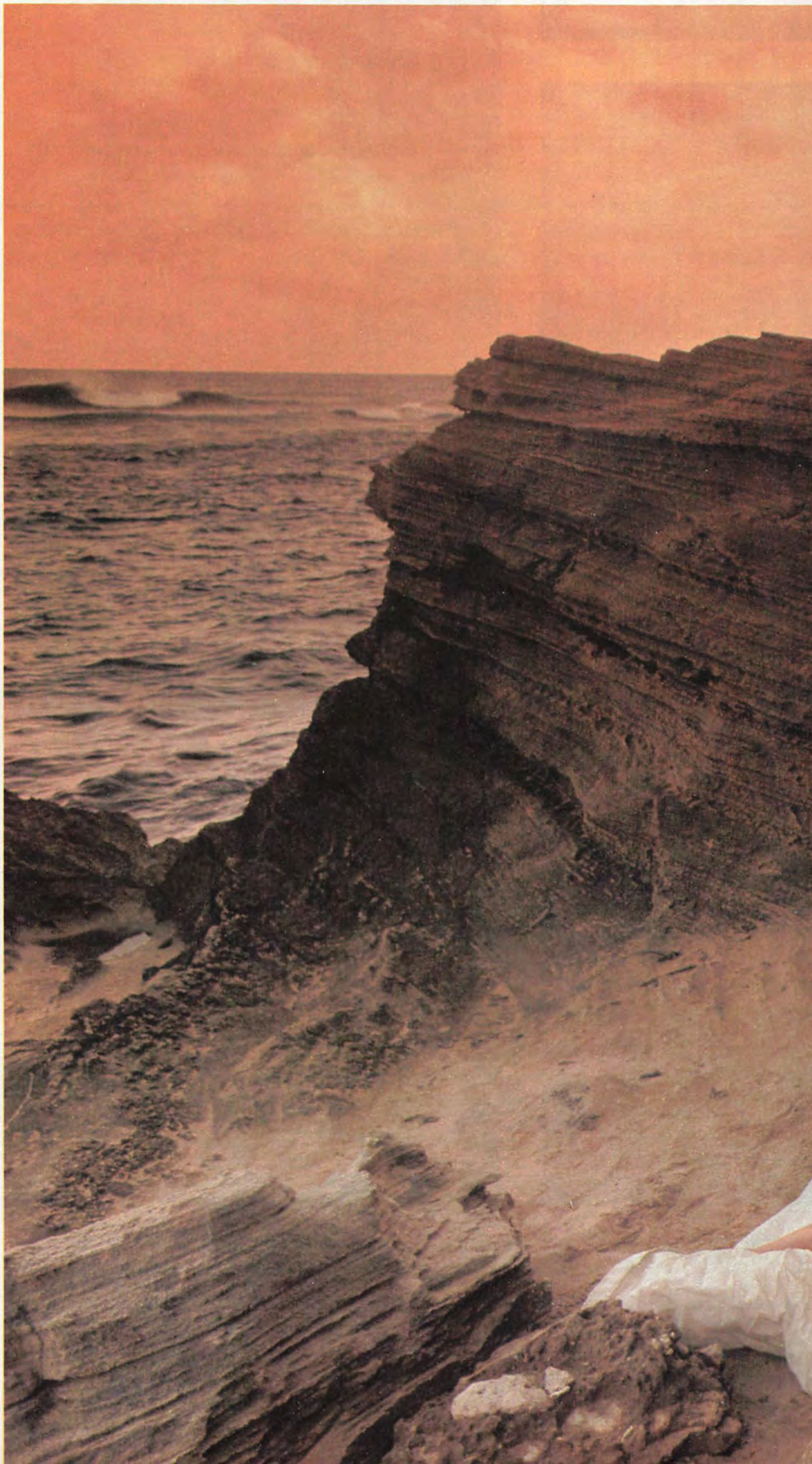
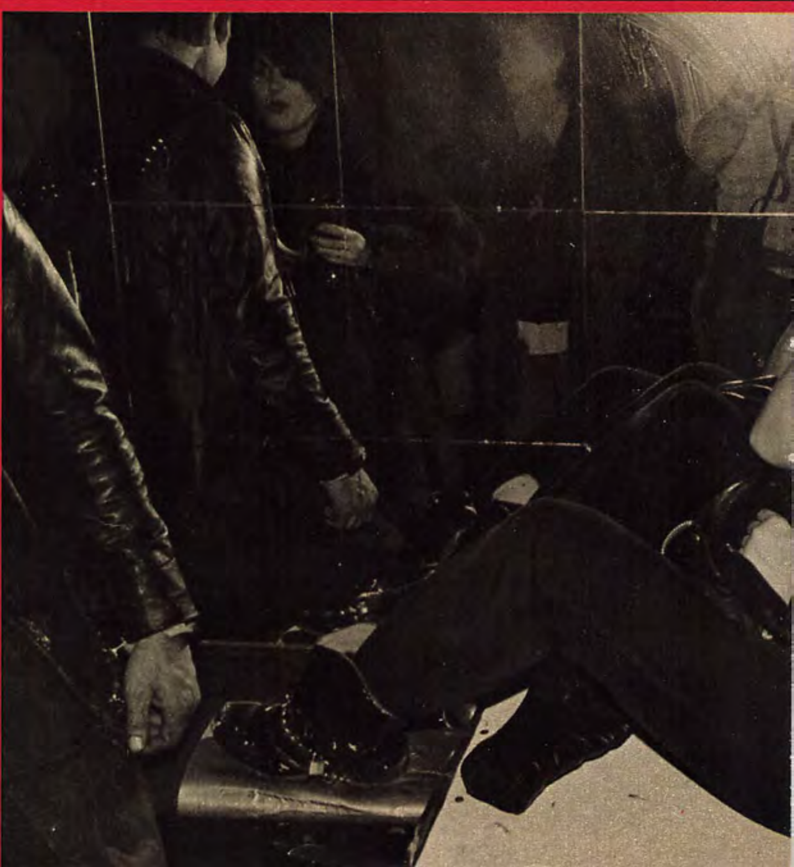
The sun is their
generous patron: providing
the warmth of
daylight, the plentiful
fruit. Bronzing their soft young
skin, turning their
fine hair pale, the sun makes
them lovely, then
leaves them free to enjoy the
beauty they share . . .

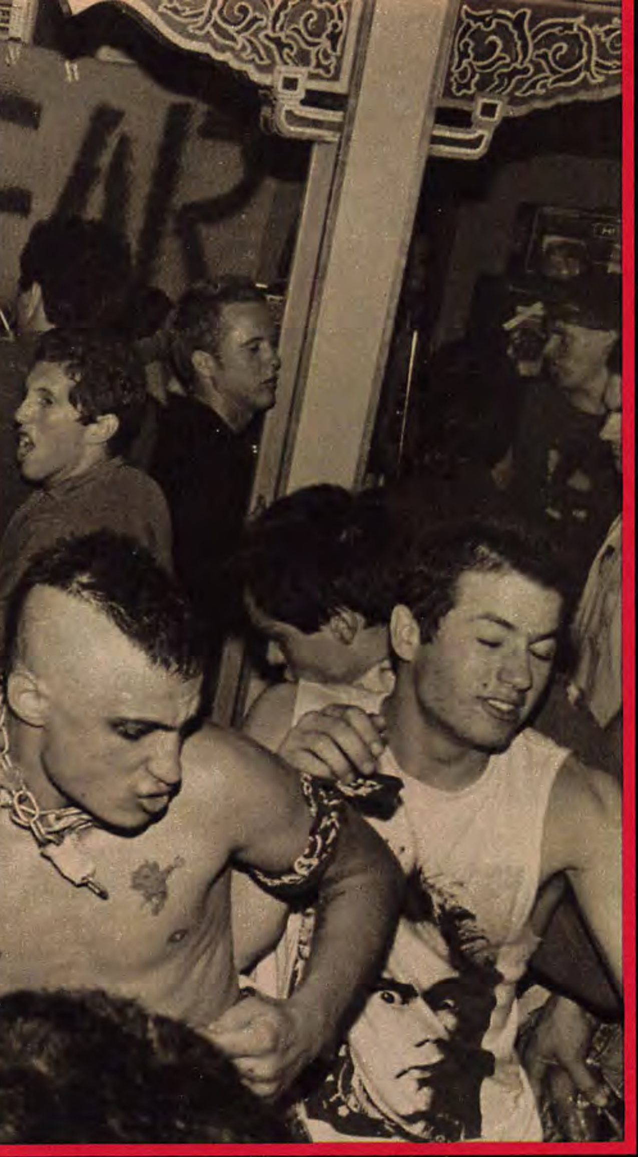


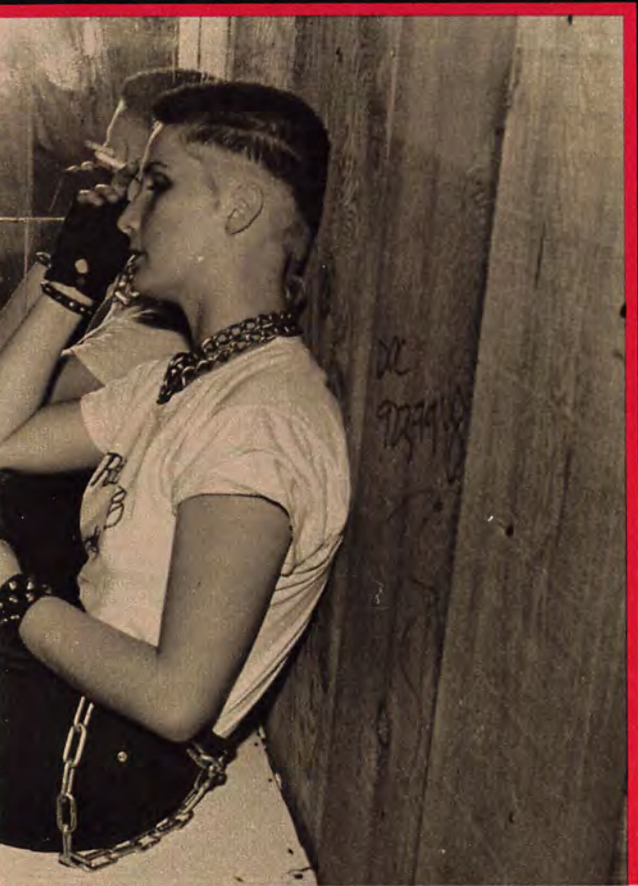
At times, they'll wander into
the fragrant, green
lushness to love each other,
obscured from the
sun's bright eye.

Other times they'll lie joined
together on the
sand, allowing their warm
companion to witness
their fevered joy.

The civilized world left behind seems a dream too vague
to recall. Constraints of clothing or climate,
of action or inclination, provide a barbaric contrast to the
endless idyll they've chosen. At first they
were strangers to paradise; now they are natives to splendor
and silent partners with peace . . .







Call them creeps, street survivors, skinheads, or slammers. In today's explosion of post-punk violence, L.A. teenagers are no longer playing end games—for them the apocalypse is now.

SLAMDANCING IN A FAST CITY

BY ROBERT KEATING

Mike Suicide's got a narly sweat. After clearing the dance floor at the Starwood, he stands in the middle, looking for someone else to hit. It's hot as hell. The club's packed tonight—with boys, mostly. Boys wearing leather and chains. Torn jeans. Or maybe a Scottish kilt. Bandanas are tied low on black motorcycle boots. Some boys have Mohawks. Blue, green, orange spiked hair. And crew cuts. Tonight, packed into a room of pounding music, there are crew cuts everywhere. You'd think half the punks in Hollywood were here. Even so, for ten feet on all sides of Mike Suicide, there's no one left to hit. So as the band ends this song, he moves back into the pack of bodies that had formed the circle. A kid steps up and asks Mike why he threw that one guy into the wall across the room. "What did that guy do?" demands the kid, maybe twelve, with blue hair and a beer belly. Mike ignores him. The guy he threw is Mike's best friend. His next-door neighbor.

"When I go out there," says Mike, "I go crazy. I don't care. I just want to fuckin' kill somebody."

Mike Suicide's a surf punk. A skinhead. A creep. A survivor. He says he's a Fascist. Built like a high-school linebacker, with his head practically shaved, he's one of the new breed of Los Angeles punks. Tough, athletic kids from outer areas: Orange County, the Valley and beach communities, along the coast. They've arrived in Hollywood to announce the end of punk rock. A punk *Dämmerung*. Tuesdays at the Starwood are their favorite nights. A fortresslike club that takes up an entire corner of Santa Monica Boulevard, surrounded by nude shows, male prostitutes, and porn shops down in West Hollywood. During concerts the courtyard and street outside resemble a backlot for a sci-fi flick. Not everyone who is seen at these gatherings is a creep or a survivor. Many just go to see the show and get caught up in the action.

Tonight, onstage, China White is playing. Loud,

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARK SHAW

heavy metal rock. The human ring that collapsed under the pressure of the crowd forms again. And two skinheads, with their T-shirts dangling like tails from their belts, skank onto the floor. They're bent forward at the waist, arms swaying front and back at their sides. Cruising, heads up, looking for comers. And one by one they come, these boys. Maybe fifty of them in T-shirts, motorcycle jackets, or barechested in the sweltering heat. All bent forward at the waist, jerking their arms up and over their heads, spinning in time with the music. Some cock their legs like Indians. There are knees and elbows everywhere.

It's called skanking. The HB Strut. Slamdancing. It's a cross between a cockfight and the Roller Derby. Bodies bash and twist and smack and jam together. The contact is stinging. The dancers wear a lot of scars. And the energy in this pit of flesh and sweat is brutally sexual, though few of them will admit it.

"When I go out there," explains Mike Suicide, "I just knock people over. I do one, two, three—person next to me, throw 'em. Spin around, hit elbows. Stop. Person. Throw 'em outa the way. And pretty soon you're all by yourself."

Mike's elbows have bumps all over them from hitting so many people. He thinks they're "permanently, totally deformed." When he gets home after a night of slamming, they're swollen and blue. The next day he can't bend them. And every once in a while he has to get the blood drained out of them. Mike's nose has been broken eight times.

"You're not going out there to fuckin' have a party," he reasons. "You're gonna hurt someone, and you know it."

Tonight, between sets, a voice on the public address asks, "Keep violence to a minimum." Still, a fight breaks out between two groups of skinheads on the floor. The music stumbles to a stop. And the lead singer leans forward on the stage, pleading, "Fight, don't dance." A white spotlight is thrown on the brawl, but the bouncers manage to break it up.

During the last set, these creeps have some hippie on the floor. Before the bouncers could get to him and drag him away, a couple dozen MC boots had pretty well bloodied the kid up.

"It's nice to have somebody down there and fuckin' kick him and not worry about getting hit," says Mike to a guy he lives with in a beach shack in Venice. "Once you're on the ground, you're dead. People don't care. They just wail away. You get courage when it's a hundred to one."

The two stand with their friends at the edge of the circle, scanning the pack of slammers, looking for targets. The bouncers, meanwhile, are busy trying to keep the crowd from taking stage dives. But the crowd does it anyway—climbing up and then crashing down onto a sea of heads and flailing arms before rolling to the floor. Mike spots some ass smiling and going crazy on the far side of the room. He says he doesn't trust anybody who smiles at a gig. Mike turns to his buddies:

"You know that guy?"
"I don't know him."
"You know him?"
"Nope."
"Let's fuck him up."

"There's no real scene in L.A.," says an executive with A&M records. "It's just a lot of kids trying to act out their favorite fantasy, and some of those fantasies are pretty bizarre."

One day, forty miles southwest of the Starwood in Orange County, a Huntington Beach police officer pulls over to stop a car for a traffic violation. The cop spots one of these new teenage hoodlums behind the wheel; so he decides to question him.

"Any identifying marks or scars?" the cop asks, filling out a field interrogation card.

The crew-cut teenager just stares up at the cop, reaches into his pocket for a razor, then slices his chest open from belly to shoulder.

> The Worm is not a dangerous dance, unless you lie on the ground writhing in broken beer bottles.

"Yeah," the kid answers. "I got a scar."

Huntington Beach. This is where it all began—L.A.'s skinheads. The surf punks. Creeps. Survivors. A prefab, middle-class town, Huntington Beach is a sterile community. Tract houses that sprang up during the 1960s as an escape from urban woes. Only they found new troubles.

"Huntington Beach has always been like gangs and stuff," explains a Hollywood girl at the Starwood whose bored voice says she really just can't relate to it. Her face is painted different colors, and her flame-red hair is starched into cornstalks. "You know, surfers against nonsurfers. Stuff like that. These skinheads, though—these surf punks who come beat people up—they're just a lot of bored rich boys who decided to shave their hair off."

"I just resent the fact that women can't dance anymore," says her friend, who certainly looks tough enough, with the leather she's sporting. "It's too violent. You come home with bruises and things."

"But you can't just blame the violence on the HB kids anymore," offers a third girl. "Now it's everybody on the scene."

Everyone agrees. But still, they say, it all started at the beach—quiet communities where suddenly everybody's arming themselves for protection:

- A thirteen-year-old boy walking down a Huntington Beach street was cornered by skinheads and forced to carve a swastika into his leg with a paper clip.
- Answering her door, an eighty-seven-year-old Huntington Beach woman was faced with an HB creep looking for odd jobs. She had none but invited him in for cookies and soda. Once inside, he turned down her offer, grabbed her from behind, and choked her until she fell to the ground. The creep kicked her face and body, breaking bones until she passed out, and ran off with ten dollars.
- A Huntington Beach family phoned in a report to the police about two teenagers having sex on their front lawn. The next day they came home to $3,000 worth of damage to their house. Other beach area families wake up to giant swastikas burned into their front lawns. Empty homes are routinely trashed.
- Two teenage girls had to be hospitalized after doing a dance called the Worm. It's not a dangerous dance, really. That is, unless, like them, you lie on the ground squirming and writhing to the music in a pile of broken beer bottles. One of the girls suffered a punctured lung.
- Two girls from Orange County were having a hard time booking their band, Sexual Frustration, at the popular Hong Kong Café in L.A.'s Chinatown. "While one was talking to me," recalls the manager, "the other went into the girls' room and broke a bunch of beer bottles in the sink and ran her hands through the glass. Then she came out to talk to me, blood streaming down her arms."

For the beach police, the last straw came when a pack of Huntington Beach creeps came upon a chauffeur who'd just dropped some girls off at a graduation party. After knifing him and watching him drop to the ground, they answered the chauffeur's pleas for help by spitting at and pouring beer all over him.

"The creep's indescribable—he kicked a gun out of a cop's hand with his bare feet."

"He used to live upstairs from me, but he couldn't get laid; so he went back to Long Beach."

"Oh. Is it easier in Long Beach?"

"No. It's easier here. He just got tired of trying."

"Yeah. He used to attack you in the parking lot and say, 'Why doesn't anybody ever fuck me?'"

"The creep's a loser . . ."

The city of Los Angeles slept through the heart of the punk rock revolution back in the mid to late seventies. Or at least that's the way it seemed. While the Sex Pistols and the Clash were tearing up King's

CONTINUED ON PAGE 149

SEAGRAM'S GIN MAKES YOUR BLOODY MARY LETTER PERFECT.

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PENTHOUSE INTERVIEW

MADAME CLAUDE

‘All men want to believe that they are good in bed. . . . A woman must say three things to a man: that he is beautiful, that he is intelligent, that he makes love well. . . . Men will always believe you if you tell them these things.’

On first seeing Germaine Grudet, one thinks there must be some mistake. Can this softly rounded blond with aristocratic cheekbones, demure manner, and classically pretty features really be *the legendary Madame Claude*—Paris-based Pygmalion and mother superior to the world's costliest call girls? Standing just over five feet tall in Chanel pumps and Ferragamo shirtwaist dress, hair swept back in a discreet chignon, she looks the proper picture of an ambassador's gracefully aging wife.

The Cartier of call girls—that's how Madame Claude's establishment was known from the early sixties through the late seventies. In a town already legendary for luxurious courtesans, Claude created a new top of the market, regularly tripling the competition's prices, and, at $1,000 to $5,000 a shot (1960s prices), nobody complained—certainly not the government. Clever Claude kept *la patrie* off her back by letting the Foreign Ministry bug her girls' visits to foreign emissaries. She regularly supplied English lords, international film stars, financiers, Arab potentates, the idly rich—and, some say, high officials in the government of then-President Giscard d'Estaing.

How did a lone woman from the provinces manage an illegal multimillion-dollar international operation? (Prostitution has been illegal in France since 1947.) Part den mother, marketing expert, clothier, psychiatrist, finishing-school teacher, go-between, fixer, guard, sex counselor, logistics expert, and flak-catcher—Claude put in a busy day and night.

Claude's heyday, a result of her close ties to the Gaullists, lasted through Pompidou's term into the middle seventies. But success brought problems when d'Estaing lifted press censorship, and "Claude stories" were no longer just whispered but were also printed—almost weekly. No sooner would Claude change her number and address than some enterprising hack would track her down and print it.

The "good people" of France were scandalized. Why was this lofty madam exempt from the law? Already under attack for his own numerous indiscretions, d'Estaing could hardly afford to stand by Claude—but his Foreign Ministry could hardly keep tabs on visiting Arab potentates without her! Many argued that canning Claude would hurt French arms sales to developing countries. Finally, with the press stories and public outcry mounting, Claude was quietly given notice and left the country—but not before selling her business to a woman from Marseilles. The woman was arrested a few years later—and then released, when a deputy foreign minister took on her case for "special handling."

"If anything could prove the ministry's involvement," joked a Foreign Ministry source, "I think it is that Claude still gets some kind of compensation." Compensation, perhaps, but not what she really wants—protection from U.S. Immigration. Madams are evidently not thought to possess the "useful skills" required of resident aliens. While a star of the large French colony in Los Angeles, Claude remains a shadowy figure, disappearing whenever Immigration gets too close, turning up again in Haiti or Switzerland, then disappearing and reappearing—always just returned and soon departing.

Writer Blythe Holbrooke tracked her down for this exclusive *Penthouse* interview in a Santa Monica garden apartment hideaway, Claude's five pieces of Louis Vuitton luggage stacked at the ready by the door. Holbrooke reports: "Claude's initial demure appearance is deceiving. But then there is the way she moves, with the practiced sensuality of a geisha. The way she quickly takes your measure—a businesslike watchfulness just below the easy humor in her large, deep-set brown eyes. She has an animated and intelligent face, her expressions always ending in the same knowing smile. '*You can't fool me; you can't even hope to startle me*,' her looks seem to say. '*I've seen it all.*'

"Claude is tired. Complaining of a bad night's sleep, she glides out of the room and returns, wearing nothing but a short white terry robe. She stretches, yawns, and curls unself-consciously into her chair like a cat. 'Now what,' Madame purrs, 'can I tell you?' "

The interview was translated by *Penthouse* editorial assistant Rorie Sherman.

PHOTOGRAPH BY C. SIMONPIETRI

Photograph by C. Simonpietri/Sygma

Penthouse: What qualities must one have to be a first-class madam?

Claude: Above all, one must not have wanted to be a madam! I, for example, had no ambition to be in this field. I only wanted to make a little money. I was thirty-seven years old and had had many jobs, but I had to settle down and choose something. I hadn't finished my schooling, because I was deported at eighteen—without a diploma—so my options were limited. So I looked around to see what I might do. I was apt. I realized that there were two things that always worked, that could always be a steady business: restaurants and sex. Since I didn't cook very well, I thought I might be able to do something with the other.

Penthouse: What had you done before you became a madam?

Claude: I did everything a person without a profession does. I sold apartments. I sold Bibles.

Penthouse: You sold *Bibles?*

Claude: Yes. You know, religion is very difficult, very problematic. Each person sees his own god. And in religion, that is the only desirable thing to be—to be God. It was difficult for me to accept religion and God, because I always wanted to be the first, the biggest . . .

You know, I was raised by nuns in a convent school. It might sound a little bizarre, but I have always tried to apply what I learned at the convent to everything I've done. I've always employed the convent principles: to be on time, to be well-groomed, to do everything with as much intelligence, discernment, and attentiveness as possible.

Penthouse: How did you find the women for your establishment?

Claude: Ah, finding the young ladies—I never say "girls," because that is a pejorative term—*that* was very easy. One tells another. Certain sons of my friends sent young ladies they knew to me. The problem was never how to find them. The problem was to turn so many down, to say, "You are just not pretty enough for me." I had to say this to almost nine out of ten applicants. It was most unpleasant.

Penthouse: What were you looking for in these young ladies?

Claude: Three things were necessary—three categories of qualities—and only rarely did I find all three in one lady. First, they had to have the face and body. One without the other would not do. Second, their intelligence and upbringing was most important. And the third was their sexual performance.

Penthouse: How did you evaluate their sexual performance?

Claude: The first two categories were obviously easier for me to evaluate. Only a few minutes were necessary. As for the third category—well—I had a certain number of friends who volunteered their services. And *voila!*

Penthouse: What makes a woman sexy?

Claude: Sexiness is very relative. It all depends on the man involved.

“

Men who are more intelligent and cultured are perhaps . . . a bit more perverted. . . .

I don't think the man who wants to make love to two women at the same time is perverted. . . .

One day someone called me. He said: "I want to fuck a girl who is dead and already cold." Now *that* is perverted.

”

Penthouse: But in general, do men like women who are thin, have big breasts, are tall?

Claude: Ah! I had men of all types and nationalities, so I also had to have young ladies of every variety. I had Asians, blacks, whites, big ones, small ones, all kinds.

Penthouse: Who were the favorites and why?

Claude: I don't know that there were any favorites! It depended upon the individual man, whom he preferred. However, the easiest to sell were the tall blonds, the Swedes or Germans. I guess I must say that when a woman is small, in order to be thought pretty she must be very, *very* pretty. This is not so with big blonds. Defects pass more easily on a big girl. Still, I think the best can be a petite brunette. It is just very difficult to find one precisely right. It's a question of proportion.

Penthouse: What makes a woman good in bed?

Claude: That's what everyone wants to know! The answer? Patience. And intelligence. For a man to be satisfied, he must, above all, feel satisfied with himself. In order for him to be satisfied with himself, it is necessary for the young lady, his partner, to convince him that he is satisfying. She must know how to listen. Then she must say three things to the man: that he is beautiful, that he is intelligent, that he makes love well. She must know how to reassure him. Even if he's ugly—she can always say something nice. If he's young, she should compliment him on his virility. If he is old, she should say, "Ah, at last, a man with some *experience.*" All men think they're intelligent and want to believe that they are good in bed—they will always believe you if you tell them these things.

Penthouse: But what if he is terrible in bed? What if he is already fifty years old and no one has ever explained to him how to make love properly?

Claude: It is not a call girl's place to correct the technique of the man who visits her. She is not there for that. If she can guide gently, that's fine, but it is not for her to tell him that he makes love poorly.

Penthouse: What sort of things did your clients want? Did they often want perverse things?

Claude: There is much less sexual perversity than people think. Men have a far greater need to be reassured about their sexual performance than they have for kinky sex. The great majority of men are far simpler creatures than we like to admit. I hadn't many perverts, because I worked on the principle that my ladies were young, pretty—*very* pretty—intelligent, elegant . . . It would be too much to also ask them to do very abnormal things.

Penthouse: Some people say that the more intelligent and successful men have the more complicated sexual desires. Is this true?

Claude: I don't think careers dictate sexual preferences. There are certainly plenty of perverted construction workers! But I would say that men who are more intelligent and cultured are perhaps more sophisticated and decadent—and so, perhaps, a bit more perverted. But men and women all have sexual desires that have evolved to different degrees.

Penthouse: What do you consider "perversions"?

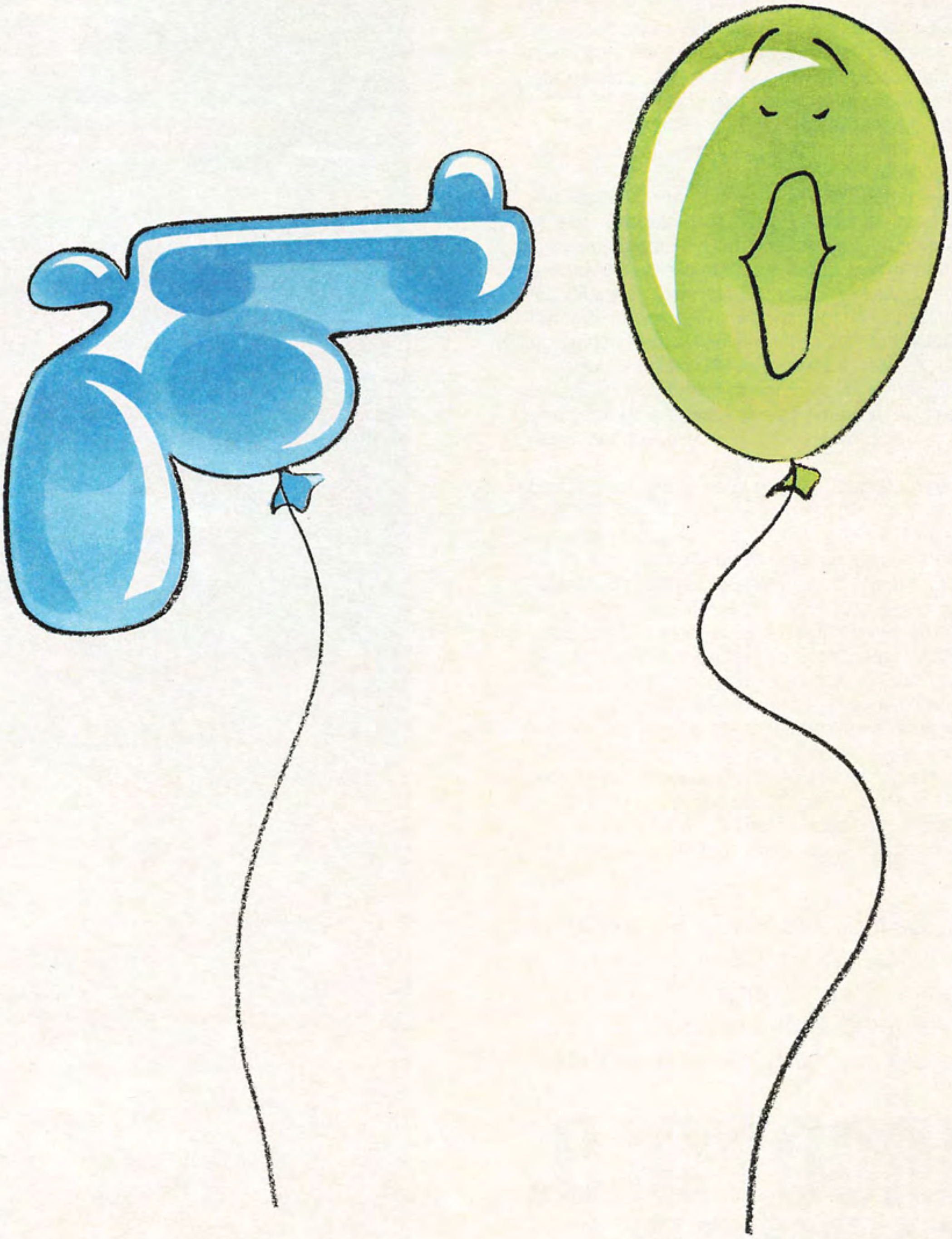
Claude: There is a difference between "sexual fantasies"—which covers many, many things—and "perversions." Perversion is, I think, to find sexual pleasure where others find ugliness or suffering. But the rest? I don't think that the man who wants to make love to two women at the same time is perverted. I don't think that the man who needs to be slapped or struck or bound in order to come is perverted. It's just an idea from his childhood; he wants to imagine that he's still a little boy with his nurse. It does no harm to the girl or to him. Any violence is in his head. It's just fantasy. And you know, if you take the fantasy out of sex, there isn't much left!

One day a real pervert did call, however. I asked what he wanted, and he kept saying it was "very special." "Yes, but what is it?" I kept asking. "Very special," he kept saying. This went on for half an hour. Finally I said he must tell me or I would hang up. So he said: "I'm looking

CONTINUED ON PAGE 108

Balloonheads

BY ART CUMINGS



"This station recognizes its obligation to present responsible opposing views . . . "

The following excerpt is from Mr. Buckley's new novel, in which Blackford Oakes, formerly with the CIA, is recruited back into the Agency to help with Operation Marco Polo. The Soviets have gotten access to our most intimate secrets, and the idea is to turn the tables on the enemy . . .

May 1959

It wasn't until the Kentucky Derby party that Blackford's exposure to Amanda Gaither was more than perfunctory. He had met her once or twice at one of the fancy affairs given by Mr. and Mrs. Roland Gaither in their neoclassic home in Chevy Chase. Roland Gaither, just a very few days after signing on Blackford, had decided that here was the perfect bachelor to end the protracted spinsterhood of Amanda (she was thirty-one); he very soon discovered that Blackford was, so to speak, spoken for, by a girl—he got this information from Benni, who had it from his son Michael—called Sally Partridge, whom Blackford had known more or less forever, i.e., since they were at Yale together.

Were they engaged? Gaither asked Benni. "A kinda engaged . . . Roland." It took ten years for Roland Gaither to suggest to Benni Bolgiano that he call his employer by his first name, and it had taken another two years before Benni found it possible to do so. No such formality, of course, extended to his dealings with Amanda. She and Benni had met within days after his arrival in Washington in 1944, when he was reunited with Maria and "Michael," as even his father had now come to refer to him. Michael and Amanda were the same age and met at an office party to which all the employees and their families had been invited.

Amanda and Michael, during their early teens, had been inseparable. What might have been Roland Gaither's instinctive resistance to a close social relationship between his only daughter and the only son of an immigrant Italian, by trade a professional union organizer or something of the sort, who had been in a fascist concentration camp, was diluted by his own history: as a young American, studying architecture in Rome, he had fallen in love, courted, and brought to Washington as his wife a delicate Italian girl of considerable beauty.

The party was Amanda's idea because she dearly loved the track and, beginning in January, would avidly speculate on the probable winner of the Kentucky Derby. She asked Michael to bring "your beautiful suite-mate" and his girl friend, and she, Amanda, would mix the mint juleps and serve them steak, corn, and watermelon "and

Amanda Gaither and Blackford Oakes were CIA agents and sometime lovers—until one was targeted as the central figure in a plot to betray the United States.

MARCO POLO, IF YOU CAN

FICTION BY WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY, JR.

ILLUSTRATION BY DON IVAN PUNCHATZ

punchatz
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anything else I can think of that's terribly American, maybe peanut butter?" on her little terrace. They must arrive before five, because that was when the commentary on the derby would begin, and she didn't want to miss a word of it, although actually she didn't see much point in even watching the race, because Silver Spoon was obviously going to win it, never mind that First Landing was the favorite.

Sally arrived carrying a satchelful of books—she had spent the afternoon at the Library of Congress, was slightly distracted and just a little bit irritable: Blackford knew the signs.

With considerable fanfare the mint juleps were brought out, the parasol tilted so that the image on the television screen could be seen. They would be permitted to talk, said Amanda, only during commercials. After the race they could talk all they wanted. It was 4:55, and Blackford looked at his watch.

"Guess what," Michael said, sipping his drink.

"What?" Amanda was willing to play.

"Mickey Rooney just got divorced."

The groans were general.

"Guess what," Blackford countered.

Sally looked up at him. "Okay, what?—make it good."

"Elizabeth Taylor just got married."

There was a little chuckling, both events having taken place the previous day, followed by oohs and aahs about the mint julep, how strong it was, how bracing it was, how original the silver mugs. Amanda was visibly pleased.

"Guess what," Michael persisted.

"You can guess what for exactly forty-five seconds," Amanda said, fine-tuning the picture dial on the set.

"Khrushchev said no."

"Said no to what?" Amanda suddenly looked up.

"Just said no. I forget to what."

"Funny."

"Never said I was Bob Hope."

"Nobody ever suspected you were."

Blackford looked up at her. Something, he thought, wasn't quite right. Maybe she was tense about her horse, whatever his name was. By the time the horses had gotten to the gate, Amanda was quite simply agitated, her eyes riveted to the screen so intently that she managed to pour a part of Sally's fresh drink on Sally's wrist. "Oh, I'm so terribly sorry!"

"Forget it," said Sally, drying herself with the paper napkin.

"Quiet! Everybody, quiet!"

They were off. Tomy Lee won. Sword Dancer was second. First Landing was third. Royal Orbit was fourth. Silver Spoon was fifth. Amanda was stricken. She turned to Michael: "Why did they put York, that burn-out case, on Silver Spoon?" Michael said he hadn't the least idea; perhaps she could ask her employer to find out the surreptitious motivation of the trainer.

Sally sensed an opportunity to make a grand slam. "That's a good idea. If we can get the CIA to focus on the Kentucky Derby, maybe we can make a few advances on the international front. Or would that hurt Mr. Dulles's feelings, Blacky?"

They were on their third drink, with Sally trailing by one, and the charcoal had been lit. Michael came in with what Blackford recognized as his Very Serious Tone.

"Aw, come on, Sally" he said, his expression one of passionate concern. "Look what Khrushchev's just finished doing in Geneva. He's got Gromyko putting us in an intolerable situation. Unless we agree that when the Soviets make a treaty with Berlin we lose our rights in Berlin, he'll . . . "

"He'll what?" Blacky interposed.

"Well, you know what he says he'll do: he'll close the corridor and this time around deny us the airspace."

"And the cow will jump over the moon."

"Okay, Black, so maybe he's bluffing. But there's got to be some reason for all the concern."

> “My goodness, but I'm surrounded! Amanda—CIA. Michael—CIA. My Blacky—ex-CIA: because he did something naughty. . . . Did you kill the wrong person, darling?”

"Oh?" said Sally. "Are the lights burning day and night at the Agency? Ooohhh," she shivered, as if a great cold had taken her. "My goodness, but I'm *surrounded!* Amanda—CIA. Michael—CIA. My Blacky—*ex*-CIA: because he did something naughty, and he never has told me what. Did you kill the wrong person, darling?"

Blackford looked at her, and his failure to reply was, by his standards, massive retaliation. Instead he took his drink and walked over to the grill to chat with Amanda, who was fiddling with the steaks. He left Sally and Michael talking heatedly.

Amanda joked with Blackford about popular misconceptions of the Agency but kept her voice down. She had put on the record player, and Ella Fitzgerald was singing Cole Porter. "You are an extraordinarily beautiful woman," he said impulsively as he stirred the charcoal. She replied, affecting the accent of Greta Garbo, "You should see the rest of me." He turned to her, her smiling face reflecting the torchlight, and knew that under the cover of the joking accents, she had issued an invitation. "When"—his voice was steady, as he resumed his work with the coals, which he now found himself stroking—"is the rest of you visible?"

Amanda laughed softly. "I'll have to consult my astrologer. Besides"—her head made the faintest motion in the direction of Michael and Sally—"just how much should a single man be permitted to see?"

"That depends on his reach."

She looked at him, this time allowing her eyes to descend slowly along his body. Blackford found it expedient to swivel to one side.

Amanda's laugh was now intended to reach her other guests: "Let's have another drink. Hey, Sally, Michael, time for one more julep before the steak is ready." Without waiting for an answer, she moved back and poured Michael a drink. Sally declined a third. "I'll do the corn," she said, walking over toward the grill. Blackford said nothing.

An hour later Sally said she had to get home—term papers to read. Blackford made no attempt to detain her. Michael, to whom the rupture had become apparent, said the usual chattery kind of thing and started to clear the dishes, but Amanda said to leave everything, as Violet would be in first thing in the morning to clean up. Michael gave Amanda the opportunity to suggest he stay on, but the invitation wasn't proffered, a totally inoffensive demurral, as that between two people who knew each other as sister and brother. Blackford asked Sally if she had brought her car. She hadn't. "I'll drop you off."

"You don't have to."

"I know I don't have to."

Michael and Amanda affected not to hear, slightly increasing the pitch of their own good-byes. Blackford extended his hand to say good-night. She took it and lightly stroked the palm with her thumb. Michael was voluble in expressing his delight with the evening; the others thanked Amanda.

Blackford nodded in the direction of his parked Chevrolet and pointedly opened the passenger-door side for Sally before going around to let himself in. He found his anger swelling, though he recognized that the booze probably enhanced it: but Sally had been, for several weeks now, quite simply bloody. He was determined to take no conciliatory initiative. So was she. So that when he reached her apartment house on Wisconsin Avenue, she simply opened the door, said, "Good night," and walked, without even a ritual peck on his cheek, to the front door, opened it, and let herself in. Blackford was still standing by his car.

He was hot now with anger, resentment and—he had known it was coming—lust. He drove down the street to the bar at the corner, ordered a bourbon and soda at the counter, and went to the telephone book. Gaither . . . Nothing under Amanda. A "Gaither" on P Street? No. Her number was unlisted. He returned to the bar and sipped his drink.

Blackford had the capacity not always

MALCOLM McDOWELL
AS

CALIGULA

“WHAT WOULD YOU HAVE DONE IF YOU HAD BEEN GIVEN
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OVER EVERYBODY ELSE IN THE WHOLE WORLD?”

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TERESA ANN SAVOY
HELEN MIRREN
AND
PETER O'TOOLE
IN
CALIGULA
WITH
JOHN STEINER, GUIDO MANNARI,
PAOLO BONACELLI, LEOPOLDO TRIESTE,
GIANCARLO BADESSI, MIRELLA DANGELO
FEATURING
ADRIANA ASTI
WITH JOHN GIELGUD AS NERVA

ADAPTED FROM AN ORIGINAL SCREENPLAY BY GORE VIDAL
PRODUCED BY BOB GUCCIONE AND FRANCO ROSSELLINI

PRINCIPAL PHOTOGRAPHY BY TINTO BRASS
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to *control* his movements but always to observe them with detachment. One thing he knew as surely as that the sun would in due course rise, namely, that he would succeed in getting the unlisted number of Amanda Gaither. He would not, of course, call Michael to get it. His mind raced for names of suitable friends in common. Why not call the old number? Oscar was still doing night duty, as far as he knew, and Oscar would give him the home number, for old time's sake. One possibility . . . No, he wouldn't call Roland Gaither. No, he wouldn't call . . . He could, of course, just drive back to P Street. But there was an arrhythmic factor there he wouldn't stop now to analyze—it would disturb the cadence. No, he must telephone her. What the hell.

He went to the telephone. He knew his luck would now turn to his account, knew it as a certitude. But he mustn't wrench the thing.

The voice answered—always the same style, giving the last three numbers dialed.

"Seven-three-four."

"Oscar? It's Black."

"How are ya, boy! Been a while. The missus was asking about you the other day. She always took a shine to you."

"Give Marge my love. Say, Oscar, I had dinner with Amanda Gaither—my boss's daughter; she lives at Eleven-twenty-five P Street. I left my damned briefcase there, and I can't find her number. Unlisted. Do you mind?"

"Well, I don't guess anybody's going to fire me for giving you the number of your boss's daughter; so why don't you call your boss and ask him? Ho, ho, ho, hang on a minute, Black."

Blackford's pen was poised. He scratched down the number.

"Thanks, Oscar; good man, I'll give you a buzz at home real soon."

He hung up, but went back, then, to the bar. Times like this, Black old boy, you got to stop and *think*, if only so you can tell yourself that at times like this you stopped and thought, right? Right. Well, have you stopped and thought? Yes. So he went back to the telephone.

"This is me."

"Well, hello."

I decided I would have that extra mint julep."

"So you want me to give you the recipe?"

"That's one possibility." Blackford had no remaining doubts.

Neither did she. Amanda laughed. "Come on over."

They went quickly into the bedroom, which was on the first floor, where the only light was from the embers in the grill outside. He could not see her, not yet, but would soon, when his eyes adjusted. He took her voraciously, and she responded with unfeigned intensity. He tried to slake his appetite, and she hers, in silent and passionate exuberance, and as his eyes and hands discerned the contours he had only up until a moment ago only imagined, he very nearly shivered. She, little by little, lost that trace of a smile as she turned up her head pleadingly, biting her lower lip, grasping him with both hands, kneading him now, with the insulation of the gesture earlier in the evening gone, the circuit complete. She gasped, and now, finally, he closed his eyes, the moment frozen like a stilled motion picture, and then he collapsed. She raised her arms and, tenderly, played with the hair on the back of his head, as if bent on braiding it. It was a half hour before she spoke.

"I'm sorry I kicked you, but when I saw you were a loser, I couldn't resist it!"

"Is it me, or are you just taking it out on Sally?"

He paused. He enjoyed hyperbole. But not flattery. As a schoolboy, he had had an aversion to any form of unction; he thought it servile. He came in on the question from a different angle.

"Why would somebody like you ever feel that anything other than you would be necessary?"

Amanda raised herself on one elbow, resting her head on one hand. She laughed. "Blacky, you're silly, but you're nice. I see your little analytical mind, I mean your big analytical mind, working, working, working. Forget it. It was super, and there isn't any reason—you're right—to dissect it. After all, I suppose I could have said, 'Was that you, or the mint julep?' "

"I'd have said, 'In Kentucky, this is how well-bred gentlemen are trained to thank lovely ladies when the juleps are especially good.' "

She laughed again and, with her free hand, began again to fondle him, traveling down the length of his body slowly, amiably, her fingers closing casually on their prey, idling, teasing; no hurry.

"Dad says you're bored."

Blackford, his own hands now engaged, said, rather distractedly, "Oh? When did he say that?"

"The other day."

"What was he talking about?"

"He thinks you miss your old work."

"In a way I do."

"But he says if you stayed on, he'd make you a partner in a year or so."

"Maybe that was as of before tooni . . . iiiyyyit."

The telephone rang. Startled, Amanda groped for it.

"Yes?" she said quietly.

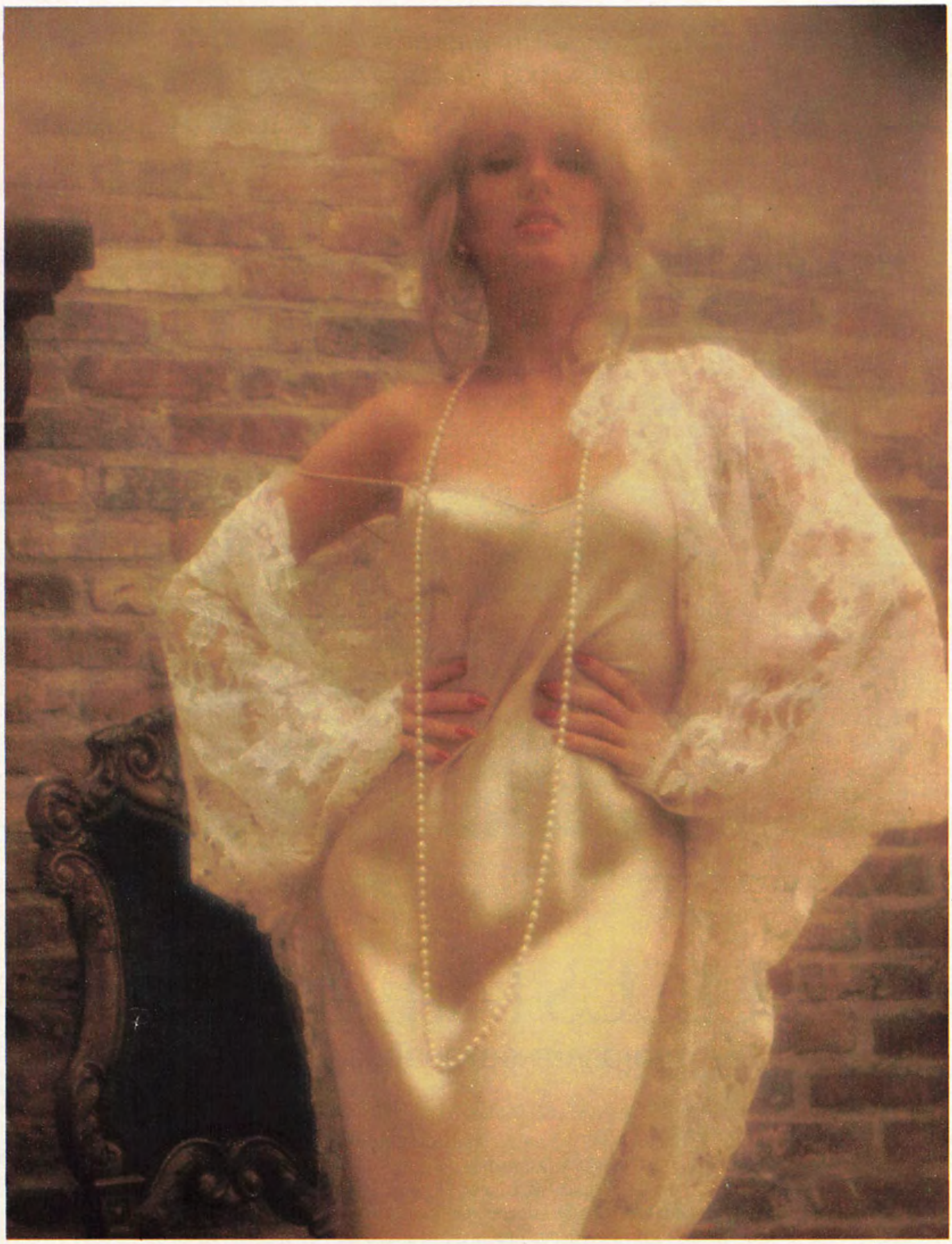
"Sorry to bother you, ma'am. This is Oscar, at the Agency. Blackford Oakes called, asked for your number, and I gave it to him. Against the rules. Just wanted to check. Was that all right?"

"Oh, er yes, yes of course. We're . . . preparing a little surprise for my father. Thanks for checking. Good-night."

"I trust," said Blackford, "we're *not* preparing a little surprise for anybody. Let alone your father."

She laughed, good-naturedly, content, and got out of the bed. Putting on a bathrobe, she said: "Let's go down and get

CONTINUED ON PAGE 174



DIVINA

❛ It's embarrassing, but I met my present mate when I was just sixteen, and I've never once been unfaithful.❜

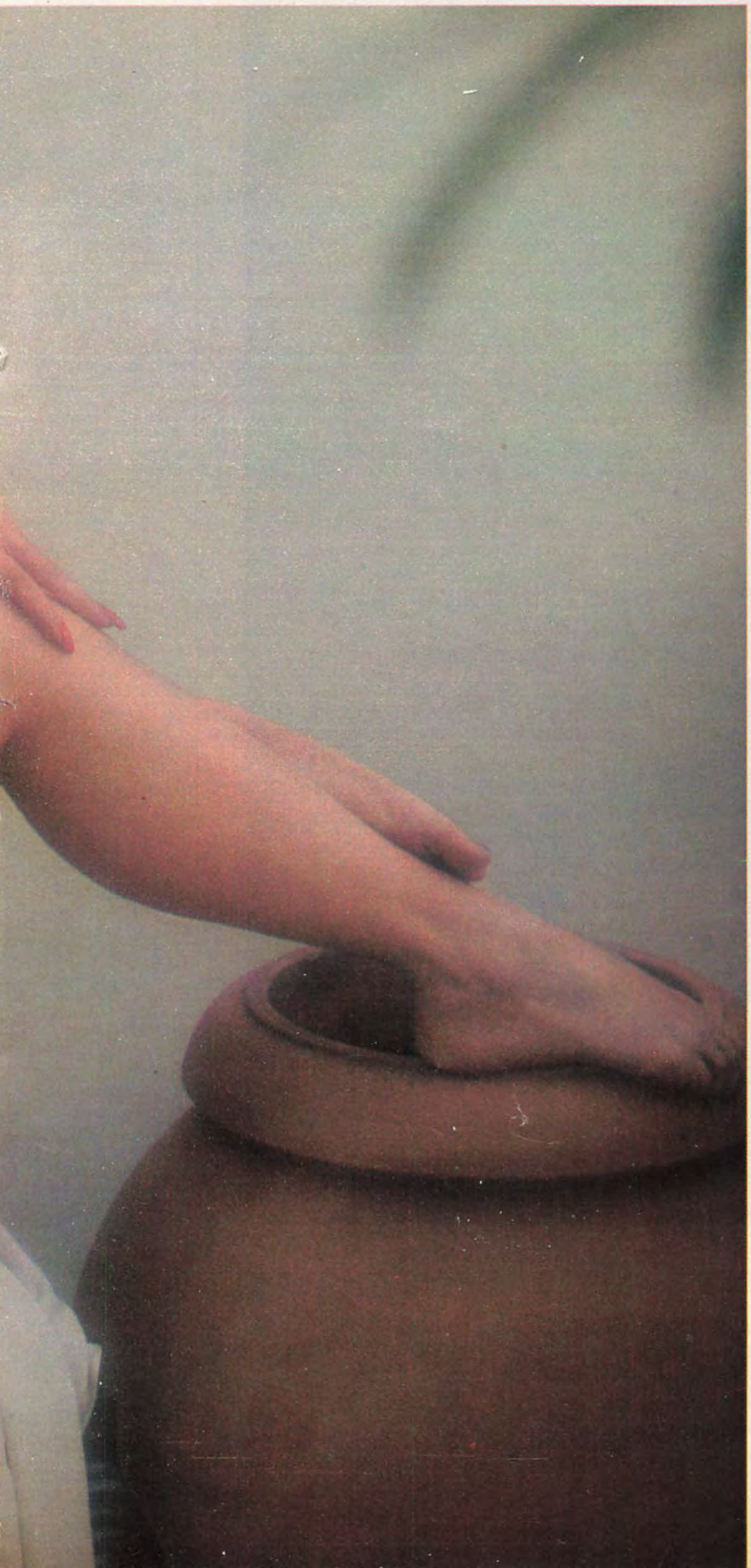
‘I may not be a brain surgeon, but I’m a pretty smooth operator.’

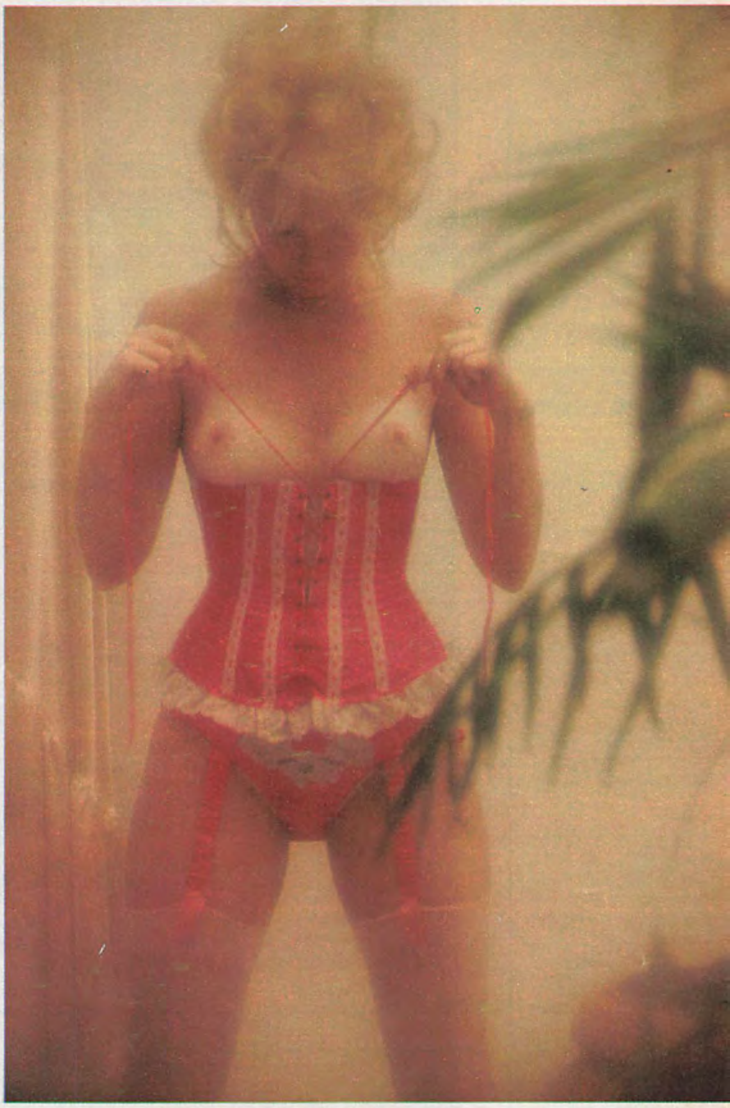
A FABULOUS FATE ACCOMPLI

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOB GUCCIONE

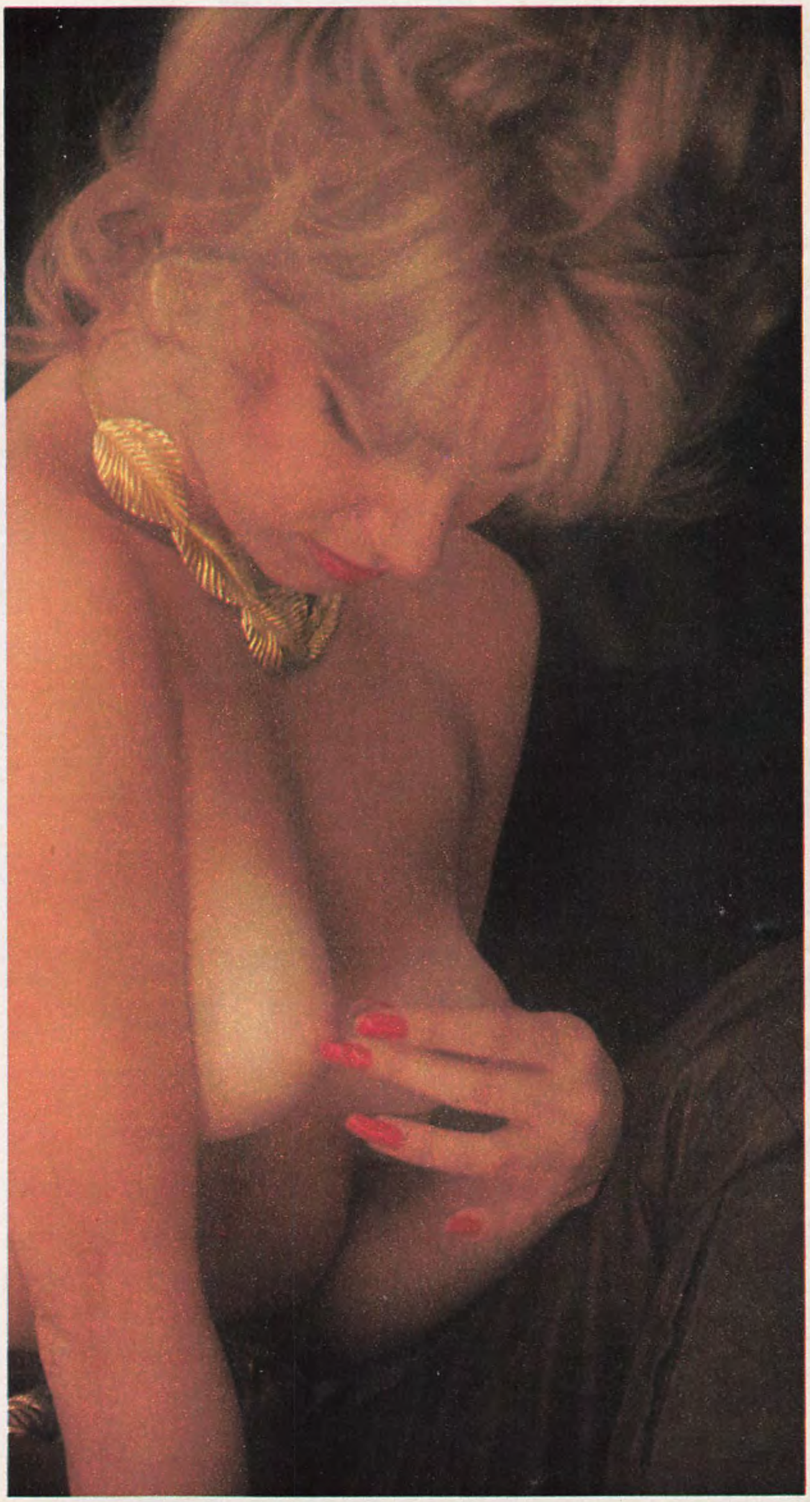
To bountiful blond DiVina Celeste, "Stop that girl!" are three little words that changed her life. She was modeling at a Baltimore Hilton luncheon when *Penthouse* Vice-Chairman Kathy Keeton spotted her. "I was doing a girl friend a favor by taking her place that day, and fate smiled on me," she beams. The rest, as they say, is recent history. DiVina, who's already a civic treasure both for her extensive charity work and for winning the Miss Baltimore Best Legs title one year, will be honored at a mayoral black-tie dinner to celebrate her being chosen February's Pet of the Month. "I tell fortunes with tarot cards, and I believe this *Penthouse* discovery is a fabulous *fate accompli*!"

You'd think she'd consider her china blue eyes and her incredible 35-18-35-inch figure to be her trump cards, but DiVina thinks brains and humor are her biggest assets.

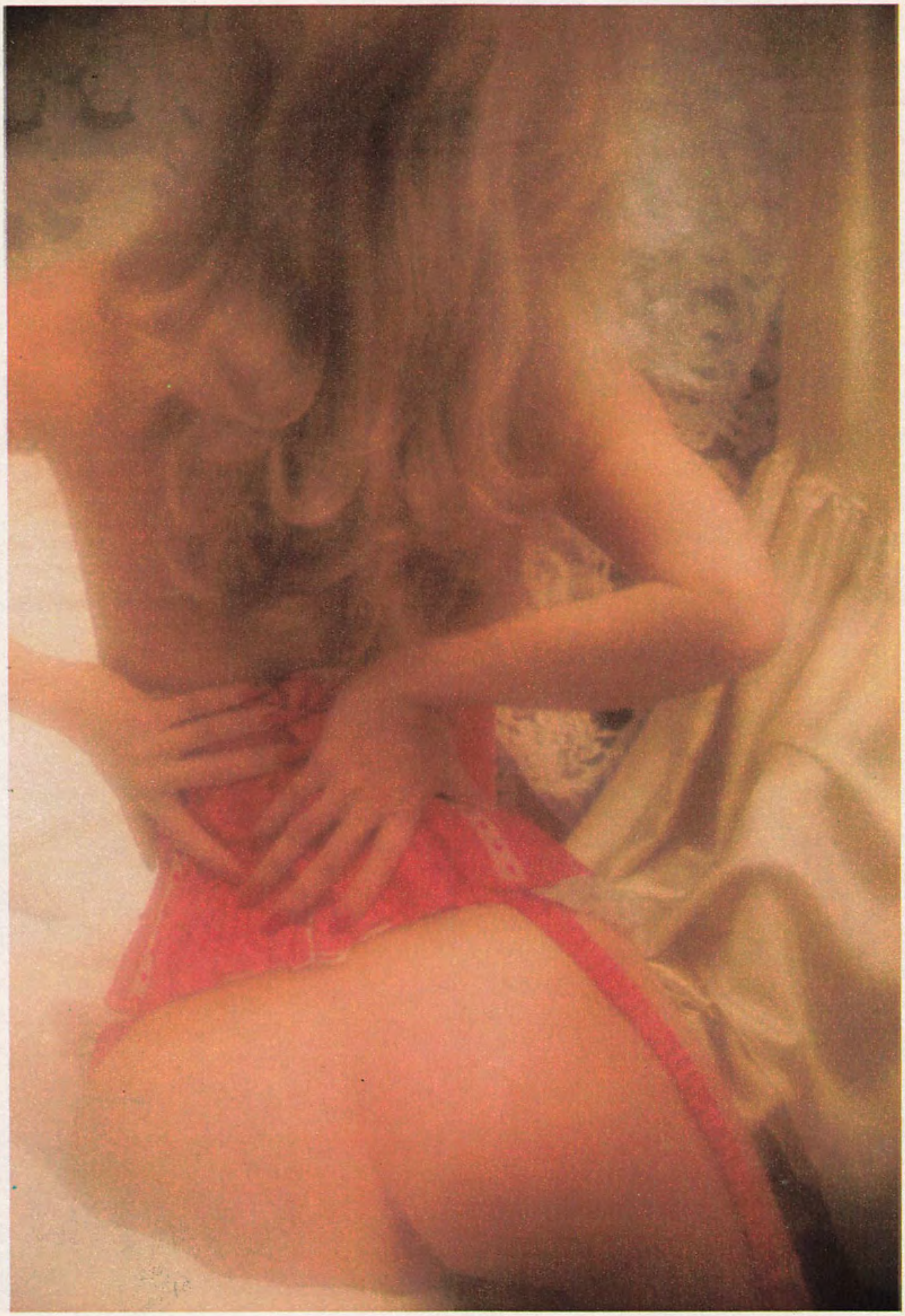




"I may not be a brain surgeon," she once remarked, "but I'm a pretty smooth operator." Also an efficient worker. She's been a business manager for The Coordinators, a local modeling agency.



DiVina was also a professional ballroom-dancing instructor for several years, something she still does on a free-lance basis. Needless to say, her dance card is always full . . .



But her favorite job was a stint as a magician's
assistant–getting sawed into
pieces inside a pine box was a piece of cake
for a cutup like DiVina.

Modeling nude was more difficult. "It's
embarrassing to admit
these days, but I met my present mate when
I was just sixteen,
and I've never once been unfaithful."

Luckily, she says, Bob Guccione was undaunted by her modesty. After four long days of shooting, our own shy Di emerged as a seasoned performer . . .

She's even signed on to do *Penthouse* promotion work full-time and admits to entertaining dreams of becoming a possible Pet of the Year contender.

Although this means extensive traveling in her cards, our Pet insists that she'll always remain true to her sweetheart. Perhaps, DiVina, but we won't stop hoping that–maybe–this joker is wild

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 82

for something I haven't yet had, but it's the one thing I want most in the world. I want to fuck a girl who is dead and already cold." Now, *that* is perverted *and* dangerous! That man will be a murderer one day! A madman.

But as I say, most men are not at all perverted.

Penthouse: Are there any generalizations you could make about the type of sex that your rich and powerful clients desired?

Claude: Well, it was always amusing to me that the people who were best-situated—the richest and the most important people of all—were often the ones who wanted to be sexually dominated. Perhaps this was their way of liberating themselves of all their power and force, of escaping from themselves for a moment. I was astonished, though, to see such strong, important, celebrated men behave like little boys with my young ladies. They would want to be spanked, be put to bed, be held, be laid upon a table like a baby. They wanted, I guess, to experience their infancy again. Perhaps it was a means of compensation for their adult lives.

And then, on the other hand, men who held lower-level positions in life—clerks, for example—liked to be dominant sexually. This was their means, perhaps, of avenging themselves for the mediocrity of their lives.

Penthouse: But most men were simply insecure?

Claude: Absolutely. In my opinion the most insecure men in the world are Americans. That's why so many American men prefer the psychiatrist's couch to the call girl's bed.

Penthouse: Why do you think this is so?

Claude: It's largely the fault of the American woman. Not the individual woman but her American heritage. You are a young people. Not so very long ago, on the American frontier, there were far too many men for the number of women. The women, therefore, dispensed their favors—in marriage or otherwise—parsimoniously. They were rare, and they took advantage of that. That was normal. But I think this contributed to the castration of many American men. Now there are far more women than men, but the American man's mentality has not altered. They lack, above all, *simplicity* in sexual matters. They're searchers. American men—and women—search for something in sex that isn't there. You see, sex is like a little Spanish inn. You find there only what you have brought with you. That's all. But Americans search and search outside of themselves. They think the Europeans have the secret. *But there is no secret!* We Europeans are just like you Americans except that we *know* that there's nothing more to be found in sex other than what we bring to it. That's all. When Americans finally accept this, they won't need psychiatrists or therapists any longer!

> “American men—and women—search for something in sex, something that isn't there. . . .
>
> The most insecure men in the world are Americans. That's why so many prefer the psychiatrist's couch to the call girl's bed. . .
>
> American men give themselves heart attacks trying to satisfy their wives, who are just never satisfied.”

Penthouse: What does it mean to have "simplicity in sexual matters"?

Claude: To know that sex is natural, essential, a simple need like food, like the need to sleep, like the need for water. That's all. In Europe, when we sit around and talk about sex, we *laugh*, generally. It's a bit of a joke. But not in America! Americans talk about sex very, very seriously. About fears and problems. Are they good in bed? Gifted? A little or very much? Are they doing something wrong? Can they *learn* how to do it better? Is there a technique they don't know? Americans are obsessed with technique. This is why they use drugs in connection with sex: they think that drugs might make it better, might bring them to that peak experience they're always searching for.

Europeans do not think like this at all. They know that it is all very simple. Some people are more sensual or less sensual than others; sex is a greater joy for some than for others. But it is not to be taken so *seriously!* Perhaps Europeans have fewer sexual problems because they take them less seriously.

Penthouse: Do you find American men sexy, generally speaking?

Claude: No. And I think it's too bad, because American men are often very handsome—often much more handsome than Europeans. But they don't seem to know it. In Europe the minute a guy is even slightly better-looking than his fellows, he knows it. But here—nothing. Handsome, but not sexy. It's a cold beauty Americans have.

Penthouse: Does this include American women?

Claude: Very definitely. Take, for example, California women. They are so beautiful. Wonderfully beautiful: tall, blond, great teeth, long legs, beautiful hair. Superb! I love to look at them because I love beautiful things. But! You see one, you've seen them all. A European woman with half the beauty would be ten times more sexy. I would say that European women are much less beautiful than American women, but they have something special and uniquely warm and sexy. In Europe a woman walks down the street, and all the men turn and look and whistle! In America they never look! I think American men are afraid . . . of many things.

Penthouse: Of women, do you think?

Claude: Yes. Look at the professional American woman: she has one eye on her man and the other on her watch. The professional woman will rush to meet you, park her car in the street for half an hour, visit for twenty-three minutes, and then dash back to her car. That doesn't happen in Europe. I think that American women are harder than European women. American men are conditioned to be afraid of them. And, of course, this fear troubles them, and that leaves them awkward.

Penthouse: In what way is the American woman hard?

Claude: Not physically. American women are so soft, so well cared for on the surface. In all the world, they are the ones with the wonderfully cared-for hands, the beautiful hair. But it seems that once they "do" the outside—once they look pretty—they're finished. That is not right, not the way it should be. They are emotionally cold, these American women.

In Europe, for example, very few women go after alimony after a divorce. But in America women become *savage* when they divorce. Now, that is not being a woman. You may say that's an example of a woman being equal with a man, but I say it's an example of a woman being a man's *enemy!* To be a woman is to give. But American women often seem to marry with the purpose of taking as much as they can and giving the least amount they can get away with. If American women were more feminine, there would be fewer divorces.

When a European woman marries an American man, it lasts, because she asks for less; she sees her man as he wants to be seen: as her provider, her protector, her leader. Men always want to be admired—and why not? The other day I saw an Italian woman friend who is married to an American. He is handsome but not very

CONTINUED ON PAGE 112

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ADVISE & DISSENT
OPINION

National Space Institute

BY DR. MARK R. CHARTRAND

The author is Executive Director of the National Space Institute, a nonprofit private organization. He is a former chairman of New York City's Hayden Planetarium and is a contributing editor to *Omni* magazine.

WHY WE MUST EXPLORE OUTER SPACE

Would you--and each member of your family and your friends--spend $1.50 over the next five years to get a look at Halley's comet when it next comes by, in 1986? Many people I know would, and if past public interest in the solar system, and in comets in particular, is any guide, so would most Americans. But you won't get a chance to. The comet will be faint, and the only way to get a good look at it will be through the eyes of a spacecraft.

Plans to explore Halley's comet have been canceled in the latest round of budget cuts. We shall thus watch the Soviet Union, Japan, and a consortium of European nations all send spacecraft to the comet—spacecraft less capable than what we could have launched. We shall see the comet through the eyes of foreign spacecraft while the United States sits on the sidelines because of its unwillingness to spend thirty cents per year per citizen.

This cancellation is just a part of the generally woeful state of our civilian space program. Over the past decade, while other budgets have increased, NASA's has remained the same; allowing for inflation, NASA is spending about a third of what it did in 1965. Other nations have not been idle, and what happened to Detroit is about to happen to our civilian space program.

A common misconception is that the NASA budget is second in size only to that of the Department of Defense. In fact, an amount equal to NASA's entire yearly budget is spent by the Defense Department in less than two weeks. Regardless of whether or not you favor spending more on defense, social programs, or any other project, even totally abolishing the space program would not add materially to these causes or decrease taxes per citizen by more than the cost of a dinner and a movie. Yet to reduce the funding by even a fraction of this amount will seriously jeopardize our ability to compete economically in the world.

Read this sentence carefully. Those four words bear the same ratio to all the words in this column of type as NASA's budget does to the national budget, less than 1 percent. Even in tight economic times a great nation *must* be willing to invest this much of its resources on the future—or it will have no future. To reduce scientific research now is to eat our seed corn in a time of famine.

We are living on past glories. The recent spectacular photographs of Saturn are from a mission launched almost a decade ago. We have built a space shuttle—a great achievement, to be sure—but for political reasons have underfunded it. To ensure its completion, past administrations have taken from other parts of NASA's budget; budget crunches of the past have thus crunched the research-and-development side of NASA. The

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political attitude of the Carter administration toward space was reminiscent of a remark by Calvin Coolidge in the early days of aeronautics: "Why can't we buy just one airplane and let the aviators take turns flying it?"

Today the Department of Defense's space budget is larger than NASA's; NASA launches more rockets for outside customers—including the Defense Department—than for itself, and altogether we launch only about an eighth as many satellites as the Soviet Union does.

The reasons why we should vigorously pursue a strong national civilian space program are many:

- Useful knowledge: communications satellites are so widely used that we cannot now do without them. Remote sensing satellites find oil, minerals, and fish, detect pollution, and monitor crops. Weather satellites improve forecasting and warn of big storms. Space technology produces such spin-offs as better suits for firefighters, X-ray machines that expose a patient to a smaller dose of radiation, pacemakers that keep people alive, radios that you can carry in your pocket, and hundreds of other items. Civilian research also yields military hardware, which improves our national defense.
- Employment and economics: the aerospace field is hungry for qualified employees. About the only sector of U.S. industry that shows evidence of increased productivity is high technology, including aerospace; this is also one of the very few sectors in which the balance of foreign trade is in our favor. M.I.T. economics professor Robert Solow has demonstrated that *half* of the growth of U.S. productivity is attributable to the advance of scientific knowledge. This comes only from research, often from basic research, where we don't even know exactly what we are looking for.
- Adventure: our people thrive on a frontier; that is how this nation grew. We have explored all of our world; now space offers an infinite frontier and a new sphere of activity for the human race, if we but choose to use it. While adventure, frontier spirit, and spiritual expansion are hard to document or to put dollar figures on, they are vitally important to our national well-being. The Russians realize this. They boast that the Soviet Union is "the shore of the cosmic ocean," while at the same time the United States remains landlocked.

There are several opportunities for private-sector efforts in space. But if we reduce funding to the point where NASA is no longer able to carry on long-term research and development, there will be no new technology for these private companies to pick up. Such R and D is something that private companies can't afford, because of the high costs and long payoff times. America became great in part by subsidizing the building of the railroads across the nation and by subsidizing the development of the aviation industry, which now carries us around the globe. We should do the same in space. Everyone will benefit from the investment.

A large number of people in the country favor a strong civilian space program. Polls show that the public thinks the space shuttle is a great achievement, that 41 percent (!) would like to fly in space, and that research and technology can help solve economic and environmental problems. A large part of the populace believes that we should spend the present amount or more on space research, and these are the people who pay most of the taxes and are also most likely to vote in an election. Hundreds of thousands show up to watch both the shuttle's launching and its landing; millions more watch pictures transmitted by *Voyager* from Saturn. Yet when 10,000 letters come in from citizens to the White House urging a comet mission, they are boxed up and sent over to NASA to be answered. For some reason the administration doesn't listen.

This is strange when you consider the following promise from the 1980 Republican Party Platform: "Underfunding of beneficial government-sponsored research efforts in basic and applied scientific research has disrupted the benefits of years of effective effort. In particular, America's preeminence in the exploration of space is threatened by the failure of the Carter administration to fund fully the space shuttle . . . as well as advanced exploration programs. Republicans pledge to support a vigorous space research program."

But, as they say, political platforms are for running on, not for standing on. Or, as economist John Maynard Keynes observed decades ago, "The public [are] always ready for anything and are as good as gold about it. It is the bloody politicians whose bloody minds have not been sufficiently prepared for anything unfamiliar to their ancestors."

Neither officials in NASA nor most members of Congress nor the administration thinks that the public cares enough about science and space exploration to speak out. We need to tell the president that even in tight economic times we *are* willing to invest this small amount of *our* money to explore, to develop, and to participate in the grand adventure of probing this new frontier. We've seen how the relatively small cost repays manyfold in economic and spiritual ways. If you agree, let the president know and let your elected representatives know, too. If you don't speak out now, don't bitch a few years from now when American companies have to depend on foreign launch services, or even have to buy their satellites abroad. If we continue to reduce the space budget and other research budgets from their already low levels, we will in many important ways become a second-class nation.

It's your choice. And the time to decide is now.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 108

smart, but she sees him the way he wants to be seen. She tells him that he is handsome, strong, and smart—and he believes her! But an American wife would have run him down, told him he was stupid. You never hear American women praising their men. They're always saying, "The neighbor next door makes more money than you! Why can't you do better?" American men give themselves heart attacks trying to satisfy their wives, who are just never satisfied. But European women—it's not that they don't love jewels and money, but they admire their men more. Americans lack a bit of human warmth. That's it.

Penthouse: How old were your young ladies?

Claude: I never took them before they were eighteen and never after they were thirty. At thirty they were already grandmothers. Let me explain that it's not just a question of age. At eighteen or nineteen a girl is malleable. One can teach her what she must do and how she must behave. Someone who is thirty can no longer be instructed. A woman of that age has her own habits, her own manner, her own way of seeing life, of reacting to events and people. So, while I had some who came to me at eighteen and stayed twenty years or even longer, I never took them any older.

Penthouse: Even if she was extraordinary?

Claude: No. She wouldn't be able to integrate. Impossible. There is a certain style of being a young lady of Claude. For example, one day a friend called me from the Hotel Henry V in Paris and asked if I didn't have a girl there at that moment. I looked in my book and, sure enough, there was one. "Yes, a large brunette," I told him and asked, "How did you know?" He said, "I just saw this extremely pretty brunette in the elevator and she had that certain *style Claude*. I just knew."

Penthouse: What is this style?

Claude: It's very difficult to describe. It is a certain manner. It is a way of walking, a way of speaking, of gesturing. These things cannot even be taught—they are inborn. One day a journalist said, "When you meet one of Claude's girls in the elevator at the Ritz, she smells of toothpaste and lowers her eyes." That explains it a bit. My girls were elegant, refined, well-groomed. They would never look a man in the eyes—it's true—for they had no *need* to. *Voila! "Style Claude."*

Penthouse: A Frenchman once told me that no woman is worth anything in bed until she is thirty. You disagree?

Claude: I think he says that because, normally, women are married at twenty and only begin to cheat on their husbands at twenty-seven, twenty-eight. By thirty they finally have enough experience to be worth something. Whereas my ladies had two, three men each day. They were experienced at the age of twenty.

> Bisexuality is very much in vogue now. There has been a big discovery of everyone's bisexual nature. . . .
>
> If you're happy with someone of your own sex or of the opposite sex, that's all. Happiness is all. . . .
>
> The need and demand for sex remains constant. Sex is one of the few things that can survive any recession.

Penthouse: What do you think of prostitution as an institution?

Claude: Prostitution is the oldest profession in the world. It will always exist. Of course, there are many different types of prostitution. There's the prostitution in certain, specialized houses where women see forty or fifty men in one day. There's the prostitution that takes place on the streets, and there's the type that exists in the bars. There are "call girls deluxe," like mine. And then there are the women who practice the most horrible prostitution of all, the kind that lasts a lifetime—marriage!

Penthouse: Isn't prostitution illegal in France?

Claude: In essence, it is legal without being legal. It is *tolerated*. The government closes its eyes to it, as do the police. Prostitution itself is not forbidden in France. It is illegal to live on the earnings made by prostitutes.

Penthouse: Isn't that what you did?

Claude: No, that wasn't what I did. I wasn't a pimp. I was an organization—a service. I set schedules, set rendezvous, gave people work. I was like an employment agency. I was exactly like a modeling agency. Someone is looking for, say, a tall blond or an ingenue, and I provide it and take a commission.

Penthouse: One of the conclusions of *The Hite Report on Male Sexuality* was that men preferred oral sex over any other kind of sexual encounter. Have you found that men prefer oral sex?

Claude: I think *The Hite Report* must have interviewed men in California, where there is the greatest number of gay men! There are more and more gays in the world, and California is the worst. If most men desire oral sex, it is because there are more and more gay men.

Penthouse: Were your girls often asked for oral sex?

Claude: No! It was a very easy thing for her to do; so she might suggest it. But I believe that the men who came to see my girls were of a certain milieu and wanted more than that. These men often tended to know one another. And what they very often wanted, above all, was to prove themselves—and prove themselves to the girl.

I remember one very funny experience I had. The ambassador of a Latin American country came to me after the first time with one of my ladies and asked me such a funny question. He asked me if the lady was satisfied! At first I thought he meant with the amount of money or the arrangements, which were very generous. But I finally realized that he was afraid she wasn't happy with his sexual performance! The men always wanted to know that they were champions—"good lays." There was a fraternity of beautiful *bons coups*. For instance, everybody knew that Guy de Rothschild, Jimmy Goldschmidt, Gianni Agnelli, etc., were *bons coups*. Very often men would tell me, "You know, I could easily become a member of your *bons coups* because I am truly extraordinary!" It was all very funny. And I must say, there were very few in the club! There are too few, too few in the world!

Penthouse: Why do men seek out prostitutes in the first place?

Claude: Relations between the call girl and the client are infinitely more simple than those between a man and wife. It's freer with a call girl. First off, she's pretty disposed to do what he wants—even to take the initiative—more so than another woman might be. When their liaison is over, she leaves with a smile—he doesn't have to worry about the morning after or whether he need call her the next day. These are *simple* relations. They can be soft and tender, but they don't concern the future and don't bring complications. Just infinitely simpler than most relationships between men and women.

Penthouse: Why do married men seek out call girls?

Claude: I believe that a married man cheats on his wife . . . well . . . because one cannot eat chicken for every meal. After a certain amount of time with the same person, sex loses something. Besides, men are polygamous. Men are born polygamous; it's only religion that makes them monogamous. It is uniquely an in-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 168

CARMEN

❛The water's caress can be as sweet as a man's, though perhaps not quite as overpowering.❜

SUNKEN TREASURE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EARL MILLER

Carmen Pope, the dusky beauty who debuted here as our March 1978 Pet of the Month, is an unabashed sensation seeker. Underwater swimming is her favorite primordial pleasure, coupling womblike security with the weightlessness of space. Next best thrill: drag racing her souped-up V-28 Camaro in the outskirts of L. A. Needless to say, even at full speed ahead our 38-22-36-inch water sprite stops more than her share of hearts.

Now a budding actress, Carmen has recently appeared in films starring James Garner and Tony Curtis. The limelight was frightening at first, but now she takes to it like a duck to water, learning to go with the flow.

She's also lit up the small screen with several television ads and has appeared on "The Tonight Show" as a Mighty Carson Art Player. All the show biz trappings enchant her: the makeup, the lights, the camera, the action . . .

Not that she requires the adulation of others. The water's caress can be as sweet as any man's, she tells us, if not quite as overpowering. With that, our sunken treasure executes an effortless turn.

Carmen is equally adept in bed, keeping herself as open to the right man's whim as she is to the elements. She'll gladly try anything once as long as it leads to explosive results.

At twenty-three, our Pet is still undecided about her future. She may become a glamorous film star. Then again, she might become a happy housewife. But regarding her here, we can only suggest that there's no time quite like the present . . .

The one constant in Carmen's life is the warmth and support of her large, close-knit family, which she understandably cherishes. And she also cherishes herself, for the most obvious reasons.

Finding this freshly baptized version on these pages almost makes us believe in reincarnation, but one thing's certain: Carmen could never be reborn in a form more miraculous than this one.

AMERICA OFF GUARD

In which we see ourselves as others shouldn't

BY KATHY LOWRY
PHOTOGRAPHS BY EDDIE ADAMS

NAKED CITY

It's a beauty pageant unlikely to produce another Phyllis George. And even poor old unemployed Bert Parks would rather go on food stamps than host it. You see, this is the umpteenth annual Mr. and Ms. Nude America contest, held at a nudist resort called Naked City—and when they say dress is optional, they mean it!

When we balked at such an untoward assignment, our editor pointed out that no one ever promised reporting on Americans at play wouldn't be work. But why us? we persisted with a whine. There was an embarrassing silence. This was August, after all, when any journalist worth his next six-figure book advance was ensconced in the Hamptons. Sighing, we shrugged off the insult and flew off to Indiana to see how the bottom half lives.

GETTING THE LAY OF THE LAND

Riding through the lush, green Indiana countryside, we see Ma and Pa Kettle pass by in a pickup truck; two blue-jeaned Huckleberry Finns cross the road, carrying a bucket and a fishing pole, followed by a shaggy Walt Disney dog. Further on down the highway, a well-scrubbed Ivory girl sells produce at a fruit stand. We're smack in the middle of Middle America, we realize—a land where Ronnie Reagan is loved like a Protestant pope, a place so reactionary that the prevailing joke is "Welcome to Indiana. Set your watch back a hundred years." We suggest to our limo driver—a Naked City resident wearing a yolk-colored T-shirt and greasy blond sideburns—that there must be some mistake. No nudity (other than skinny-dipping in a swimming hole) could possibly transpire in such wholesome surroundings. But then the car turns sharply onto a narrow, rocky road, and half a mile away we're confronted with a brazen new world.

A long, shapely leg lifts slowly to allow penetration. It's Naked City's plywood version of a tollgate, and the limo is waved on through, dropping us off near a building the brochure calls the Pleasure Palace—a gold-mirrored, octagonal struc-

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NAKED CITY

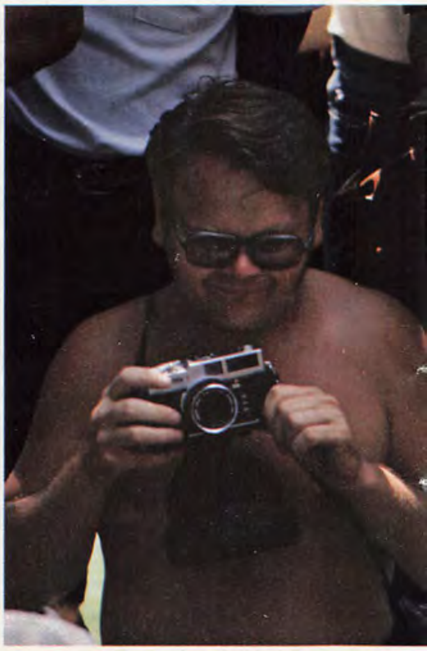
ture badly in need of a Windex rain. There's a welcome sign on the door, but no Bigelow on the floor: just a scuzzy wafer-thin black carpet that hasn't seen a Hoover in weeks. But then, who's looking down? Most eyes are trained on Dixie Doll and Gay, two sumptuously formed young women working behind the foil-covered registration desk, dispensing twenty-dollar tickets for the contest, slated for two o'clock the next afternoon. When customers grumble about the steep ticket price, the girls patiently list the luminaries who'll be on hand to make this a regular bargain: country singer Porter Wagoner, columnist Earl Wilson, and comedian Henny ("Take my wife—please") Youngman. Despite their delectable state of undress, though, these girls are amazingly demure, sweet, submissive. De Palma could cast them in a rip-off remake of *The Stepford Wives*.

It would be X-rated, of course, as are the short films being shown on the large video screen to the left, raptly viewed by a handful of men on folding chairs. Each one features a different girl but identical sound tracks and story lines: girl discovers do-it-yourself foreplay; girl pumps foreign objects into inner sanctum; girl cries out in onanistic ecstasy as camera zooms in for extreme close-ups. If these heavenly bodies were Saturn, we'd know how many rings they had.

Our dispassionate reportorial eye can't help noting that one starlet's dildo is a hollow chrome tube—part of the missing Hoover? Also, we observe that these budding starlets are surprisingly young and pretty to be in such compromising positions, prompting us to ask, *Why do they do it?* (The answer to this comes later.)

The small stage behind the screen is constructed of "naked" Plexiglas, as is most of the other furniture. Above it are

When one unsightly Naked City regular (bottom, left) began parading her goods, a visitor dubbed her Coyote Ugly. "If you woke up next to sumpthin' like that one morning, you'd chew off your arm to get away without wakin' her."



"My roll of film just rolled over and died," groaned one unimpressed cameraman. "Call this the 'dog day of August,' " one waggish onlooker said, wincing, forced to pay good money for a gander at women best left under wraps. All but Angela DeLovier (opposite), the delectable Oklahoma girl whom that same wag called "a surrey with a fringe on top."

suspended red, white, and blue balloon clusters and several American flags in honor of tomorrow's gala. In one corner of the stage is the huge stuffed animal used as a prop for striptease acts—a large version of the kind little kids cuddle in their sleep. What would the star of *Bedtime for Bonzo* think of this?

Just then, a triangular, mirrored portal fit for the likes of Darth Vader slowly slides open, and Naked City's owner, Dick Drost, glides in on his electric wheelchair. A paraplegic, Drost would inspire sympathy if only he didn't look like Charlie Manson's twin brother, even down to his long greasy black hair and beard. Under a dingy white sateen shirt, his atrophied legs and small, harmless-looking member remain unapologetically exposed. (Yes, they say he *does* get it up, which might explain his bizarre career choice. Also, having inherited the place from his parents, who founded this backwoods bacchanalia in the 1930s, he's dutifully following in Dad's bare footsteps.)

Introducing himself with a shifty-eyed smirk, Drost has Gay, now standing in attendance at his side, take our very damp hand. "She's my shaker," he explains, and the girl slightly jostles her pendulous breasts to lighten the awkward moment.

We're also introduced to porn stars Marc Stevens and Annie Sprinkle, here to provide X-rated live entertainment for the weekend festivities. Judging from the gaping stares they receive, Marc and Annie have the high recognition factor that soap opera stars do with housewives. One naked little girl with tiny, budding breasts (the chauffeur's daughter) approaches them shyly for autographs. They oblige; she exits, beaming, with her prize. (In our day it was Roy Rogers!)

"She'll be forced to get dressed pretty soon," Annie predicts sadly. "When the young resident girls around here reach puberty, the men start strikin' on 'em real bad . . ." We bet. Pretty nymphettes must be quite a novelty in this slimy Sargasso Sea of slack buttocks, pasty skin, bad teeth, rampant cellulite, and deflated breasts. Where, we wonder, are all those trim, golden bodies featured in "sunbather" magazines? "Guess they don't make sybarites like they used to," says Marc Stevens, grinning, well aware that with his highlighted blond shag cut, pearly teeth, and Jack La Lanne physique, he's the only hunk in the City. Annie is far more flashy than pretty, but she does possess double-feature breasts, big as water wings, which could keep her afloat in a rip tide. Accordingly, we begin to feel a bit seasick, especially when we notice a large housefly swimming around the algae-green Jacuzzi water; a fat lady wrapped in a Budweiser towel, picking her teeth with a matchbook; and a swarthy body builder who's assumed a karate stance near the door—a glaring, fist-clenching fellow you'd never jokingly say "break a leg" to. We're torn between mourning the loss of innocence and fearing for our lives, but Marc and Annie (who've been here before) seem to find the whole thing arousing, as they suddenly excuse themselves to go take a "nap." At least, we sigh, they love their work . . .

TO THE WOODS!

For reasons left unexplained, the press limo is no longer at our disposal, but Bob King, Dixie Doll's hypnotist husband, kindly drives the thirty miles to our hotel to pick us up the next morning. Driving back, he tells us that he and his wife, who works as a professional stripper, have been taking their act together on the road for two years without once returning to their Tennessee home. He explains that Drost asked her to come help out behind the desk this week, promising her that she'd have a good chance to win or place in the Ms. Nude America contest. "It means blowin' off about eight hundred dollars in gigs for us to be here," he adds, "but if she wins a title, it'll be real good for her career . . ."

At the front gate, a guard wearing nothing but a walkie-talkie, a holstered gun, black socks, and a white pith helmet stands ready to keep the peace, as do the handful of riflemen posted sniper-style on the Pleasure Palace roof.

"For big events like this," Bob explains matter-of-factly, "Dick always hires a bunch of armed guards. But even on regular days he's got one or two around—probably just for show." We hope.

There's plenty of time to tour the grounds before the contest begins, though people have already started flocking in early to get a good seat: families lugging thermoses, baby bottles, blankets, and toddlers as if they were on a G-rated outing to Yellowstone; amateur photographers in various state of undress; a large number of Orientals (porn is banned in their homeland); bug-eyed Jehovah's Witnesses; and a sizable number of white Protestant males you'd never think to call WASPS. It's a diverse assortment, but they all wear the sheepish, self-conscious expression of people committing, well, not so much a sin as a no-no.

We explore the grounds, walking down a winding dirt road muddy from rain the night before. Several dilapidated cabins with flaking pastel paint line the road, each with a wooden name plaque over the door: DOLLY PARTON, CHERYL TEIGS, LIZ TAYLOR, INGER STEVENS, MONIQUE VAN VOOREN, etc.—symbols of the corniness and seediness that are the place's prevailing mixed metaphors.

Further down the road we pass a large swimming pool filled mostly with homely naked men. ("Water, water everywhere, and not a drop to drink," we muse.) There is also a heart-shaped lake filled with goldfish and birthday-suited families. Several middle-aged couples float in plastic inner tubes, holding cans of beer or RC cola. Others barbecue hot dogs or relax in aluminum deck chairs near their vans or trailers. Put them in polyester, and they'd be just as square and straight as their millworker, trucker, or steelworker peers. It's as if the mold they're trying to break out of is a Jello mold served on Tupperware.

Drost passes down a nearby cement walk, his chariot flanked by two armed courtiers, and we notice that he's holding what looks like a cattle prod in his lap. When we venture to ask what it is, he shakes his head. "It's a se-cret," he hisses. Hmmm . . . Drost being a man who speaks softly but carries a big stick, we forgo any follow-up questions.

As we approach the BARBIE BENTON trailer, where Marc and Annie spent the night, a passing Jeep splashes us with water from a puddle. The passenger looks back, cackling good-naturedly. "Ha! That's what ya git for havin' clothes on!"

Inside Barbie Benton, so to speak, Marc and Annie are waking up with instant coffee. Mark lolls naked on a small Naugahyde sofa, as comfortable in his all-over tan as most men are in jeans and sneakers. Annie's see-through maroon negligée seems more daring, somehow. They make us coffee and talk about the night before. "First," Marc says, "this guy who's into swingin' asked me if he could just put his mouth around my cock but promised he wouldn't actually *do* anything." Annie looks up from her nail-polishing procedure, laughing. "Right. Like all those guys in high school who said they just wanted to rub my back!" Then, Marc goes on, Drost talked him into joining the striptease artist on the stage for a quickie sex show. "I wasn't being paid for it, but I decided, what the hell. So I spread the girl's legs apart like I always do in live shows and gave her pussy a little kiss. When I did, though, she jumped up and ran off the stage and wouldn't come back!" He shakes his head, still puzzled by the rebuff. "Turns out she was one of Drost's girls and was worried that he'd fly into one of his jealous rages. She was real afraid of what he might say." Or do.

SMILE—YOU'RE ON CANDID CAMERA

About 2,000 mostly male spectators have arrived—less than a third the usual number in past years—but the round cement arena is surrounded by onlookers enjoying porn star Carol Conners's warm-up act for the early birds. Mounting the drum-shaped, flag-swathed platform, she wriggles out of her bright orange bikini top, releasing breasts born for globe-trotting. Then, tauntingly, she pulls down the bottoms a little in back, peekaboo style.

Hoot-hoot goes the crowd; click-click-click-click-click go the cameras. With all the waving flags and the stars and stripes abounding, this could be the Fourth of July instead of the first of August, as the spectators declare their independence from God, mother, and country, and all the rules they usually don't dare to break.

Meanwhile, outside the pleasure palace, Annie Sprinkle and Marc stage an impromptu sideshow, surrounded three deep by rubbernecking admirers. Protruding zoom lenses poke at Annie like robot phalluses, and she loves it, pulling up her black Frederick's of Hollywood getup to reveal a black garter belt, a black stocking, and a black crotch simply adorned with one gold hoop. "That girl's got a *real* expensive pussy," leers one man, whose ten-second Polaroid is affording him in-

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stant gratification.

Inside the Pleasure Palace, though, things aren't going too well. Although more than fifteen men have signed up, only four women have filled out contest entry blanks. And of these, only sweetly pretty Dixie Doll should be entering anything but a plastic surgeon's office. "In the old days," whispers a man dressed as a Revolutionary soldier (set your watch back *two* hundred years), "there were thirty or forty good-lookin' women signed up. Hellfire, Drost would make 'em do—well—just the dirtiest things you can imagine, just to be allowed to enter!" Ah, the glory that was Rome . . .

Drost calculates correctly that in this land of low rents and even lower self-esteem, money not only talks; it bellows. Sending out the word on a loudspeaker that anyone entering gets fifty dollars, he has more than a dozen new contestants signed up in half an hour. A few are actually attractive, including one tall Tahitian girl and a young blond named Pamela, who plays up her resemblance to Bo Derek by braiding and beading her hair. Unhappily, other contestants include a sour-faced, frizzy-haired waitress from Naked City's own Adam & Eve restaurant and a fiftyish Naked City regular whose scarred and distended stomach—the texture and shape of rising sourdough—threatens to erupt like the dome on Mt. St. Helens.

The men are split between weight lifters wanting to show off and those with Woody Allen or Archie Bunker physiques who have entered for other reasons. "I just wanta see if I can keep from getting a hard-on," says one gap-toothed steelworker from Lansing. What if he can't control himself? we ask, standing at a safe distance. "Oh, well," he says, shrugging, "worse things've happened!"

At the last minute two *deus ex machina* breasts, bursting from a striped tube top, arrive—attached to a tall, twenty-year-old long-limbed blond with a very pretty face.

Owner Dick Drost (directly below), escorted by armed guards, surveys the less-than-sellout crowd that is signaling the wane of his empire. Despite his lawyers, guns, and money, a variety of charges continue to plague him.

ISS NUDE
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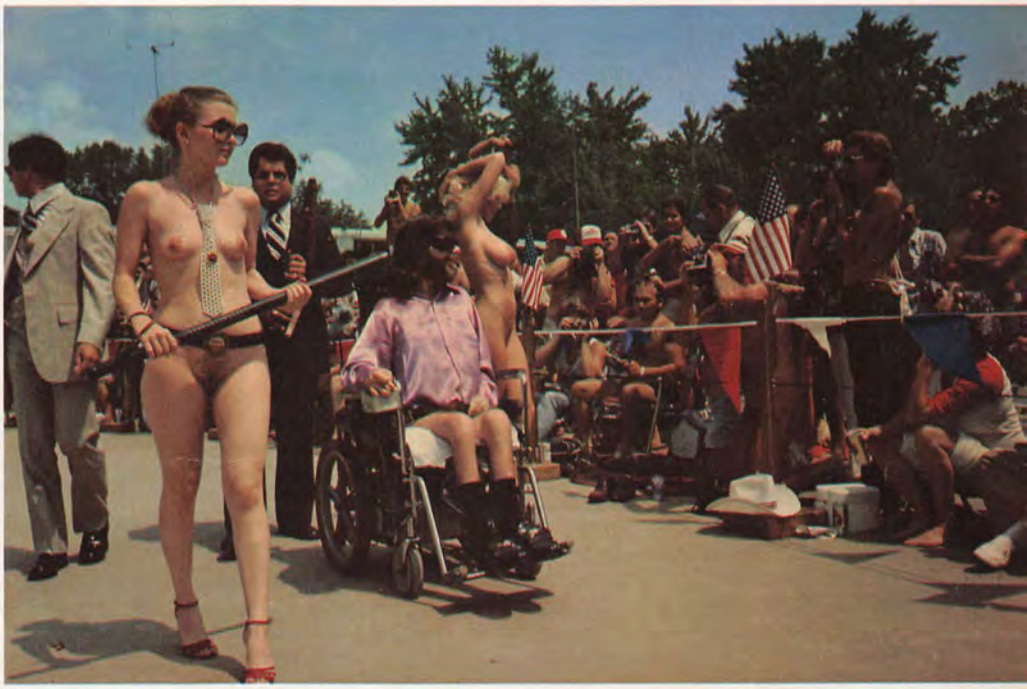

A recent high-school graduate, young Angela DeLovier says she's doing "nuthin' much" these days except occasionally cleaning apartments for spending money. She drove all the way up from Oklahoma City to be here, adds this surrey with the fringe benefits on top. An entry blank is nearly shoved down her throat.

The girls do some last-minute primping. Karen Kollinger, a tiny five-foot-one stripper from Waterford, Mich., brushes her pubic area with her hairbrush, apparently unconcerned about the contagious properties of dandruff. To designate the states each contestant is supposed to represent, the men are issued license plates and each girl—like national convention delegates—holds a balloon saying where she's from. Right under Ronnie's nose, states' rights undergoes a minor setback.

THE HOUR OF JUDGMENT

Porter Wagoner didn't show. Neither did Earl Wilson. Henny Youngman was there, but just barely, as we'll see. Marc Stevens, ready to be judged as well as to judge, wore bright red running shorts and a yellow linen tie. All were seated near the platform on folding chairs cushioned with bath towels to sop up the perspiration induced by the blazing August sun. Drost sat at a separate table flanked on the dais by two of his "girls" and two business-suited bodyguards.

To the off-key heralding of bagpipes, the contestants file down the walkway onto their own folding chairs, evenly spaced around the cement circle and facing the spectators. As Drost emcees with a handful of punning commentaries (Marc Stevens is not a ten but a "ten and a half," he says, and "Freddy Fender is here with all the other bumpers"), the masculine portion of the show begins, accompanied by the tape cassette strains of "Do You Know the Way to San Jose." Sprinting decathlon style around the circle, they bound onto the platform, holding up their license plates like convicts showing off their handiwork.

Even for the few men who actually put on a show, like the guy wearing a ribbon tied around his prize possession or the body builders sailing into Mercury or discus-thrower poses, the applause is as scattered and listless as it would be if Bob Dylan fans were enduring a warm-up by John Denver. For one thing, though these spectators are definitely weird, they certainly aren't queer. For another, the girls brazenly upstage them the whole time by arranging themselves into a series of camera-ready contortions that Olga Korbut couldn't match—and wouldn't want to.

One girl with hair the color and texture of a floor mop, wearing black plastic boots nearly melting in the heat, flops off her chair onto the hot concrete, flashing a wide-angle shot of her cervix. We feel ourselves go red as she goes pink, but the crowd eats this up, blissfully unaware that in this era of free sex, paying for it is deader than disco.

When the taped music segues into "The Girl from Ipanema," the part everyone has waited for begins. Wisely, Drost sends the clock-stoppers up first, most of whom have sense enough not to flaunt their ugliness. It's surprising that the crowd doesn't stoop to derisive hoots or catcalls or throwing rotten vegetables. Whatever these people may lack in class or sophistication, they at least seem dimly aware that people in Plexiglas houses shouldn't throw stones.

This isn't to say that the real lookers don't get a warmer (hotter!) reception. Judging from the applause and whistles, Dixie Doll is an obvious crowd favorite; the Bo Derek clone inspires several breast-beating Tarzan yells; and a short-haired, long-limbed former air force private inspires a burst of patriotic fervor when she bends over and reenacts part of her military entrance physical. Karen, the little stripper, humps around and gyrates as if starring in a Bob Fosse production and then steps forward and demonstrates her mastery of gynecological self-examination. Things, in short, are getting awfully racy. We glance over at the judges and see that Henny Youngman has fallen fast asleep. (No wonder he wants someone to take his wife!)

Like dessert, the gorgeous Miss Oklahoma is saved for last. But far from strutting her stuff, she's content merely to walk tall, wearing a shy smile, as if embarrassed by the richness of her nubile 37-24-36-inch perfection.

Then, while Drost gathers up the tally sheets to determine the winners, a sword swallower named Count Desmond entertains the troops. The focal point of his Draculesque costume is a lit-up medallion displaying a hideous spider gored by a tiny sword, awash in a dark splash of blood. ("That's my own blood," the count boasted earlier, as ours drained from our faces.) The crowd is polite but clearly restless, eager for the winners to be announced. Sword swallowing isn't the kind of Deep Throat they have in mind.

After the winners were announced, literally no holds were barred. Viewers and contestants melded into a tangle of arms, legs, and other extremities. Amateur photographers snapped up raw and raunchy photos that may well be overexposed but hardly underappreciated.

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Even as the count defies death and the male runners-up are named, the female contenders continue their spirited lobbying. Thrilled to distraction, the audience barely glances up even to watch the new Mr. Nude America give his victory sign. He is Fred Kolbert, twenty-two, a short, muscular Milwaukee man with his own window-washing business. (Later, instead of hanging around the pretty naked ladies, we see him wandering down a shady lane with another handsome nude young man. Could it be that . . . oh, forget it.)

After a pregnant pause Drost finally announces the female runner-up. Pamela, the Bo Derek girl, comes in third; she promptly appears on stage to receive her bunch of slightly wilted irises. Drost then proclaims Karen Kollinger, the show-stopper, as second runner-up. When she doesn't appear beside Pamela, though, a disappointed murmur ripples through the crowd. At last, someone whispers into Drost's ear, and the mystery is solved: "Ah, folks, she'll be back in a minute. Seems the little lady had to go inside to the bathroom." Some things a girl won't do in the woods, no matter how wild she is.

Finally, and to no one's surprise, Angela DeLovier, "Miss Oklahoma," is pronounced Ms. Nude America. But even as she's handed her flowers amidst cheers and yelps and whistles, her expression remains pleasantly detached, a heavenly body remote-controlled from somewhere in outer space.

Mr. Nude America joins her on the platform, and official photos are taken of the chambermaid and window washer who are living proof that, if you're willing to sink low enough, America is still the land of opportunity.

The ceremony is officially over, but the fun is just beginning, as the crowd rushes into the arena like fans after a Superbowl. Dozens of sweaty paws try to press the flesh of the newly designated beauty queens, and when they try to break away, it's useless. Wherever they go, they are trailed by throngs of crazed Ron Galellas, their clicking cameras dogging them with Secret Service tenacity. Every other available nude or seminude female contestant or bystander is also being immortalized on celluloid. In the crush and confusion, one strap of our sundress slips off, turning our collarbone into centerfold material destined for the underside of mattresses throughout the tri-state area.

Though Henny Youngman (bottom, left) remained fully dressed (if not fully conscious), most revelers opted for the ways of all flesh. Though hardly memorable, this year's Nude America contest will not be easy to forget.

The girls are forced to endure this until the Freddy Fender–Henny Youngman hour begins at 8:00 P.M., for Drost's parting announcement was that no one would get paid until then. He also added that Ms. Nude America will get only *half* her $500 winner's fee today—the rest if and when she shows up to crown her lucky successor. Drost, full of "se-crets," is also full of surprises.

It's seven that same evening, and there's disorder in the Pleasure Palace court. Dixie Doll is very upset, because it seems that Drost rigged the contest. According to the judges' tally sheets, she should have come in third, but Drost locked the evidence in a strongbox and refuses to be audited. Gay, his now disaffected shaker and a staunch friend of Dixie's, has quit in protest, giving two weeks' notice. "Most of the time when a girl quits," says one reliable source, "Dick just refuses to pay her, until finally the state police have to come get her money and get her away from here . . ."

The state police have other bones to pick with Drost. For one thing, his Adam & Eve restaurant, according to Health Department officials, has failed inspection several times. According to police, truckers passing through have been known to have their dessert topping served on a waitress's naked body for an extra charge—a revenue source Drost surely hates to be without. For another, he is up on eight separate porn-related charges, including distributing obscene material and sponsoring obscene performances with minors (in this case a fourteen-year-old girl that Roman Polanski must have overlooked). As for those astonishing video films screened in the Naked City lobby—well, they're Drost's own home movies. He recruits the pretty young girls in them by allegedly placing ads in regional newspapers, implying that he's running a kind of vocational boarding school for stewardesses. Once the young innocents arrive, hoping to get their wings someday, he recruits them for more earthy, grounded service: a Play Now, Fly Later plan.

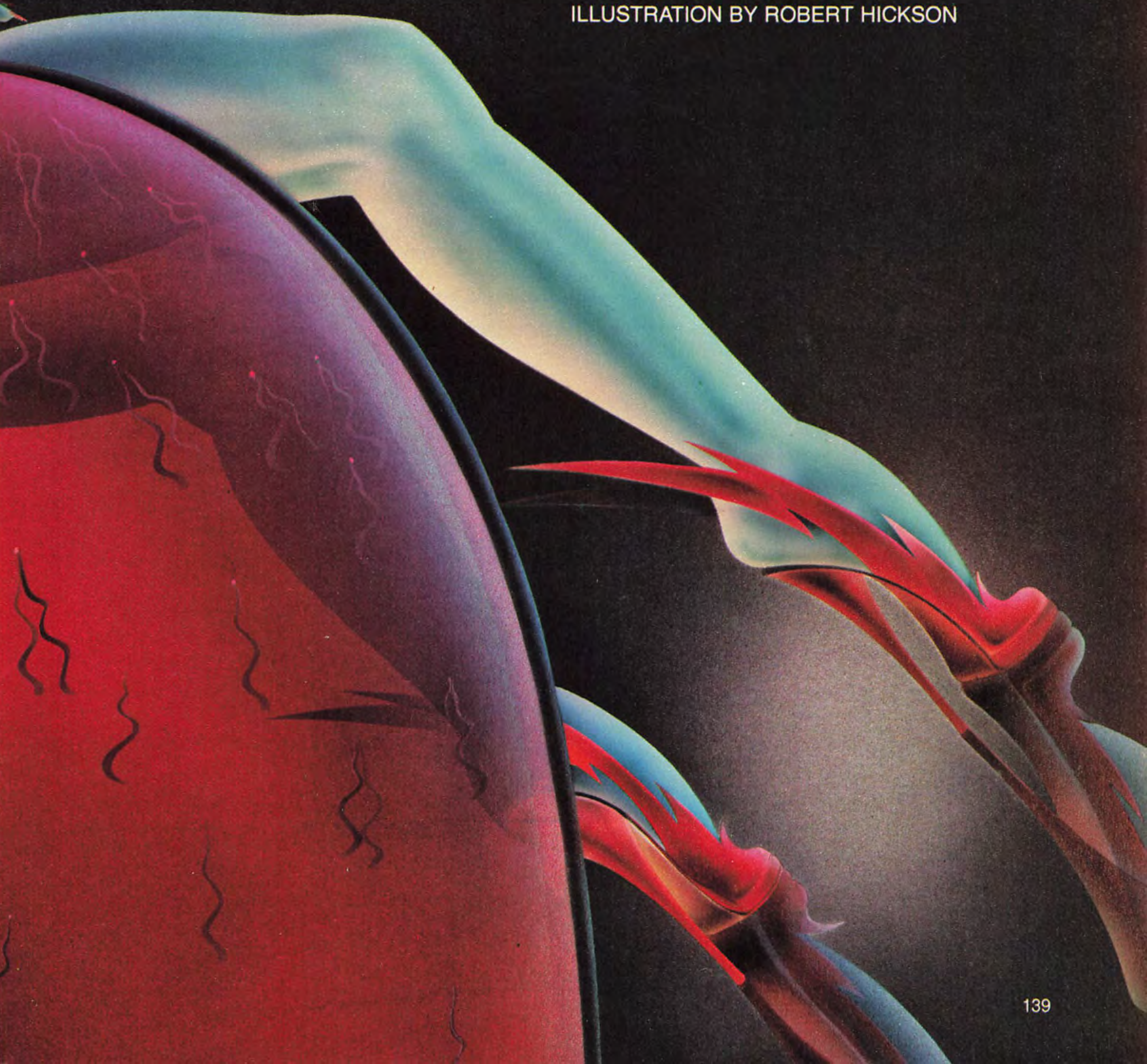
Meanwhile, back at the Holiday Inn, a curious desk clerk asks the obvious question, à la Johnny Carson: How sexy was it? Let's put it this way. As the writer Isaac Bashevis Singer once noted, the penis is the most honest instrument in the world. Contests can be rigged, photos can be touched up, words can dissemble, and tongues can lie, but the penis gets stiff if and only if it's aroused. And, readers, in all this forest of phalluses, one thing didn't stand out: that's right, not one single erection in the bunch.

The pills they gave girls on Pleasure Island
were supposed to make them
forget, but Colly was determined to remember
every humiliating second.

PLANET OF THE RAPES

Colly felt, and felt very strongly, that she was too young to be raped. With only weeks left till she took her degree, it seemed nothing short of genuine unkindness to be scheduled for a jump to Pleasure Island. A person is more than a fertility index, as she wrote in her letter to the Federal Procreation Council. A person has feelings, plans, priorities. A person deserves some consideration. She pleaded for just two more weeks of virginity.

FICTION BY THOMAS M. DISCH
ILLUSTRATION BY ROBERT HICKSON



Then, after thinking some more about it, she tore the letter up. After all, as Mama Joey had pointed out more than once, "Duty is duty." Babies don't grow from radish seed, and if girls didn't go to Pleasure Island to be raped, soon there would be no more babies and eventually no people at all. Surely a few hours of fleeting agony wasn't too great a price to pay for the survival of all mankind.

If only she had a better idea of exactly what happened on Pleasure Island. But none of the members of her utopia would tell her anything except that, painful and disgusting as the rape process undoubtedly was, you got over it. To do them credit, they probably couldn't remember their own rapes except in the most disconnected way, because at the very beginning of the rape process they'd all taken an amnesia-inducing drug. All their time on Pleasure Island was passed under the influence of this drug, and when they came home, their memory of the experience consisted of no more than a few lurid lightning flashes, like the isolated images remembered from a long nightmare.

"Which is a mercy, you must admit," Mama Joey had pointed out during their one serious discussion of the subject. "Why, think if I could still remember *all* of it! I'd always be dwelling on it. It would drive me crazy, worrying about the next time I had to go back. No thank you."

It was so frustrating to be left in the dark. Colly had never seen a man, hadn't even thought about them much, unlike some girls her age (a few weeks shy of seventeen). Those girls would stay up late in their dorms, spinning gruesome tales about men. Men without feet and arms who rode about in little wheeled boxes. Men with blue snakes growing from their stomachs. Men with metal eggs instead of faces and other men covered with hair from head to toe and even on their tongues. It was impossible to know which of these stories might be true and which made up, since all the men who did exist existed in Outer Space. There *was* a difference between the sexes; that much was certain, but just what it was and precisely how awful no one was sure of. No one who hadn't been raped.

"Anyhow," Mama Joey said, with deliberate good cheer, "why should we dwell on the gloomy side? After a month, at the most, you'll be back here in your own utopia, and everything will be just the same."

Colly sighed and shook her head. "Everything except me. I'll be a mama instead of a miz."

"Is that such a cruel fate, my dear? Aren't I a mama? Isn't Mama Bobolink? And Mama September? And Mama Cherelle? Believe me, it's a lot nicer being a mama. For one thing, you'll be able to vote in elections. And run for office."

Colly smiled wanly. She'd never been interested in politics.

On the appointed day Colly bicycled to the nearest jumpport, in New Jerusalem, and reported to the duty officer, Sgt. Maj. Mama Conifer, a brisk and businesslike octogenarian. There were forms to be filled out and then a final medical exam, followed by a slide show explaining one's rights as a rape victim. Then, one by one, each of the girls bound for Pleasure Island was zipped into a jump suit and jumped to her destination.

A man was there, waiting for her, when Colly arrived. He was unthinkably ugly. In part it was an inescapable ugliness, for his body was misshapen, his skin rough and matted with hair. But part of his ugliness seemed the natural consequence of an evil character. Through the aperture of the metal ovoid that covered his head, his blue eyes gleamed with the demented intensity of a caged flamingo's.

"Hubba, hubba," he said by way of greeting, and in reply Collie gave a single piercing scream and fainted dead away.

Ensign 73-J Hardscrabble of the Space Marines was on his way to his mother planet Earth, some twenty thousand or so light-years from his post aboard the S.S. *Gestapo Melody* at the edge of the Milky Way galaxy. Despite recent improvements in jump suit technology it was a tiresome, tiring trip. For fourteen solid hours he'd been doing backward somersaults past a series of bright blue flashes, each of them a unique paradox of the hyperspace through which he gyrated homeward. He was only halfway there. Sometimes, to pass the time, he would hum the tune of a popular new march, but the somersaulting made it hard to hold fast to any rhythm but the rhythm of his own head-over-heels revolutions. Other times, being rather religious, he would chant a prayer or medi-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 194

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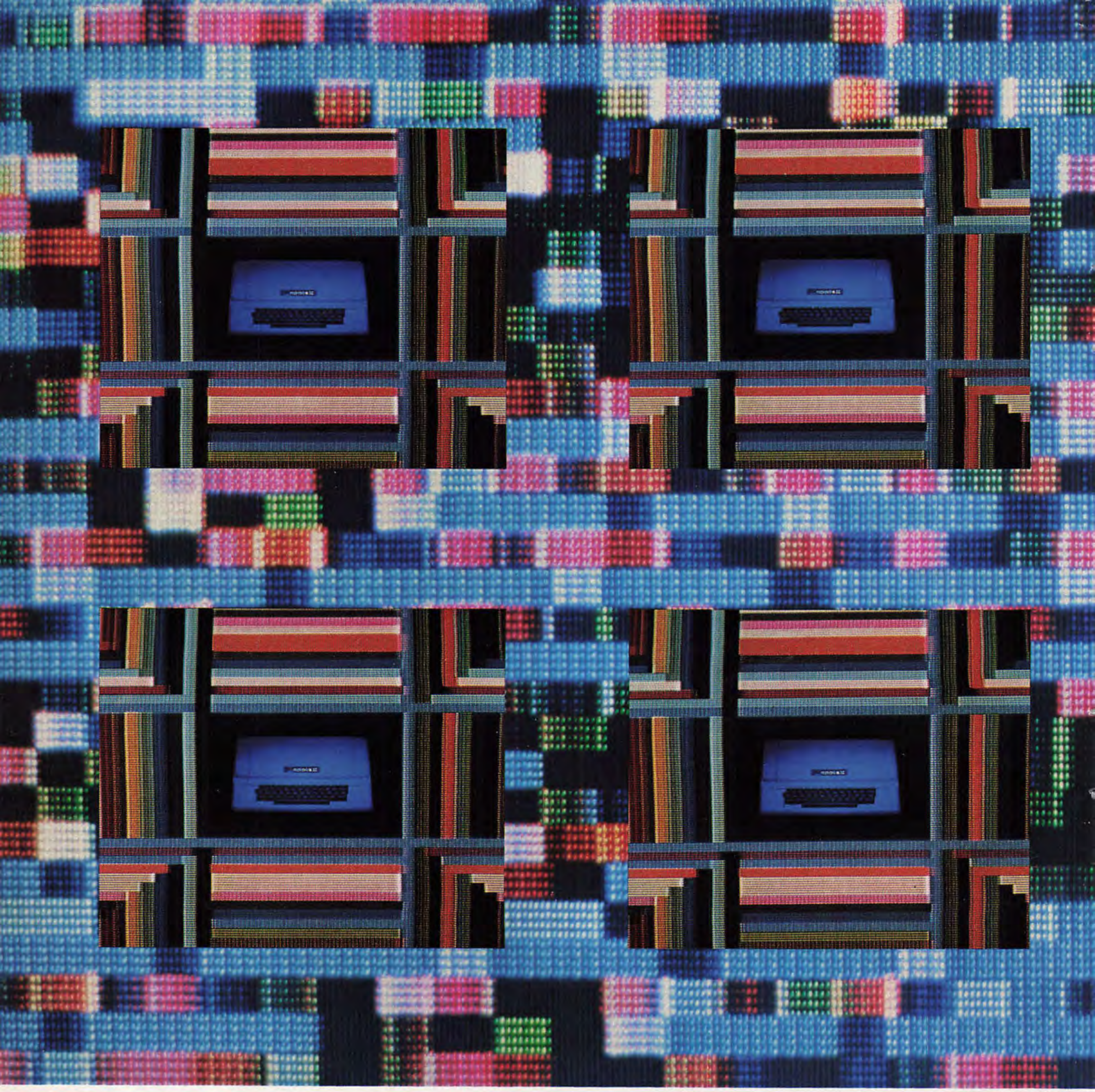
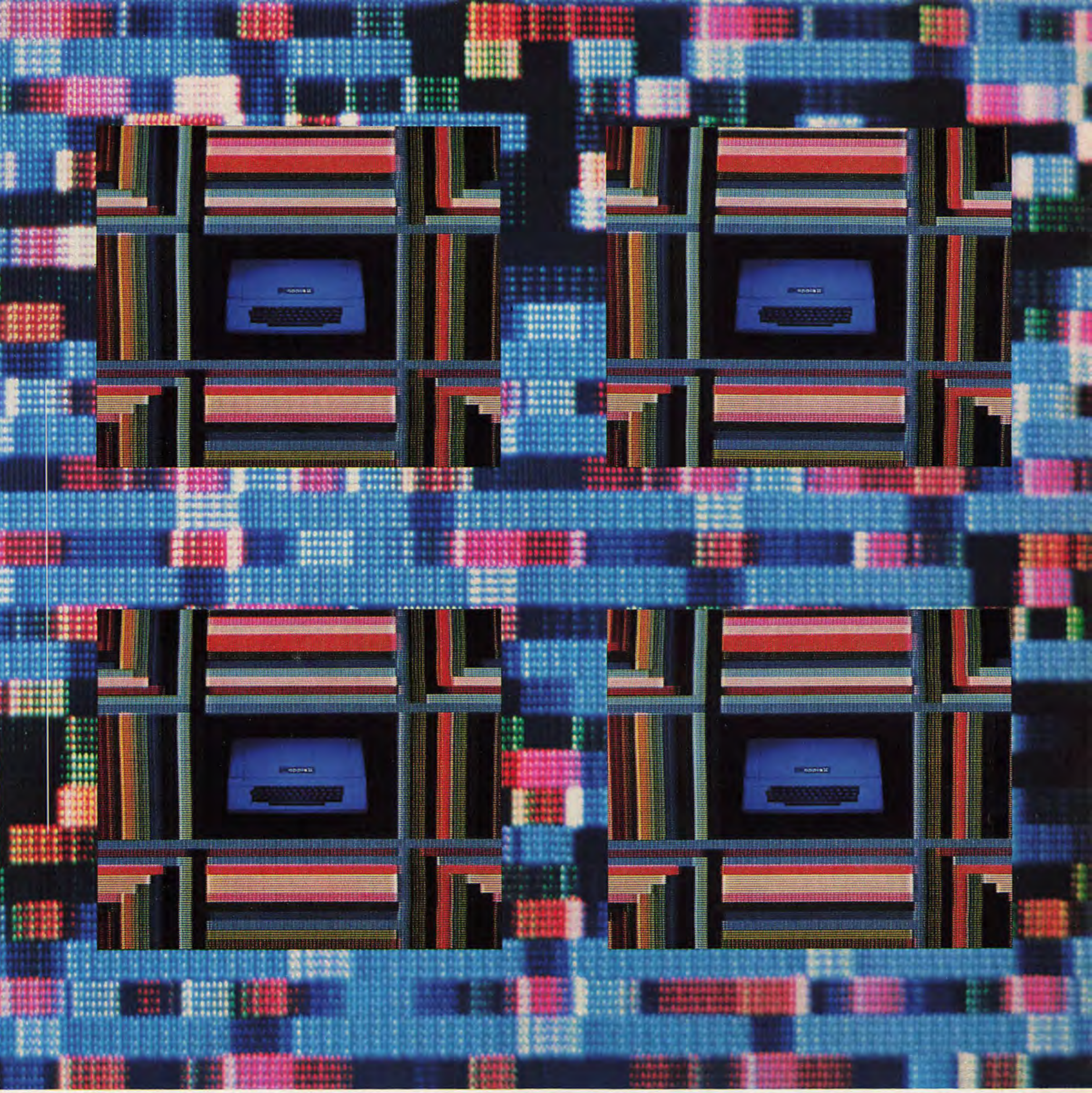


OF BITS AND BRAWN

Thanks to micro-magic, home computers now wait to serve as your mailman, banker, and watchdog. Plug in and be electrified.

BY GERARD K. O'NEILL

PHOTOGRAPH BY PETE TURNER



All of us who have lived through the past two decades would put computers high on the list of technologies that have transformed our lives. But in contrast to the predictions made early in the computer age, the most dramatic and startling growth has been in small computers, not in the big ones.

We can find a clue to why that's happened when we realize that computers, while popularly thought of as complex, are actually simple machines. In every digital computer, no matter how large, the ultimate piece of information is just a yes or a no—what mathematicians call a binary digit, abbreviated to "bit." There are just two binary digits, a one for yes and a zero for no. Like decimal arithmetic, binary gives weight to position. If we write a twenty-seven in decimal arithmetic, the seven is worth just seven points, but the two, because of its position, is worth twenty. Another place to the left, as in 207, and the same two would be worth 200. In the same way, the "one" in the binary number 001 is worth just one, but in 010 it's worth two; in 100, four; and in 1,000, eight. So at age twenty-seven you're 11011 in binary.

And we can memorize in binary anything that can be represented by a number—a letter of the alphabet, a color, or a musical tone. The sixty-four different binary numbers given by all possible combinations of just six bits are enough to represent all the letters of the English alphabet as well as the decimal numbers up to nine and certain punctuation marks. A seventh bit gives us the shift-key and with it another sixty-four characters, including the lower-case letters.

The dumb simplicity of ones and zeros leaves us free to store binary information encompassing any distinction between something and nothing. In the early days of computers, each bit was represented by the current in an electromechanical relay, turned on for the one and off for the zero. As technology progressed, designers learned how to store a bit of information in a smaller volume, with less power—by the current in a small vacuum tube and, later, in a transistor. By 1970 hundreds of transistors could be formed in a tiny chip of silicon. Still later, as microminiaturization went on, the chips got bigger while the volumes of the single transistors within them got smaller. This yielded thousands of transistors per chip—"Large Scale Integration," or LSI.

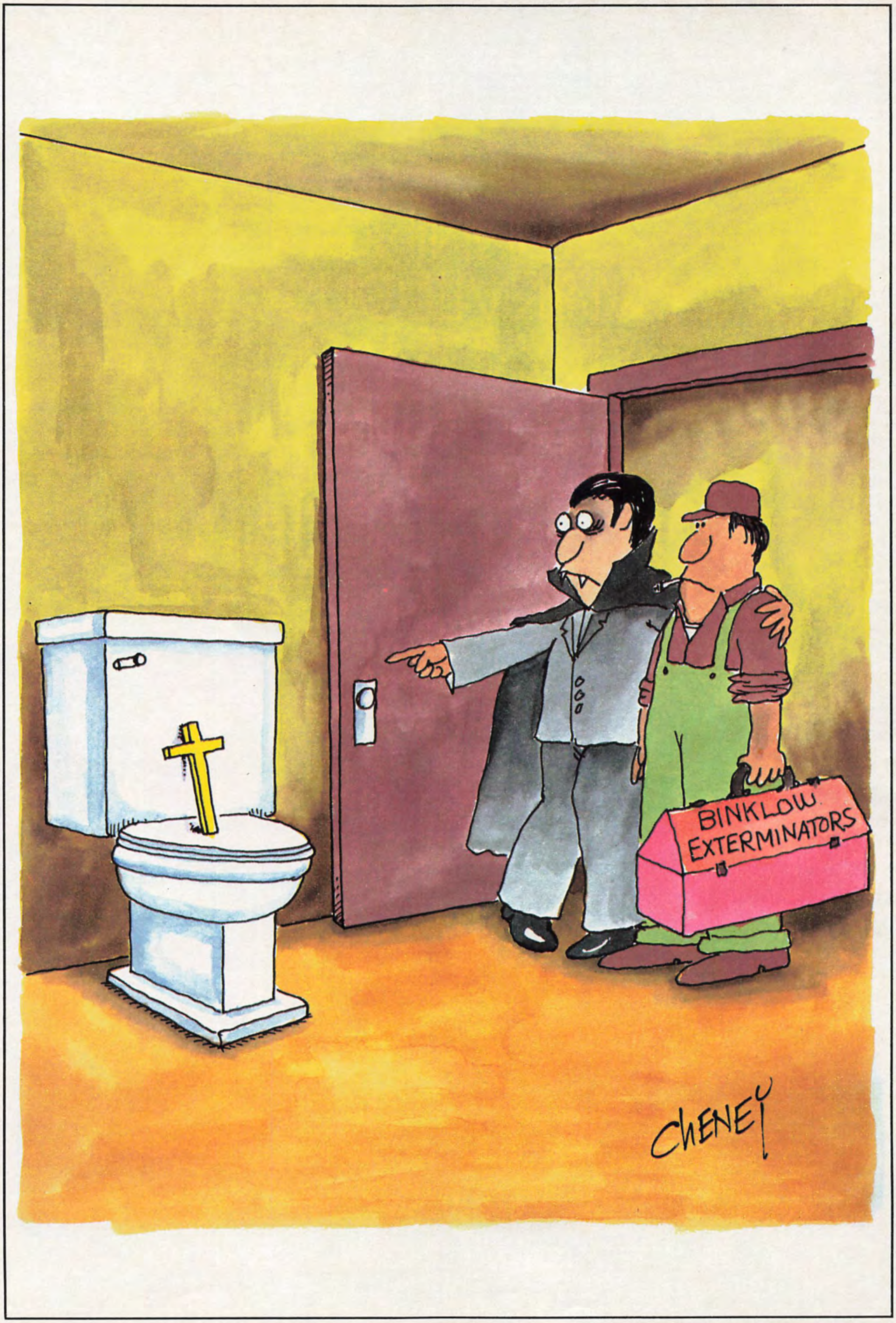
Information bits that are stored as currents can be "looked up" with electronic speed, in a fraction of a millionth of a second. But there are cheaper ways of storing information if you're willing to wait longer to get at it. The magnetic disk, spinning like a phonograph record, can store the binary ones and zeros as tiny magnets, with their north poles, as it were, pointing up for a one and down for a zero. Reading and writing heads, much like those of a cassette recorder, can sense those bits as the disk surface sweeps by under them, or can "over-write" them with new information. The waiting time to read or write is the sum of the time for the disk to rotate once plus the time for the heads to move to the correct magnetic "track" on the disk, like a particular groove on a phonograph record. Generally, that time is a fraction of a second.

When disk storage units were first invented, they were large, expensive, high-precision machines the size of a television set. But in the 1970s an essential battle in the personal computer revolution was won, when designers learned to make cheap, small, "floppy-disk" memories not requiring high-precision components. In a floppy-disk unit of shoe box size, a plastic disk smaller than a 45 RPM record, coated with magnetic material and oiled, is in direct contact with the combined read-write head and slides under it whenever the disk rotates. The floppy disk doesn't last forever, but it's replaceable in seconds and costs only a few dollars. Typically one such disk can store several times the number of bits that a personal computer can save in its fast electronic memory. For even greater information storage at still lower cost, there's magnetic tape, like that of the stereo recorder or the video cassette. But the time to get at the information on tape can be as much as a minute if you are trying to read the bits that are stored at the far end.

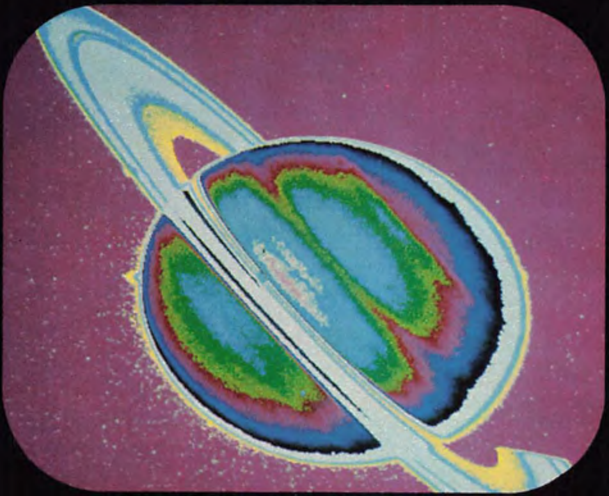
A computer needs to do more than just store bits of information. It has to be able to carry out multiplication, division, and the more complex functions of mathematics. Fortunately, they can all be broken down into a sequence of simple additions, and addition is easy to do in binary. For example, 010+010=100 in binary, which is two plus two equals four to us. In almost all computers the operations of arithmetic, together with the routing of information, are carried out separately from the memory, in the Central Processor Unit, or CPU. Early in the 1970s there was a substantial breakthrough when designers found how to pack all the transistors of a complete CPU into one piece of silicon, the "computer on a chip," or microprocessor. Silicon chips lent themselves well to mass production; so microprocessors, for all their incredible capabilities, became cheap. There's one at the heart of every personal computer.

The simplicity of ones-and-zeros arithmetic, combined with the revolutionary development of the transistor and its LSI descendants, made possible the personal computer, and in doing so confounded early predictions on how computers would develop. Experts had imagined larger and larger central computing systems, whose tentacles would spread throughout whole nations. The individual human being would have to tap into one of those systems to work effectively and therefore would have to become a part of some large corporate or governmental structure. In reality, big computer systems were and are built, but only in small numbers. Meanwhile, the home-computer market grew explosively as soon as cheap microprocessors and cheap floppy-disk memories brought the cost of a personal computer down to the price of a good stereo system. And small computers had more than just cost going for them. Compact size is an advantage for a reason grounded in fundamental physics: signals can't travel faster than the speed of light. Light goes a distance of about ten

"You're going to make me the happiest girl in the world with that?*"*


BINKLOW EXTERMINATORS
CHENEY

"STUNNING!"
"MARVELOUS!"
"A LANDMARK!"
"FANTASTIC!"
"DAZZLING!"
"A BREAKTHROUGH!"
"BEST THING ON TELEVISION!"
"GOSH!"



PEOPLE WHO HAVE SEEN OMNI: THE NEW FRONTIER CAN'T SAY ENOUGH ABOUT IT. WHAT DO YOU SAY?

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feet in a hundredth of a millionth of a second, and that's about as long as it takes the fastest CPU to perform one operation, such as addition; so, whenever a computer has to communicate over a distance longer than about ten feet, it has to wait for a reply and is slowed down correspondingly. Even where cost is no object, this favors compact computers working locally over big computers transferring information over an entire country. Early in 1981 one of the biggest insurance companies made a $70 million decision for just that reason: it ordered more than a thousand compact computers, to equip every one of its offices, rather than concentrate all its computing power at one location.

The most profound result of the personal-computer revolution is the extra power it has given to the individual human being. So far we've seen only modest examples of that increased power, but it's still growing. With the personal computer, one can keep track of one's bank account and, with a few minutes of programming, can check whether the bank's much larger computer is calculating one's overdraft or one's mortage payment correctly. But when an individual dares to venture into entrepreneurship of any kind, the power of the personal computer really begins to show. A small system about half the price of a new car can do all the bookkeeping for a company that does up to a million dollars a year in business. That computer can keep track of inventories and customer accounts and can make projections of profit and loss that the entrepreneur needs if he's going to make decisions correctly and stay in business. Word-processor programs available for personal computers enable secretaries with limited training, or even the boss himself, to edit and correct correspondence until it's free of errors and ready to be typed out from the computer's memory directly to a printer. With such programs one can also find within seconds every occurrence of a particular word or name among thousands of words of text. A decade hence, personal computers will be smart enough to check your spelling as well.

Any small business that's going to be successful has to tap into a library of fast-changing information, usually one including data from the wire services and on stock prices, airline schedules, and the weather. And for economy the small businessman has to do all that without the expensive travel offices and ticker tape machines that the bigger companies can afford. Such data, augmented even by lists of good restaurants in hundreds of cities, can be called up by the small-computer owner through a "modem" (modulator/demodulator) unit, which attaches to his phone and translates the ones and zeros of computer bits into oscillating signals that the phone system can handle. Specialized data-bank firms now compete to provide up-to-the-minute information to the personal-computer owner by way of modems, and they charge only a nominal monthly fee plus a "connection charge" for the minutes the user has been tied in to the time-shared system. And those data are available twenty-four hours per day, not just in the one-to-five period, when a big company's office staff is on hand.

As home computer systems are augmented by modems, more and more small businesses and even private individuals are using their computers for electronic mail, in preference to the slow, uncertain, and ever more expensive federal postal service. The computer owner can compose a letter by using his word-processor program, then press just two keys to direct it to any of a hundred addressees whose phone numbers were stored earlier. He then leaves his computer unattended, and hours afterward, at late-night rates, it dials the addressee's phone number and transmits the letter. When the message has been received, both computers "hang up" their phones automatically, and next morning the addressee finds the letter recorded on his own computer's floppy-disk, ready to be printed out on his own printer.

The hardware and programs for electronic mail already exist as inexpensive consumer products, and many thousands of such systems are already in use. By my estimation, a decade from now they will number in the millions. Their speed of transmission is limited by the range of frequencies the phone lines can handle, but ordinary lines can transmit a full page of double-spaced typewritten text in just over half a minute. At off-peak telephone rates, a typical business letter can be sent across the country for about the cost of a first-class stamp.

The personal computer has all these capabilities already, but in the next decade I'm sure it will be augmented by add-on hardware and program packages that will connect to a home alarm system. If a break-in occurs, the computer will immediately dial the police or a list of neighbors—and will report even which window or door the burglar is trying to open. And for times when the owner is peacefully at home, listening to the radio or watching television, the computer will, if asked, delete the commercials. With some add-on sensors and controls, it will also remember to turn off lights and close heating vents in unused rooms.

The proliferation of new services for the personal computer owner will snowball as more of these fascinating and useful machines are sold. Already that market is so big that new devices and programs are invariably developed first for personal computers and only afterward, if at all, for the large computers that corporations use. With all their capabilities, personal computers are making it truly a fine time to set up a one-man company or small business with a few employees, and there's every prospect that they'll also make our homes safer, pleasanter, and more energy-efficient. And by the way, in case you're tired of working: they'll still play games.

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SLAMDANCING

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 78

Road in London and the Ramones kicked it up in New York, Los Angelenos were still oohing and ahhing to the laid-back rock of Jackson Browne, Linda Ronstadt, and the Eagles. Meanwhile, the original anger of the English working class that shaped punk rock was being harnessed and broken by its own commercial success.

"So now Leonard Bernstein kisses Patti Smith, museums are eyeing punk artifacts, Macy's markets prefab punk fashions, and you're reading this book" is the way a 1978 book titled *Punk* described the scene. Punk success was an enigma. A paradox. It was, by definition, self-destruction. When the Sex Pistols broke up after their first American tour, Johnny Rotten cited a disdain for popular successes. "People were trying to make us a big band," he said, "like the Rolling Stones or something." So punk died. Except in L.A.

"It doesn't take much to make a revolution in Hollywood."—Pauline Kael.

In the beginning, there were some forty people and a place called the Masque. The Masque was a club tucked away in an attic in Hollywood—L.A.'s version of Times Square. It cost a quarter to get in. The bands were the Screamers, the Weirdos, and the Germs.

Punk had finally penetrated L.A.'s thick, suntanned skin. Sure, it was underground. But like an unwanted boil under Hollywood's pampered skin, it soon came to the surface, bursting onto the streets of L.A. with a *new* kind of anger. While punks in the original scene in London playacted a lot of bizarre and deadly games, punks in the L.A. scene accepted them as real. And there's no aspect of L.A. punk that has picked up on the essential need to self-destruct quite the way the beach punks have.

L.A.'s current punk identity arrived, then, in a wave—a new wave, of sorts—from Beach towns like Newport, Redondo, and Huntington. The bands had names like Agent Orange, Fear, Black Flag, the Circle Jerks, and the Castration Squad. Their music, wrote *Penthouse* critic Robert Palmer, was "hard, fast, and loud." It had lyrics like "I don't care about you/Fuck you" (Fear); "We're tired of getting screwed" (Black Flag); and "We're desperate/Get used to it" (X). Palmer noted that with the arrival of these beach bands and their ganglike fans in Hollywood, "the neighborhoods around several Los Angeles clubs that feature punk rock have become war zones."

Today, in the tradition of the original punk movement, the L.A. scene is on the verge of self-destruction. And it's chosen the most violent path possible. Punk rock has turned into snuff rock. In the absence of significant commercial success, the L.A. skinheads are simply doing themselves in. Call it punk *Dämmerung,* a twilight of punk.

"I could never get used to it," says Mitzi. "He didn't just hit me. He would try to kill me."

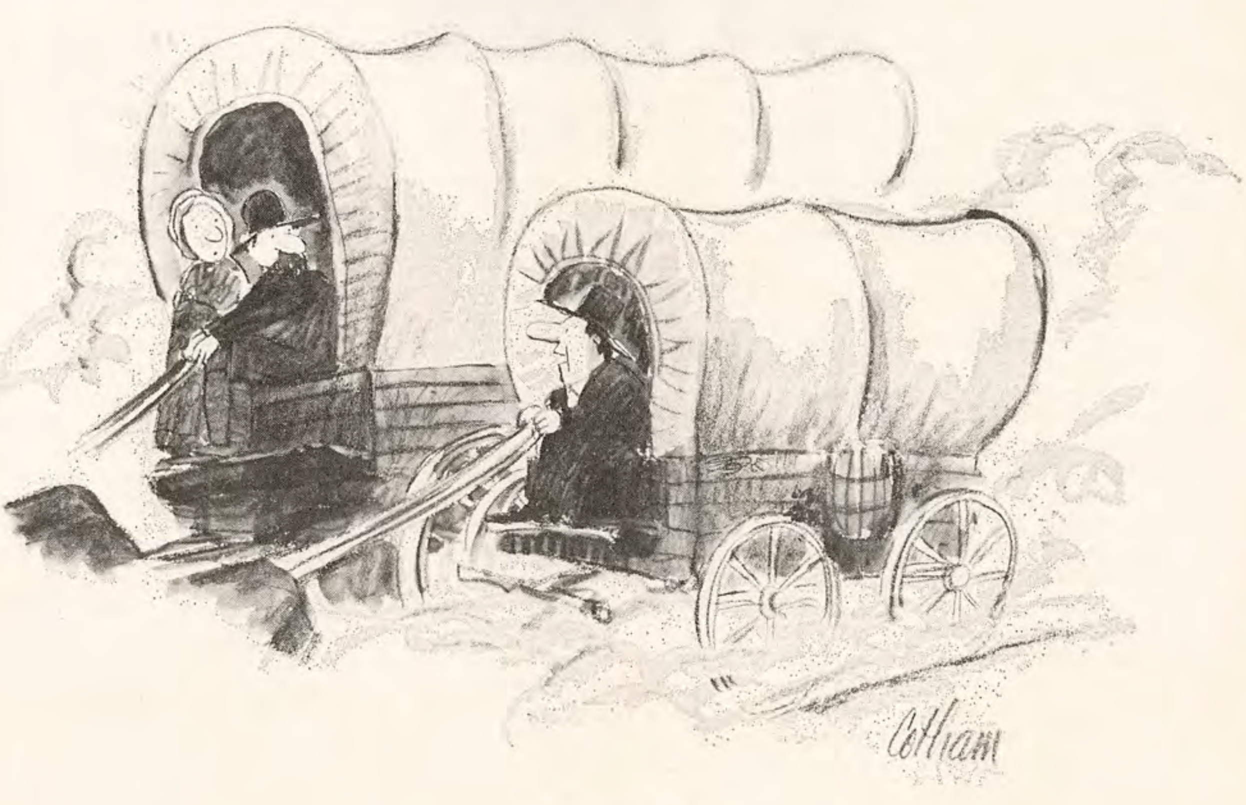
Mitzi is sitting in a kitchen at a Hollywood party, clenching and unclenching her fist. A short, plain girl with cropped black hair, black shirt, pants, boots, and a leather jacket, she talks with a firm, even voice about an ex-lover. Mitzi has beautiful, emerald eyes that make you think that maybe she isn't plain at all. But she's practically blind. And she says that the only time she takes her thick, black-rimmed glasses off is to make love.

"He was no bigger than me," says Mitzi. "That's how I got my leather jacket."

"Well, at least you got something out of this guy besides the scars," says her friend Daphne.

"I was letting the fuckin' creep stay at my house. I was fuckin' supporting him," Mitzi says, placing both of her fists firmly on the table, staring off in the distance. "So he beats me up. Punches me in the back. The last time he was standing over me on the bed, hitting me with his studded

CONTINUED ON PAGE 156



"It's an import!"

The Penthouse Humor Department braves a
winter in the (original) Borscht Belt to bring you a firsthand report

FROM RUSSIA WITH IRREVERENCE

SATIRE BY BILL LEE
(Reporting from the Soviet Union)

"Oh, my God, Bill, you're a spy!" That damning gasp of a sentence wheezed its way through Olga's clenched teeth and trembling lips as she hastily backpeddled away from me; at the time we were standing on the crowded second tier of Russia's famous "GUM" (pronounced *goom*) department store. A Red Sea of terrified Muscovites parted in her wake as she squeezed the dusty iron railing for support in her sternward shuffle. A fifty-yard curtain of electrified air formed between us; wide-eyed crowds of local shoppers bobbed in and out of our line of fire. At this point I froze, both hands glued to my camera. I'd screwed up, taken one snapshot too many. The borscht had hit the fan.

I wondered about the English language capabilities of the KGB agent who followed us from the hotel or, for that matter, anyone else within earshot of Olga's accusation. Shove your brain into overdrive; think fast, Billy, or (as my old U.S Army sergeant would say) my gluteus maximus would be grass, and the Russian Secret Police would surely become its lawnmower.

"But they're only *bloomers*," I said, "women's panties, lying in a store bin, for public sale. And that's a store window, with blouses and skirts. People in America have never seen pictures of these products before; I mean, typical Russian women's under and over garments." (This was partially true, since the antique underwear of today's Russian women, à la Mack Sennett's bathing beauties, has not been seen in this country for at least fifty years.) I buttoned up the leather front of my Nikon E.M., completely sealing the lens of my "spying device," and slowly advanced in her direction. While closing the distance between us, I spoke; it was the slow, tranquilizing monologue of a wrangler in a corral, approaching a nervous young filly with calming rhythmic prose and a lump of sugar (I offered a peppermint Life Saver).

With twelve inches of air separating her lamb fur coat from my London Fog, she reached over and accepted the mint. While inserting it into her mouth, she noticed the dust on her gloves. A grimace followed. Face flushed with embarrassment, she brushed them off with an upward clap, a reluctant applause that created a small puff of gray dust. My baritone sneeze was accompanied by her soprano version of the same; a chorus of nervous giggles was soon to follow. I was greatly relieved. I would not spend the next forty-three years filling the saltshakers of Siberia. I could now continue my artwork. As an American satirist, I was traveling through Moscow and Leningrad under the guise of tourism. With pen and ink, holstered in the quick-draw position, I was ready to throw down on (or throw up on, as the case may be) the giant of world communism, the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics.

As the giggling subsided, we made our way through the crowd, weaving and bouncing from one human obstacle to another. Her car was parked across the street. It was snowing hard, one of those thirty-minute blizzards that seem to pockmark the daily April weather map of Moscow. We climbed into the Fiat. Both doors slammed simultaneously as the engine kicked over, and I caught the full profile of her face: the giggles were gone; the tone of a Mount Rushmore carving dominated her complexion.

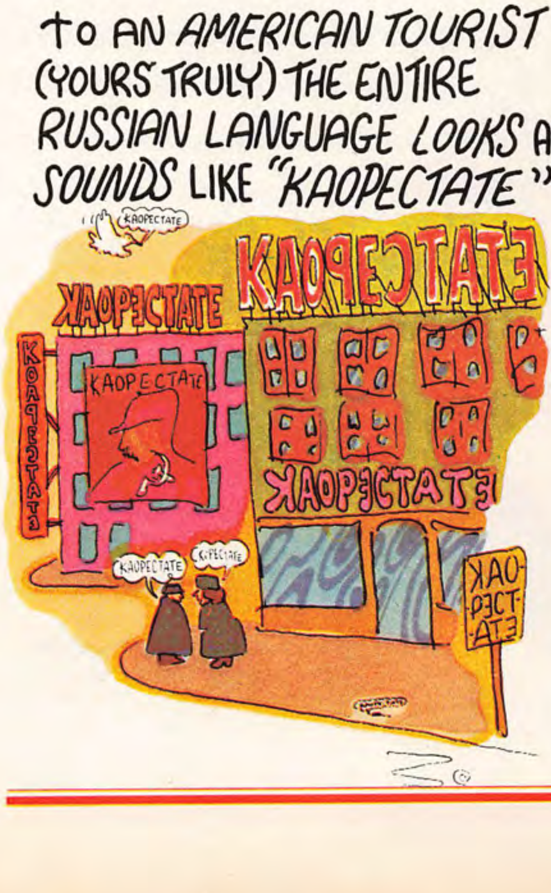
First gear got us away from the curb, second gear almost rubbed out four pedestrians, while the third and (I hoped) final gear had us speeding away from GUM, on a parallel course with the walls of the Kremlin. That ominous fifteenth-century fortress was the perfect view from my side of the car window, especially when you consider Olga's preplanned destination. She pointed over toward my right. "You see?" I turned. "See what?" "That building, the big, yellow building." It was large and square, maybe a full Moscow block (*that's* big). The bottom portion up to the second floor was constructed of large blocks of gray stone, while the rest of it, up to the top (I didn't count stories), was a dull yellow color. "That is KGB," she said. "You know what is KGB?" "Yeah, sure," I answered. "If you ever come to the States, I'll show you the FBI and the CIA buildings, over in Washington, D.C. You'll get a real kick out of that." No response. Olga had explained the Russian facts of life; she had nothing more to say.

From that point on, the bugged and filmed rooms, daily suitcase searches, and complete surveillance by henchmen of the world's most repressive society had become the order of the day. The following series of anecdotes and drawings was recorded under the most difficult of circumstances. They represent my most immediate images in words and drawings—INVESTIGATIVE CARTOONING of the Soviet system. For the first time in my life I've deliberately altered the names and facial characteristics of my subjects in order to save them from the wrath of their despotic leadership.

"THESE PEOPLE CAN NEVER BE BEATEN!"
–Sir Winston Churchill
(The comment was made while he was on a visit to Moscow, observing the Russian people lined up in a *blizzard* for the purchase of *ice cream*.)

"THESE PEOPLE ARE *NUTS*!"
–Bill Lee
(The comment was made while he was on a visit to Moscow, observing the Russian people lined up in a *blizzard* for the purchase of *ice cream*.)

TO AN *AMERICAN TOURIST* (YOURS TRULY) THE ENTIRE *RUSSIAN LANGUAGE LOOKS* AND *SOUNDS* LIKE *"KAOPECTATE"*



THE RUSSIANS CALL THEIR NATIONAL AIRLINE "AEROFLOT"; THE TOURISTS CALL IT "AIR-O-FLOP."
The (combined) stench of garlic and gasoline assaulted my nasal passages as I boarded the Aleutian jet. A British businessman, several steps behind me, blurted out, "Oh, no, that god-awful stink again." He'd traveled Aeroflot before and had previously been confronted with their off-brand disinfectant.
Walking toward the front of the aircraft was a *real* trip. I actually tripped several times over the badly fitted floor carpet, which brought back memories of my grandmother's apartment in the Williamsburg section of Brooklyn. Eventually, my forward-tripping action was brought to an unceremonious halt at the front of the plane by a stewardess whose armpits and halitosis could've stopped Hannibal's crossing of the Alps.
Utilizing the traditional hitchhiker's thumb movement, she pointed to the curtained arch behind her, describing it as the "first class" section of the aircraft. Placing one hand on each of my shoulders, she spun me around, aiming my capitalist body at the "other class" seat. The process of getting seated involved another rug trip, accompanied by the tinkling of a metal plate breaking loose from the base of my seat. My nervous system hit Scott Joplin ragtime as I wondered about the metal pieces attached to the *outside* of the plane. As the plane lifted from the ground, I cautiously peeked through the curtains at the (so-called) first-class inmates. We were all in the same boat, so to speak. Their rugs, seats, and armpit "stu" were equal to mine.
The flight from London to Moscow was relatively smooth, although to this day I could swear on a stack of *Das Kapital*s that (as a measure of airline safety) the pilots wore *nose*-plugs.

"GET ME A TABLE NEAR A WAITER."
–HENNY YOUNGMAN

In Russia I've had the unique experience of walking into a very large, very empty restaurant in search of a decent meal while five "waiters," loitering about nonchalantly, *never* came close to offering me a table. As the days (meals) rolled on, I was to discover that the average Russian restaurant employee (waiters, waitresses, bartenders) exude all the "charm" of a New York City taxi driver, blended evenly with the incalculable "warmth" of Attila the Hun. Tall, broad-shouldered, and military in appearance (those are the women), these restaurant people always make it quite clear to the diner who foolishly enters their place of employment that he or she is *not* welcome in their serving area. They usually want a bribe *before* the dinner and (if you ever plan to return) a decent tip afterward. (Most of these characters are moonlighting as secret police anyway.) The Russians never miss an opportunity to blame "Afghanistan" on the lack of American tourism in Russia; yet their own rudeness and neurotic security procedures are actually responsible. Word of mouth had limited the 1980 American tourist crop to less than 100,000. Incredible! The city of Newark draws more foreign visitors than does the entire Soviet Union.

BUT SERIOUSLY, FOLKS,
IN LENINGRAD THEY (THE KGB BASTARDS) ARRESTED THE FRENCHMAN FOR "CHANGING MONEY."

Suddenly, there was a commotion outside of the *beriozka* shop. In plain sight, beyond the glass doors behind the cash register, a group of "tourists" and policemen had surrounded one small man wearing a leather cap and had begun to shout (in Russian) at him.

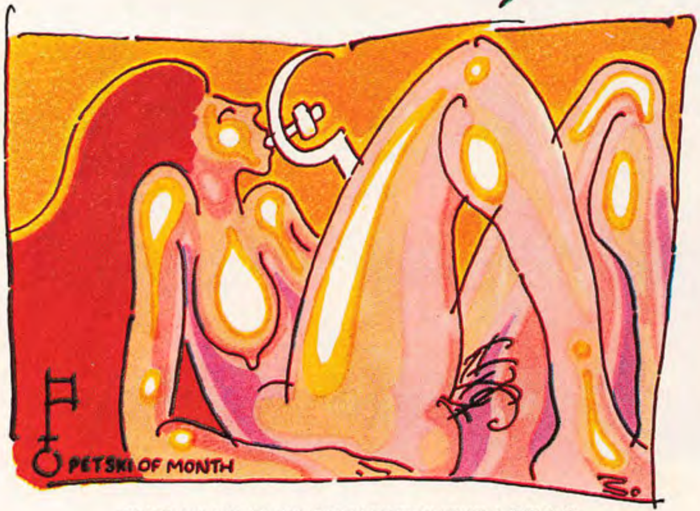
The woman at the cash register turned to listen. "Very bad," she said, "very bad to *change* money. That French man, he change money; very bad."

At that point I realized that I'd had a ringside seat at a KGB setup, the "framing" of a French citizen, on a charge of "illegally" exchanging foreign currency for Russian rubles. Those "European tourists" milling about the hallway were actually agents of the Russian Secret Police.

An agent approached his victim at the entrance to the shop, offered the exchange,* and, upon completion of the transaction, signaled his friends, who (quite literally) pounced on their victim and hurriedly dragged him off to parts unknown.

At the time I had been purchasing a gift for my infant daughter, Jennie-Cate, and as I glanced down at it, I realized how ludicrous an image I must have presented to the arresting officers: I was standing there with both hands wrapped around Jennifer's teddy bear.

*Exchange rates can go as high as ten to one above normal rates.

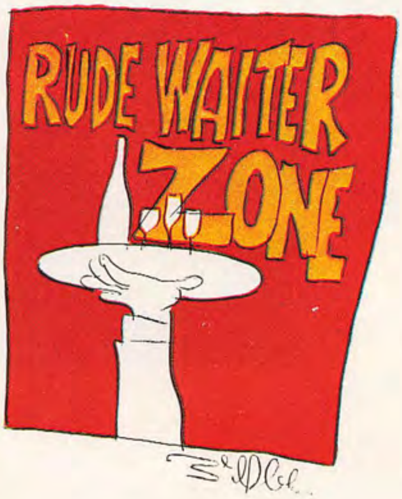


PENTHOUSE AT SEVENTY-FIVE BUCKS A COPY?

In Russia the "black market" price of fifty rubles per copy for *Penthouse* magazine makes its stateside tab a real bargain. An additional figure of interest is the beautiful young lady with the stitches in her navel (the Pet of the Month). Seventeen gringo bucks, or the Russki equivalent, will purchase her two-page "spread" (literally and "figuratively"). A tape cassette depicting human sexual activities may price itself up into thousands of rubles.* All Western products, sexual and otherwise, are valued possessions to the average Russian. The fact is that anything worth owning is *not available* to John Q. Publitski. They earn rubles, which can purchase only Russian-made products in the few stores that are available to them. Their money accumulates simply because there is nothing to spend it on. (There is, however, a VIP system, consisting of an entirely separate supply chain, providing everything from food, clothing, luxury apartments, vacation homes, and chauffeured limousines for the celebrity citizen. Politicians, chess players, Bolshoi stars, high-ranking military men, KGB members–the list goes on . . . The leaders of this so-called classless society tool about in limos on their own highway lanes. These specially marked thoroughfares are for VIP use only, and the penalties for unauthorized driving in the limo lane are quite severe.)

*Sources of this information: three European businessmen. One from Germany, one Swiss, and a Swede, and also several prostitutes.

IT'S THE ONLY WAY THEY'LL EVER GET UP HERE.

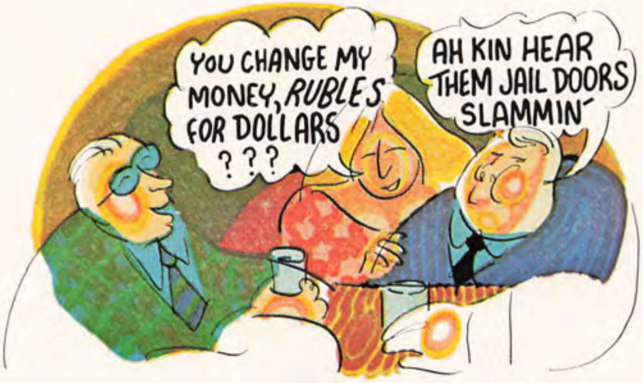


THE MANY USES OF RUSSIAN COFFEE

Strip the paint from your old rocking chair, clear the grease trap of your kitchen sink, you can even draw with it, as illustrated here (provided, of course, that the pen point doesn't dissolve), but please, for the sake of your digestive tract, DON'T DRINK IT.

THE HOOKERS OF MOSCOW, OR LOVE RUSSIAN STYLE

It's midnight in Moscow, and I'm witnessing a most incredible sight. Hundreds of prostitutes, a herd of hookers, are queuing up on this bone-chilling April evening in front of the glass-doored main entrance to the International Hotel, a building whose construction costs were subsidized by the American businessman Armand Hammer. Under the watchful eyes of Russia's (not so) Secret Police, these ladies of the evening in American jeans, Scandinavian sweaters, and Italian shoes have become a prime source of much-needed foreign-exchange currency for this Communist government. At an asking price of 100 American dollars (or the cash equivalent in another Western currency) for an evening's entertainment, I'd say that the Soviet Union's KGB might very well be the Communist world's most successful pimping operation. Secret Police in civilian dress and uniformed Moscow cops were stationed inside, handling this operation at the front doors. As we left, I got a close look at the first girl. She was pretty, in her early twenties. The women behind her weren't *as* pretty, and as if there were some sort of pecking order, they got uglier down the line. Snow began to fall as we climbed into the car. I rolled the window down for a final look. A lone figure, suit and tie, male, appeared in the doorway. The pretty girl in front took his arm and walked off with him, into the night. The other women enviously observed her departure. At this point I couldn't help thinking, *One "down," a hundred and ninety to go.*


YOU CHANGE MY MONEY, RUBLES FOR DOLLARS ???
AH KIN HEAR THEM JAIL DOORS SLAMMIN'

WISDOM, TEXAS STYLE

Two Texas businessmen from Houston were hounded constantly by a Moscow hooker, who was trying to talk them into exchanging foreign currency (bucks) for Russian rubles. "Vee change money, okay? I giff you two rubles for vun dollar!" While on the surface that made for a good piece of horse tradin' (the normal rate of exchange was about 1.25 American to one ruble), it would be, without a doubt, the *second* most dangerous thing a tourist could possibly do in Russia (second only to urinating on the Kremlin wall while shouting "Lenin sucks" in Yiddish). Five years at hard labor is a distinct possibility for the illegal exchange of foreign currency. The Texan's only response was "Ah kin hear them jail doors slammin'." No deal!

HOOKERS
THE HAWK
EMMA PEEL
THE MANCHURIAN CANDIDATE

MAMA DOLL
A RUSSIAN
AIRLINE
STEWARDESS

YOUNG
RUSSIAN
SOLDIER

MOSCOW HOOKER:
THIS ONE I NICKNAMED
"BELLA."

"I LUV FRENK SINYATRA"
—Olga, the "guide," provided
for me by the KGB

The young lady in the department store, my "guide" Olga, had been sent (by the powers that be) to pick me up (swinging singles style) in the restaurant of my hotel. Seating herself directly across from my table, she was irresistibly drawn to *me*, the only man in the room who (as the late great writer Heywood Broun was once described) dresses like an unmade bed. She couldn't take her eyes off me. My mind raced back to the advice I'd received in the States from Bill Gaines and Harrison Salisbury. Bill Gaines, the proprietor of *Mad Magazine*, and Harrison Salisbury, an author, formerly of the *New York Times* (somewhat similar publications), had advised caution in dealing with the locals. Salisbury spoke of a "cheap shot" specialty of the Russian Secret Police:

Scenario: You get picked up by pretty girl. She drugs your drink. You are stripped of clothing and placed into the sack with aforementioned "lady." Photographer enters (probably carrying a "Brownie Hawkeye"). Takes indecent pix. You wake up the next evening, fully clothed, in a Russian drunk tank.

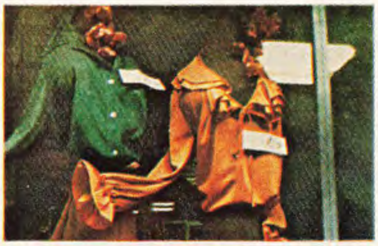
Salisbury's story reverberated through my skull as I stared back at this potential Delilah. Stifling laughter, I pictured myself, a stylized version of the Pillsbury doughboy, dragged through this impromptu pictorial session. Even the KGB couldn't be *that* stupid; I mean, how in hell could you possibly discredit a *cartoonist*?

After asking me to join her at her table, she introduced herself (me Olga, you Bill). We logged a few minutes of small talk, and then she graciously offered her services as a "guide," free of charge, for the next four days. This was no small gesture when you consider the fact that she was a very attractive lady, in her early thirties, owned her own vehicle (the Russian version of a Fiat), and was fluent in the King's (or Queen's) English. Professing a deep interest in American music, she immediately confessed, "I luv Frenk Sinyatra." Her tendencies toward Western dress and customs were also accompanied by the Russian equivalent of "not tonight, dear, I have a headache." Our daily lunches actually *began* with a headache, as she complained about a lack of sleep the night before, announcing high hopes for the coming night's sleep, *alone* in bed (sorry, Harrison).

AUTHOR'S MESSAGE TO HIS WIFE:
HONEST, DONA, IT MUST BE THE
TRUTH, IT'S TOO DUMB A STORY TO
BE A LIE.

THE INFAMOUS "SPY" PHOTO

This snapshot of a store window drove my KGB guide into absolute panic. Why? Could *that* be the deadly new "Blouse" missile system or possibly the "skirt laser" device known for its ability to pick off an unmarried male at 5,000 yards? Frankly, I think it was typical Russian (warranted) paranoia.



SLAMDANCING

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 149

leather wristbands.

"I thought, 'God, I shouldn't scream. But fuck it—I'll scream.' So he tries to shut me up by strangling me until I black out."

"Oh, wonderful boyfriend you have there," says Daphne. "You should have brought him to Hollywood with you; he'd fit right in."

"It's so sad to see the older boys," says Rachel, a pretty seventeen-year-old from Beverly Hills. "They're drunk all the time, and they're so obnoxious. They grab your boobs and pull your hair—and they can't even get it up."

For five years Shirley was a legal secretary for a firm in Century City—high above the Avenue of the Stars. One morning she showed up for work with a purple Mohawk; that was November first. For some reason she didn't get fired until the last week of December.

"I just finally got fuckin' fed up with it all," she says. "They thought I was losing my mind. I haven't decided yet whether I was or I wasn't, but *they* sure thought I was."

"I don't understand how Shirley can have a boyfriend," reveals a friend. "I mean she's got this purple Mohawk and the word *lobotomy* tattooed on the side of her head. Plus stitches!"

Inside a Japanese-style beach shack in Venice Beach, Mike Suicide is describing last night's activities to his housemates.

"We caught them up on Hollywood Boulevard," Mike says with excited voice, barely sitting on the edge of his chair. "We pull up right behind their car, but they don't see us 'cause they're hassling the hookers. But while I'm unloading the bats and shit from the trunk, the little dude sees us. His face lights up, and he starts running.

"I had a pipe about this long; so I get up to the side of the car and *whappp!*—take out two windows. A street survivor hits one guy with a bat, and he goes down. And another survivor is just swinging one of those things they kill pigs with. One guy stayed in their car; so I take this big old rock and *shhh!*—front window destroyed. Meanwhile these whores are all jumping up and down, loving it. We totaled their car. They'll have some serious doctor bills, too."

It was only a year earlier that Mike Muir had walked up to a barbershop in Santa Monica, turned up the volume on his new cassette of the Sex Pistols for moral support, and told the barber to chop it all off. When he walked out, he was Mike Suicide. Later, while his parents were out of town, he pierced his own ear. "You use two ice cubes and put a potato behind it," Mike recalls. He plays with the paperclip he now wears in it. "Yeah, my parents were kinda upset."

"If you cut your hair again before the senior portrait," Mike's father warned him, "I'll throw you out of the house."

"And you'd better not take it with that thing in your ear," his mother added. "I'll give you two bucks. Just get a cheap earring."

But today Mike's got more important things on his mind. He's trying to form both a band *and* a street gang. The street gang's so he can take on the HBers he doesn't get along with. "We're called the Mercenaries," Mike says of the gang, "and we're gonna go head on with the HBers." On the chalkboard in the kitchen, just beneath the phone number for the U.C.L.A. Sperm Bank, is a list of all the Mercenaries and their phone numbers.

The name of Mike Suicide's band is the Suicidal Tendencies. Mike is just pulling out the favorite two songs he's written when one housemate bursts in.

"Hey, wanna beat up a hippie?"

Mike looks at him with tired eyes. *It's ten in the morning,* he thinks. *Can't it wait until tonight?* "Right now?" he drawls.

> It's so sad to see the older boys. They grab your boobs and pull your hair—and they can't even get it up.

"Yeah, he's outside digging in our trash."

"Let's go, Sooie," they shout in unison.

In a flash, the shack is empty.

"The major conflict in the scene is right here on top of your head," Mike's housemate explains later. "As soon as your hair's over your ears and collar, you're a hippie."

There's a game that some of the tough-guy-girls like to play on a dance floor. They target some girl with longish hair—a "hippie"—and start impersonating her. Forming a circle, they dance beside her, poking at her and making fun. Finally, they take to pulling her hair and will do anything to make her say, "Stop. Leave me alone." That's when the creep girls act insulted and beat the hell out of the hippie.

The Starwood makes it a regular practice to "shake down" its patrons for weapons or crowbars, even bottles. Less strictly enforced is the club's policy of not admitting any kids wearing "gestapo-style" spikes, heavy gloves, and boots.

The management can do what it will, but no measure short of bolting the doors from the inside will keep the violence out. At the Whiskey-a-Go-Go on Sunset Boulevard, special security measures are taken whenever one of the Orange County bands performs. Seven or eight extra bouncers are put on. "All rent-a-muscle quality," ex-Whiskey bouncer Jeff Shore recalled in the *L.A. Weekly*. "College football players or ex-cons who enjoy breaking heads for five bucks an hour . . . part of a mercenary group who work concerts all over Los Angeles and who specialize in accruing assault charges."

Lynda Nichols was pushing toward the stage at an X concert at the Whiskey when she felt a weird pressure on her neck. She reached back with her hand, and it came up covered with blood. "I used to think that the worst that could happen at these shows was a gigantic bruise or something," she said later. "I never figured on getting stabbed. It's not much fun going to see a band if you have to fear for your life."

Still, they go. For most of the kids in the Hollywood scene, violence is as much a part of it as the music. It's a given. Nowadays there are no more surprises. Except maybe for outsiders.

Neighborhoods around the clubs really *have* turned into combat zones. Like the Cuckoo's Nest in Redondo Beach, the Starwood is continually being closed down by the police. Streets are for fighting. People for taunting. Bottles for throwing. And stores for ripping off. A creep pissing in some nice family's shrubbery might also be dousing some friends who crawled in there to have sex—but it doesn't matter. Right?

The L.A. county sheriff took to rounding up the teenagers and herding them into the arenalike parking lot attached to the Starwood, surrounded by tall walls on all sides. The cops just lounge around outside Winchell's Donuts across the street and watch.

It's quite a scene.

Beneath a large sign pleading "Please Be Considerate of Our Neighbors," the creeps, skinheads, and latter-day punks lounge around on the few cars foolishly left in the lot. They sit on curbs, stand in groups, meander about. There are hundreds of them who are either too poor or too bored to go inside. It's like a survivor cocktail party. Only without the martinis. Speed and beer is the preferred combo. Especially for the slamdance set. Acid is used a lot. But the big complaint in Los Angeles is that Meth is too damn hard to get.

In one corner of the Starwood lot, a group of kids has gathered to pass the night. They all have names that could have come right out of a Dick Tracy comic strip—X-head, Mugger, Critter, Potatohead, Billy Blank. One of them, a short kid with a pink crewcut, hasn't been to a concert in two months. He's been lying low, because a survivor with a mean streak always used to spot him in the crowd and for no reason at all beat him silly. His girl friend was one of the back room toughs that beat up on the longhairs.

"Remember the time that she was fuckin' with that girl?" says one of the kids. "The girl's boyfriend came up and just hit her—knocked her out. God, I was trying not to laugh. She deserved it, too."

Last night Olive Oil was down at the new Vex in East L.A. when a bunch of Chicanos rampaged along the sidewalk, beating up the creeps. They had crowbars and knives and wanted these white freaks out of their neighborhood. As Olive Oil lurched toward the club's entrance, one of the bouncers slammed the door in her face, locking it. The crowbar that missed her head took a chunk out of the door.

Not long ago the original Vex had been torn apart by a riot. The original was actually a convent. "It belonged to the nuns," somebody explains. "All of a sudden these creeps start throwing chairs and trashing it. And when the police showed up, they weren't regular police. They were like nun sheriffs. They didn't have billy clubs out—it wasn't like one of your Hollywood riots."

They used to call Baces Hall in Hollywood the Brawl Hall. The owners would wet the floor so that if you tried to slam, you'd slip and slide. The Baces riot was one of Hollywood's biggest. "There must have been four thousand people," says Anndoll. "Everybody from San Diego to San Francisco knew about the gig. I'm standing on a table watching, when all of a sudden the police just run in and pull out their billy clubs. And every time the police come, the kids just ruin the Hall. It was insanity. They're throwing tables through windows, chairs through the ceiling. So the police have Mace and billy clubs, and the kids start running; so *boom*, my table flies, off I go. *Boom*—hit the floor. Ankle crushed. Broken. I'm trying to get out."

"Baces Hall—I was there," says Maggie, whose blue hair hangs in dreadlocks. "The Polish Auditorium, that was real big, too. So was the one at the Hideaway. I think I was speeding; maybe *that's* why it seemed like the coolest thing. People were smashing at the door and everything, trying to get in. Finally, somebody smashed this mint-condition 1947 Packard through to the wall. It just went *boom! boom! smash!*—broke the walls and everything. The cops came, and they lined up in the alley and just started marching. And all these kids were running, going "*Ahhhh!*" It looked like millions of kids. All scattering. Going this way and that way. We're running down the street, screaming, *'Quadropheniaaaa . . . !"*

While Maggie and Anndoll and all the rest are trading riot stories outside the Starwood, inside the shows are finishing up. Alice Bag has just thrown up onstage. The parking lot begins to get jam-packed with kids. All of a sudden, a couple of rich kids wearing LaCoste shirts try to drive their parents' brand-new, powder-blue Mercedes sedan out from behind the club. The driver nudges at the crowd with his bumper. Finally he hits a couple of creeps a little too hard, and they turn on him. One creep slams his hand against the door. A second likes the sound; so he kicks in the side of the car. All of a sudden a whole crew of creeps are swarming all over the car, methodically demolishing it, taking it apart, one kick at a time.

When the police arrive, they can't figure out what's what. Hovering overhead, one of the county sheriff's helicopters is shining a spotlight on the small riot, just as they do inside the club. The pilot's voice fills the sky, barking out commands: "Find out how you're going home and do it!"

But the crowd doesn't go home. They go to Oki Dogs.

Late at night, after all the Los Angeles concerts have ended, there's one spot along Santa Monica Boulevard where the passing cars always seem to drift into the wrong lane. Oki Dogs, after all, is quite a distraction. From the street it is a flash of colors in motion that breaks down. On a closer look, it is some 100 kids milling about 120 wooden picnic tables in front of a hot dog stand. Painted faces; dyed hair in crewcuts, cornstalks, spikes, Mohawks, and dreadlocks; leather jackets, chains, Nazi gear, and padlocks. Oki Dogs is the late-night unofficial headquarters for the Hollywood music scene.

“Can you get me some speed? Can you hit me up in the neck—I don't have any veins left.”

Despite the crowd, sales at Oki Dogs never run that high. The big-selling item is french fries. Most of the kids just hang out. But this isn't what's got the drive-in's manager, Jimmy, concerned. He sits at his usual corner table, taking the scene in.

Jimmy is an easygoing Okinawan who takes most things in stride, but sometimes these teenagers spell only trouble, and he gets fed up. He says the L.A. Sheriff's Office sometimes goes out of its way to cause him problems. Twice he's been handcuffed and taken to jail for trying to keep the police from closing his business early. Nine times in six months the owner has been in court.

It *is* true that a lot of trouble spills out of Oki Dogs parking lot. Bottles are tossed at passing cars. Once a band of Chinese teenagers swooped down on the night spot, tossing bottles of their own. A girl named Penny took one on the head and got knocked out. Fights break out frequently. Neighbors complain of noise and vandalism. And Jimmy always figures on problems between his patrons and the gays working the boulevard.

Jimmy's been here twelve years, but he's never had problems like these before. "First it was football players, baseball jocks. Then hippies. Lesbians came in and gays. Then the CBs. Now punk rock."

"What's next, Jimmy?" someone asks.

He takes a long look at the madness around him and then throws his head back to think. "Mars," he says.

It's not yet one o'clock when the sheriffs arrive. Fifteen of them in eight cars. First they drive through announcing on their bullhorns that Oki Dogs is closed. Then they park and wade into the crowd with their nightsticks.

One cop goes to the counter and reaches up for the window. "Okay," he says, "Don't sell anything else. Get this window shut."

"I want everyone who belongs to that car to get in it," says another.

"The end of my stick says you're leaving," cracks a third.

And the kids *do* leave. Everyone's used to it. This is just part of the ritual harassment that the county sheriffs apply to the teenagers. They come on a little stronger than necessary. Kids leave without the food they've paid for. A few of them take some serious shoving. But the sheriffs have earned their reputation. No one asks questions.

Later Oki Dogs is open again. Jimmy sits at his picnic table, looking at what is now just a handful of customers. "It's a free country. But if you've got this and this," he says, indicating gun and shield, "you run the country."

Ray, John, Mitzi, and Daphne lounge around on the floor at Ray's apartment, listening to the Rolling Stones and watching a record commercial on television for Chipmunk punk—you call an 800 number, promise nine bucks, and you get Alvin singing "White Riot."

"Hey, will you look at this," says Ray, putting down his newspaper. "They're gonna make it against the law to file a complaint against a policeman."

"Man, that's like fascism."

"A misdemeanor to file a false complaint against an officer," Ray reads aloud to a room filled with hanging jaws.

"Fucked up."

"So now you say a cop beat you up. He denies it. Then he turns around and arrests you for saying it."

"Shit . . ."

Anndoll's been on the L.A. music scene for a long time. A punk rocker at the start, she says that punk just doesn't exist anymore. In fact, a lot has changed—including herself.

"The scene's been a good friend," says Anndoll. "I never doubted it until now. I mean, it's just gotten to be something it never was. And it shouldn't be. The kids are destroying their own thing. Not just the HBers. Now everyone's trying to prove how tough they are.

"It starts out as total freedom, and then it becomes confusion and desperation, because you know what you want and it's just not there."

Anndoll's a pretty girl. When she makes herself up, her black hair is stretched out in cornstalks and her face painted white to set off sharp, dark eyes. Her arms and legs are covered with scars—cigarette burns, razor cuts, and other marks. When Anndoll gets mad, she takes it out on herself.

"I've cut myself up a million times," she says. You just become self-destructive. I mean, for weeks sometimes. Everything is going *blangh! blangh! blangh!* The world is fucked. You freak."

Anndoll's getting out of L.A. She's going to New York with her friend Kristie. Kristie's only sixteen. Already she's tied up with a bunch of junkies. She ran away and came to Hollywood to become a street survivor. A beautiful girl with white and brown hair, she got along very well—that is, until she made these new friends. But Anndoll and she both have tickets for Tuesday night. The change will do them good.

For their last Saturday in L.A., they decide to see Johnny Thunders at the Whiskey. They meet up with Kristie's boyfriend, Ray, and Pam and a street survivor who scored some loads to prep for the performance. Loads are the new drug in L.A.—four codeines and two Doradyls. The package costs twenty dollars. Their friend Maggie calls it a rip-off, but then Maggie says she makes her own caustic speed out of muriatic acid and Vicks inhalers.

"Can you get me some speed?"

"Yeah, sure."

"Can you hit me up?"

"Okay."

"Well, now, can you hit me up in the neck—I don't have any veins left."

"God! Get away from me, you tacky whore!"

"I know a guy who's sixteen, got hooked into smack. So now he walks out and sells himself on the Santa Monica Boulevard every night."

"It's rough on guys. If you're a girl, whoring's easy. You go to an escort service and do an interview. Jennifer's doing it right now. She's only fourteen."

Sunday was Ray's birthday; so everybody went to see the Clash movie *Rude Boy* over in the Valley. Ray *is* Rude Boy. He starred in the movie. So they all got let in free. Kristie didn't show up, though, which was kind of strange, because she and Ray were sort of going out. That night, the party continued at Pam's house. And about nine o'clock they got the phone call. Kristie was dead. She'd OD'd on codeine and heroin—sometime early in the morning, after the Johnny Thunders concert. It happened at the Nirvana apartment building. There was no suicide note. Nothing. Kristie died in a room full of partying kids.

"And all they said was 'Oh, she was breathing weird,'" says Anndoll. "How could they be so screwed up in their heads not to say, 'Kristie—stop breathing weird'? You know, 'Have a glass of water.'"

"They're like that at Nirvana House," says Daphne. "What a name—Nirvana—for what goes on there! Kinda ironic."

A few days later, the street survivor who scored the loads for Kristie shows up at Oki Dogs shitfaced. It's not a good place to be. Sheriffs everywhere. The night Kristie died, some creeps stabbed a fag dead on the street out front. The kids are scared because they're putting the heat on as early as ten o'clock. But here's this street survivor who's in a car in the lot, hunched over crying. He and Ray were with Kristie before she OD'd, and he scored the loads that helped her do it.

> It's rough on the guys.
> If you're a girl, whoring's easy
> Jennifer's doing it right
> now. She's only fourteen.

"I'm already on a murderfuckin' rap," he's bawling. "And now I scored somebody some dope that died, man. I scored some dope, and it was wrong. My heart never bled so much. I killed that girl as much as the loads.

"You know," he says. "I've seen so many people die in Hollywood behind H and fuckin' loads. And I've only been here four months. I've been with three seventeen-year-old girls in the past two weeks who said, 'Hey—I don't want to live anymore. I want to die.' Nice voluptuous girls. I didn't even sleep with them."

Anndoll is in New York by the time of Kristie's funeral. She is staying with her friend, Nicki Ray—filmmaker Nicholas Ray's daughter and Kristie's best friend.

Kristie's funeral procession twists its way through the Hollywood Hills just behind the observatory that Nicki's dad, as a film director, had immortalized in *Rebel without a Cause* and into the Forest Lawn Memorial Park. The scene could have been lifted from the movie. At the funeral, Kristie's father steps out of the church to face off with her Hollywood friends.

"Look," he says. "Her mother will *leave* if you guys come in. So stay out—that's all there is to it, no ands or buts."

Inside, Kristie's mother is still calling it a suicide. Her daughter is laid out in a white Communion-type dress, hair dyed back to brown except for one thin streak of pure white. Her daughter dead does not do the things that her daughter does alive. She did not keep the same company.

So into Forest Lawn the procession climbs, family and straight friends leading the way. Kristie's Hollywood buddies trail behind just the same. Ray, Billy Blank, Marlin—they follow dressed in leathers, on motorcycles and in beat-up cars. Some even dyed their hair "straight," hoping to get in. They knew, though, that no one gets thrown out of Forest Lawn—it's more a museum than a cemetery.

The most famous resting place in the country has black-suited attendants handing out printed pictorial maps to the mourners—a guide to Forest Lawn and its "world-famous art treasures." Here, there are more reproductions of Michelangelo than anywhere else in the world. There's even an enormous stained-glass copy of Da Vinci's *Last Supper.*

But Billy Blank and Ray are not greeted by a man with maps as they wheel their bikes into the graveyard, where little kids are buried in Lullabyland, beside the fairy-tale castle. They're intercepted by a squad of cops that the cemetery has summoned for the occasion. They've got no business here, they're told. Why can't they leave these poor people alone?

"Shit, officer," Ray pleads to one cop. "She was my girl friend."

They don't want to hear about it. Just as Kristie is being lowered into the same earth where Sabu the elephant boy rests, Ray and Billy Blank stand near a fountain, arms in the air, while the cops frisk them and fill out field interrogation cards.

"They don't stop fuckin' with your life until you're dead," says Billy Blank later.

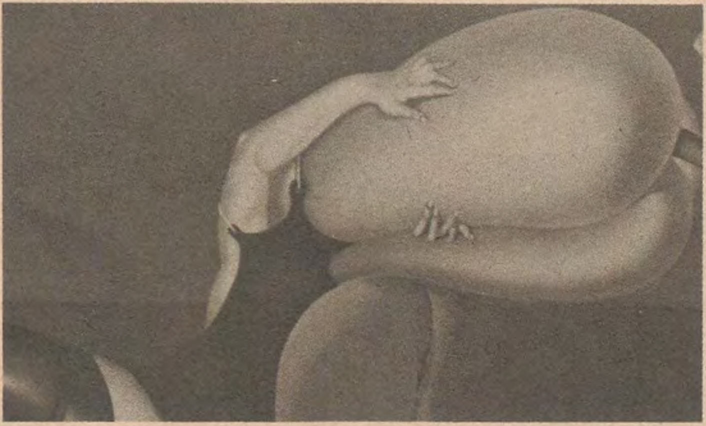
And it's true. To cops in a helicopter hovering overhead, the whole scene below might as well be the Starwood or Oki Dogs. Except for one small detail.

Maybe it's out of respect for the pretty sixteen-year-old girl who's just found her place beside the other Hollywood tragedies. No helicopter, hovering ominously above, is telling these survivors, "Find out how you're getting home and do it."

Epilogue. *In the months following Kristie's death, many of the clubs mentioned in this article closed. One went out in typical style when a bouncer got stabbed by a slam-dancer. Other clubs that are still in operation have stopped booking the post-punk bands. It was the only way that they could survive.*

An analysis of your subconscious fantasies—what they say about you and how they can affect your life

Dream Watch



ANALYSIS BY DR. ALBERT ELLIS

Alberta, age twenty-eight

A long time ago, when I wasn't much more than a teenager, I was married for a short time. It didn't last—as a matter of fact, the whole thing was started and finished inside of a year. Whatever else I can say, it was a hot-blooded, volatile relationship. I don't know; maybe it was the "big" love of my life.

Recently I started dating a man whom I like very much. We've been going out for about four months, and lately he's been pressing me to make our relationship more exclusive.

A few weeks ago this man, Ben, was staying overnight at my place. Well, Ben and I were kissing and fondling each other when I decided I wanted to be on top. Suddenly Ben grasped my hands and held them very tightly over my head. Throughout the sex act he tried— and succeeded—to dominate me. After my initial surprise, I just lay back and totally enjoyed it. I even had two orgasms.

But that night I had a really strange dream. I dreamed I was us in a

letterforms by Tom Carnase

PAINTING BY CARLOS REVILLA

hot-air balloon. I was high up, but not so high that things on the ground were indistinct. I could see Ben. He was down on the ground, waving his hands at me, calling for me to land. I couldn't hear his voice; I could only see his lips moving. As I watched him, I began masturbating more intensely. I was just standing there in the basket above him, smiling and masturbating. I could have lowered the basket enough to let him jump in with me, but for some reason I didn't know how to work the controls.

The wind picked up and began to carry me away in my balloon. I went higher and higher up into the sky, but I felt no panic—only my approaching orgasm. I laughed loudly as I started to come, and then suddenly I called out, "Good-bye, you sucker! Good-bye!"

I woke up, and I have to say I felt very smug about my dream but also very guilty.

Dr. Ellis comments:
Your dream suggests that you hold two irrational ideas: (1) "Because my early hot-blooded marriage ended in failure, I must not get too emotionally involved again." (2) "Even though I reach orgasmic heights with a powerful man, I must not let him dominate me sexually."

Acting on these ideas, you hold back emotionally and sexually, even from a partner whom you favor. You symbolically fly away from him. You involve yourself only with yourself, through slow masturbation. You can't escape from your escapism. You mock Ben, your powerful lover.

> ❛I was high up in a hot-air balloon, looking down on Ben, smiling and masturbating.❜

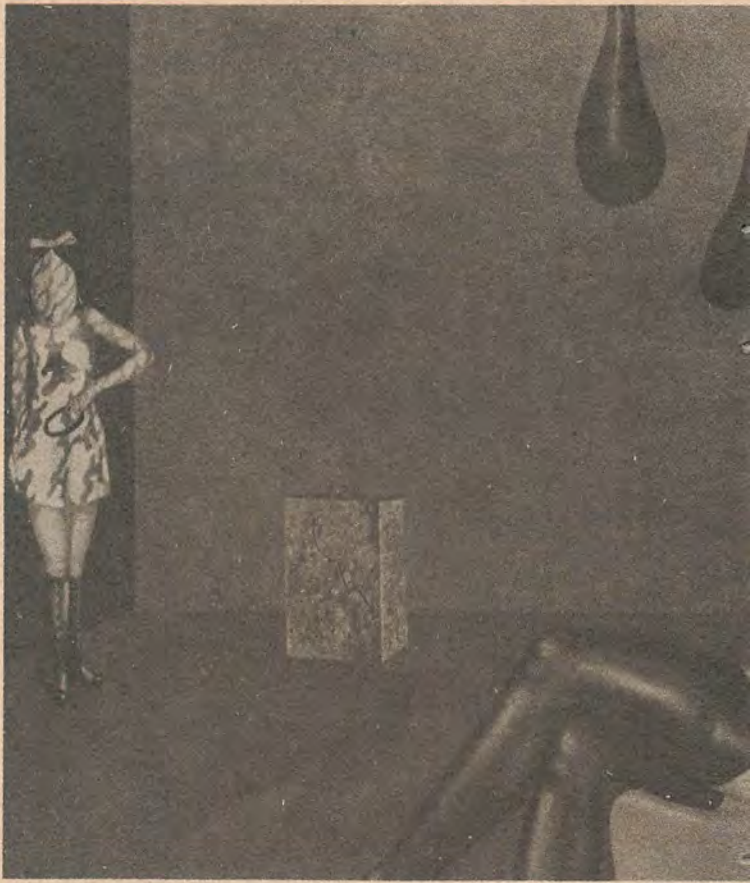
You smugly are proud of this, putting males down and yourself up. But you are also guilty, because you seem to realize that the real "sucker" in your dream is not Ben but you. You are the one who is left with a loveless orgasm. Is that what you really want? I wonder.

Betsy, age twenty-eight
I dreamed I was at a museum, looking at a painting, when I became aware of a tall blond woman standing directly behind me. Together we are looking at this painting of a woman holding a cat. I feel as though I know this woman, but I can't seem to place her. She is with a companion, a bearded man, who calls her "Anna." She seems almost to ignore him as she notices me watching her.

At this point my dream skips out of the museum, and Anna and I are in an apartment. It must be her apartment, since it is certainly not mine. It is full of plants and cats and is very opulently decorated.

Anna is reclining on a couch that is upholstered in some kind of plush fabric. She is resting her head against one arm, which causes her breast to rise under her dress. The dress itself is luxurious and soft, perhaps cashmere. I kneel beside her on the floor, stroking her arm very tenderly and lovingly. I feel as though I am in love with her.

We are very tender with each other as we undress and proceed to make love. I am totally blissed out, making love to Anna, feeling the soft fur of her cats brushing against my skin. We are very open with each other, blending in with each other's flesh and warmth. All this time we have not exchanged a single word, but I feel as though we have a symbiotic relationship, almost as though we were twins. Actually, that is my overwhelming sensation—that I am making love to myself, my twin. She is licking and sucking at my vagina, and I am enveloped in hers. The tension builds up, and I feel that I am about to come.



When I woke up, I was surprised to see that I was so wet that I had actually saturated the sheets.

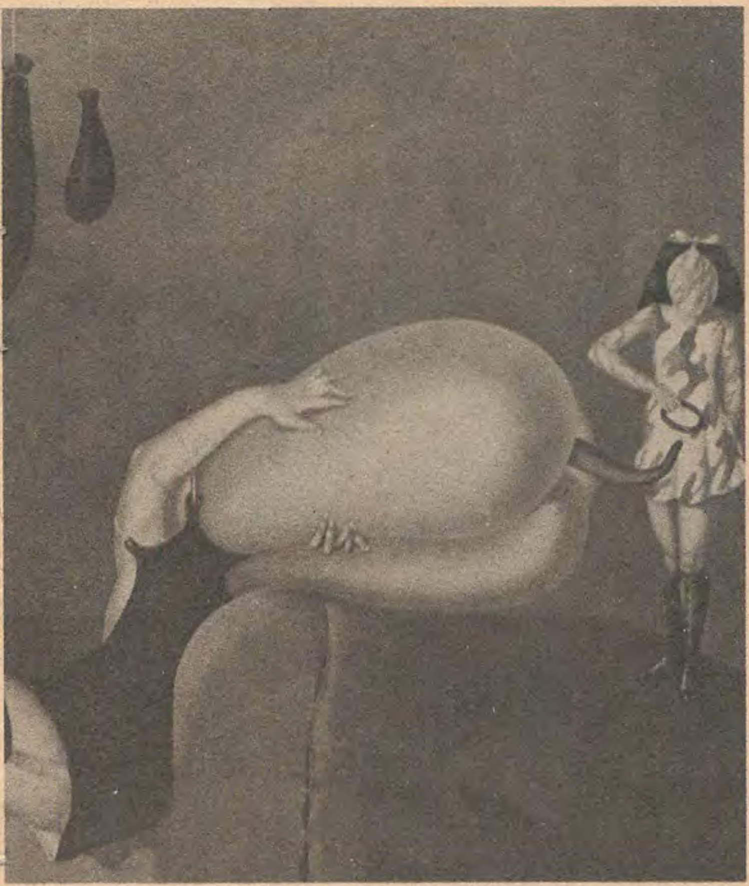
The disconcerting thing is that I am my husband's second wife. I never met his first wife, although I do know that she is an art dealer and that her name is Anna.

Why am I so intrigued by someone whom I've never met? What is the meaning of this dream?

Dr. Ellis comments:
I would guess that you view yourself as a twin to Anna because you are still vying with her in some ways. You may be afraid that although you have won your husband away from her, he may still favor her sexually. To defend yourself against this fearsome idea, you may identify with her in the dream, win her love, and thus neutralize her "competition."

Why your great sexual excitement in the dream? Because, in nullifying your fears of your own defects, you feel so good that you are fully able to let yourself go and make the most of your sexuality. If you would realize that, whatever your weaknesses are, you can always decide to accept yourself, you may well achieve your maximum potential no matter what other women have or don't have.

Tina, age thirty-seven
When I was younger, I used to run around a lot. I guess you might say I was promiscuous. Now I'm a lot more selective, and, therefore, my sex life has slacked off quite a bit. Actually, I don't have much of a sex life at all. Because of this, I



have a lot of dreams. My libido has not slacked off just because I can't find a suitable partner. I suppose what I mean by "suitable" is someone who respects me, who will care about me.

I have this dream every couple of months. I dream that I meet a very attractive man at a party. I like him, and so when he offers to drive me home, I agree. As much as I want to invite him up, I feel I had better wait. At this point in my dream, I am very anxious and worried. He kisses me in the front seat, and his kiss is so warm that I feel as though I am falling into a pool of warm water. I am falling into his mouth. I want to escape, but his lips won't let me.

We continue to kiss, and his tongue feels enormous in my mouth. I realize he wants to have sex with me. I also want to have sex with him, but it seems wrong. He overpowers me with his kisses. I am bent backwards on the seat, my mouth opening wider and wider. There is no escape now. He pulls up my dress, and I am amazed, even shocked, to discover I have no panties.

He lays me back on the seat and begins to kiss and lick my thighs. I know that he is going to kiss my vagina any moment, and I struggle to get away. He is too strong for me, and I feel his tongue slipping inside. I cry out for him to stop, but it feels so good that I become powerless.

I let him overcome me with his licking and kissing. I cannot escape anyway. My dress floats up over my head, covering my face. I cannot see the man anymore. He is just a stranger, giving me anonymous pleasure.

I reach my climax, and then I wake up. I usually have an orgasm from this dream, but not always. I am very excited when I wake up, and I usually masturbate right afterwards. But I feel very embarrassed about this dream. In my real life I could never do such a thing.

Dr. Ellis comments:
This dream seems to show that you can easily enjoy anonymous sex—a zipless fuck—but won't allow yourself even to think about it. Hence you are ashamed of your dream—which is quite harmless and fulfilling.

You, like so many women in our culture, have two somewhat contradictory goals: to be highly respectable and to let yourself go and kiss and fuck to a fare-thee-well. While behaving "respectably," you still strongly yearn to screw anew. Nocturnally, you sometimes do.

You assume that if you quickly go to bed with a man, he will never respect you. Where'd you get that *idea? Have you sufficiently tested it? Some male chauvinists, after early entry, will fuck and fly. But isn't it worth eliminating them and seeking one who will unchauvinistically lay and stay?*

Joe, age twenty-four
I know that most people believe—and they're probably right—that our dreams are influenced by what we do in everyday life. But in my case I think it works both ways.

The brokerage house where I work is a pretty big operation. It's the second biggest in town, really. There are over a hundred employees, and most of us never get to know each other too well. There are three girls in the office, who've sort of ruled my dreams since I first started working there two years ago. One of them, the prettiest one, operates a computer terminal. The other two are more or less secretaries. I'd say that all three of them are in their late twenties. I've never had sex with any of them. I only know them to say hello to and to have a few drinks with every now and then, as people who work together are wont to do. But the truth of the matter is that I'm sexually obsessed with the three of them. For the first few months, it was daydreams and fantasies. Then the dreams started.

“Anna and I are very tender with each other. I feel that I am making love to myself, my twin.”

The dreams usually begin with Sally, the woman who works the terminal. We're alone at work, just the two of us. A situation that has never happened. I'm bending over her shoulder. Ostensibly I'm looking at what's on the terminal, but really I'm looking down her blouse. Soon she unbuttons her blouse and tells me that it's all right; it's what she had in mind. She draws my face to her breasts, and I start to suck her nipples. It feels good; it feels great.

Then I hear the sound of someone approaching. It's the sound of high heels clicking loudly across the hard office floor. Then I hear their voices. It's the other two girls, Marge and Sandy. I try to move my face away from Sally's bosom, but she has me held there now by force, in a sort of headlock. "I've got him," she says to the other two.

While Sally's holding me, Marge and Sandy strip me. It's almost like rape, the way they yank my pants down, fast and rough. But it's sexy, too. Marge or Sandy—it's different every time—gets down between my legs and sucks me. As I get hard, I feel myself being pulled toward the ground, toward Marge's or Sandy's cunt. It goes in easy. Now Sally's sitting on my ass, sort of riding me as I fuck the other girl. I can hear their voices, all of them, spurring me on, saying all sorts of sexy things. I come, and I keep coming, until it seems that I've lost control, that my body can do noth-

> While Sally's holding me, Marge and Sandy strip me. It's almost like rape, the way they yank my pants down, fast and rough. But it's sexy, too.

ing but come and come. The cunt my cock is in becomes a mouth, then a cunt again, and still I'm coming.

Then I'm aware of a lot of sound, a lot of bustle, and a lot of light. The office is full, and everyone is crowding around. They're talking, but I hear only my name, not Sally's or Marge's or Sandy's. Then I realize that I'm alone on the office floor, and that the three girls are part of the group around me. I don't panic or anything. I just get dressed and walk out, just like that.

Now, the trouble with this dream—and, believe me, it's wet sometimes—is that it affects not only my dealings with these three women but also my work at the office. I'm nervous when I'm near either Sally, Marge, or Sandy. This makes advancing upon them sexually a ridiculous idea. It also makes me feel as if everyone in the office is noticing my nervousness, which only increases the nervousness. All I can say is that, whether it's in real life or in the dreams, something's got to give.

Dr. Ellis comments:

Your dream seems to be a classic fear-of-fear dream. You know you are obsessed with these three women, and you are afraid that your work will suffer, they will know about your anxiety, and eventually the whole office will know you are "out of control."

You can resolve this fear of fear by seeing that if the women discover your obsession, you may actually gain rather than lose. They may laugh, all right—but who says they won't laughingly take you to bed? And if none of them heeds your overtures, at least you'll know *it's hopeless and can then concentrate on other suitable partners. But don't think that women all run away screaming from sexually obsessed men. Some damnably do, but some deliciously don't! If you stop putting yourself down, your nervousness may even prove advantageous. Once you accept yourself* with *your anxiety, paradoxically enough, it usually disappears!*

Michael, age twenty-five

I'm supposed to be an actor, but like everybody knows, the work is hard to get. Lately I've been waiting on tables a lot more than standing in front of a camera, if you know what I mean.

I had this really odd dream a couple of weeks ago. In the dream I am waiting tables. I am serving a party of four men when suddenly one of them points his finger at me and exclaims, "You're it! You're perfect!" The next thing I know, I'm on the set of a film. The director gives me the rudiments of a scene to play. I'm supposed to run around a building where a crane is waiting to lift me into the sky.

As I run around the corner, I see that the crane has gone up without me. Knowing how much is at stake, my body instinctively fills with adrenaline. I jump with all my might and scale the building—without the aid of the crane. All the mere mortals on the ground are astounded at my superfeat, but I am not. I really feel that I have become some kind of a superman.

Next I am supposed to play a love scene with the leading lady. She is a very attractive and seductive woman. I have an erection immediately, and I still feel that I *am* a superstud. We lie down on a bed. She lies on her back, willing and waiting for me. We kiss and stroke and wrestle each other and pull each other's clothes off. I know I look very good, and I am not embarrassed to be naked in front of all the crew and technicians. In fact, I'm showing off for them.

Just when I'm ready to enter her, a terrible thing happens. I look down, and there's nothing there. My penis seems to have totally disappeared. Unfortunately, the actress seems to have discovered this as well. She begins laughing and pointing at me, yelling out to everybody, "Hey! The stud's lost his dick!"

Everyone is laughing at me as I scramble around looking for my penis. In the middle of the confusion, the director walks over to me and says, "You're fired." He hands me an envelope, which I assume is my day's pay. But when I open it, there's no money inside—just two clipped-out food stamp coupons worth about ten cents each.

Dr. Ellis comments:

Your underlying wish in this dream seems to be, like that of most males, to be perfect—to be a superstud and to have every attractive woman (and onlookers!) know it. And in the dream, at first, they do.

Unfortunately you do not seem to know it yourself. You vividly see—and exaggerate—your own sexual weaknesses. Instead of merely failing the leading lady, you are terrified of failing you. Achieving a self-fulfilling prophecy, you do fail sexually in the dream and become an absolute turd—worth about twenty cents.

As I remarked in Sex without Guilt *a number of years ago, shouldhood leads to shithood. If you stop telling yourself that you* should *and* must *excel sexually, you'll overcome your feelings of inadequacy and be able to enjoy yourself as you are.*

"Dreamwatch" is a regular column that will try to interpret your dreams, to see what their "real" or underlying meanings are, and to determine what you can possibly do to fulfill these meanings—or to change them when they are encouraging you to engage in self-defeating behavior. Dreams, of course, may have many interpretations, none of which may be perfectly accurate or "true." To make the interpretations in this column more correct and useful, it is best that when you submit a dream for consideration, you include the following information: (1) Describe the dream itself, with its main details. Be as specific and graphic as possible. (2) Give your age, sex, marital status, and vocation. (3) Tell something about your present life condition, especially things you are worried or bothered about in your love life. (4) Note any significant or unusual event that occurred during the day or night preceding your dreams. (5) Give your own personal interpretation of what you think your dream may mean. Readers who wish to have their dreams analyzed and printed in the magazine should write in confidence to: The Editor, "Dreamwatch," *Penthouse* Magazine, 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.

PSYCHOGRAPHIC
SELF-EXAMINATION SERIES

CENTS AND SENSIBILITY

BY FRANK DONEGAN

Twenty-three questions to see
if your spending style is close-fisted or fancy-free

PSYCHOGRAPH

Casanova, despite his libidinous reputation, actually spent a lot more time pursuing money than chasing women. He understood an important fact of life: sex is nice, but money (as the Bible says) "answereth all things."

Nobody thinks he has enough money, but once you get beyond this common complaint, you find that everybody deals with money differently. Some of us piss it away like last night's beer; others treat every nickel as a treasure to be hoarded away in case of future catastrophe. This psychograph aims at giving you an idea of what your own "monetary style" is: whether it's free and easy or careful and conservative.

Freud and his early followers felt that adult attitudes regarding money were shaped by childhood experiences with toilet training. In their view the constipated kid became the adult tightwad. While most psychologists today would find Freud's analysis simplistic at best, they haven't really done enough work on the subject of money to construct a unified alternative theory. Nevertheless, scattered experiments have provided some interesting insights.

John B. Wolfe, for instance, showed how quickly the drive for money can become a consuming passion—even among chimpanzees. Working at Yale's Primate Biology Laboratories, Professor Wolfe started "paying" chimps to work. They received tokens, which they could use to "buy" grapes. In virtually no time at all, Wolfe's chimps had created a social structure that aped (you'll pardon the expression) human values. They would do whatever they had to in order to get the token money. In short order they had sorted themselves into rich capitalists and beggars, hard workers and shirkers. It was an eerie caricature of the way money works in human society.

Other experiments show how money—and the things it can buy—subtly molds our actions. In one case researchers purposely stalled cars at intersections to find out how drivers stuck behind them would react. The researchers discovered that when they stalled a shiny, new Chrysler, they got honked at much less than when they stalled a beat-up, aged Rambler. They concluded that the symbol of money—in this case a Chrysler—intimidated drivers and prevented them from expressing their impatience as vehemently as when they thought they were stuck behind a low-class loser in an old heap. It is interesting that a previous poll of drivers had indicated that they would have more sympathy for someone stuck in a rattletrap and would be more impatient with a fat cat in a fancy car. But what we say and what we do often turn out to be different things. (These experiments and many others are reported by San Francisco State University psychologist Henry Clay Lindgren in his interesting book *Great Expectations: the Psychology of Money.*)

Answer these questions honestly, and you'll get an indication of how you manipulate money and how it manipulates you. There are no right or wrong answers. On this psychograph a low score is no worse than a high score, since we are measuring "monetary styles," no one of which is intrinsically better than another.

1. Do you know—without looking—how much money you have in your pockets at this moment? (Now count the money. If your estimate came within two dollars of the actual total, answer "yes." If you came within five dollars, answer "approximately." If you were more than five dollars off, answer "no.")
   (a) yes
   (b) approximately
   (c) no

2. Do you have a hard time buying things for yourself even when you know you have plenty of money to pay for them?
   (a) yes
   (b) somewhat
   (c) no

3. When you're buying something expensive, like a stereo or a car, which are you more likely to do?
   (a) buy the brand and model you really want without worrying much about the price and without shopping around
   (b) shop carefully, compare values, check prices and warranties, and, at least sometimes, settle for a brand or model you had not originally planned to buy

4. Would you say that you're basically a person who likes to do things on the spur of the moment?
   (a) yes, very much
   (b) Yes, although I don't act like that *all* the time.
   (c) No, although I do occasionally act impulsively.
   (d) no, not at all

5. Which of the following statements comes closer to reflecting your own attitude?
   (a) When stores put merchandise on sale, it's usually garbage that nobody wants. People who buy things on sale are suckers who get stuck with stuff that the stores couldn't unload any other way.
   (b) When I have to buy something, I always look for sales. Why pay the full price for something that you can get at a discount?

6. If you were going to carry seventy-five dollars in your pocket, how would you prefer to have it divided up?
   (a) one fifty-dollar bill, one twenty-dollar bill, and one five-dollar bill
   (b) three twenty-dollar bills, one ten-dollar bill, and one five-dollar bill
   (c) one twenty-dollar bill, four ten-dollar bills, two five-dollar bills, and five one-dollar bills

7. Which of the following statements comes closest to describing your behavior?
   (a) I rarely pay bills on time. I put off paying them as long as I can. Sometimes I get letters from collection agencies.
   (b) I usually pay my bills on time, although occasionally I put off a bill for a month or two.
   (c) I pay all my bills on time. In fact, I pay them early sometimes if I can. It takes a load off my mind.

8. Do you feel guilty that you have more money than lots of other people in the world?
   (a) yes
   (b) a little
   (c) no

9. If someone gave you $1,000 and said that you could do only one of two things—put it in a bank at 5 percent interest or spend it in a gambling casino—which would you choose?
   (a) bank
   (b) casino

10. Do you have trouble saving money?
    (a) yes, a lot
    (b) Some, although I do have some savings.
    (c) No; no matter how little money I make, I manage to save some of it.

11. If you were at a party and everyone in the room obviously had more money than you did, would you feel inferior?
    (a) yes, very much so
    (b) somewhat

(c) perhaps a little
(d) no

12. Would you be more likely to agree or disagree with this statement: "You should never lend money to friends or borrow from them; money fouls up relationships"?
(a) agree
(b) disagree

13. Here are two groups of activities. If, for the rest of your life, you could do the activities in only one of the two groups presented below, which would you choose?
(a) shopping; frequenting nightclubs, discos, high-tone bars, etc; dining in expensive restaurants; skiing at well-known resorts; scuba diving in the Caribbean
(b) reading; attending free or low-priced concerts; hiking; fishing; participating in sports that require little money, such as softball, basketball, and tennis on public courts

14. When you go to a restaurant (and are paying for yourself), which do you usually order?
(a) one of the most expensive items on the menu
(b) a medium-priced item
(c) one of the lowest-priced items

15. If you could have only one of the following, which would you choose?
(a) money
(b) fame
(c) power

16. How satisfied are you with the house or apartment you now live in?
(a) very satisfied
(b) somewhat satisfied, although I'd eventually like a better place
(c) not at all satisfied

17. How satisfied are you with the car you own?
(a) very satisfied
(b) somewhat satisfied, although I'd eventually like a better one
(c) not at all satisfied
(d) I don't own a car

18. How satisfied are you with the stereo equipment you own?
(a) very satisfied
(b) somewhat satisfied, although I might eventually like a better rig
(c) not at all satisfied
(d) I don't own stereo equipment

19. How many credit and charge cards do you possess?
(a) none
(b) one or two
(c) three to five
(d) more than five

20. At this moment how much money do you owe on credit and charge cards?
(a) less than $100
(b) $100 to $500
(c) $500 to $2,000
(d) more than $2,000

21. If you wanted to take out a loan to buy something you didn't absolutely need (such as a new car, even though your old car is running okay, or a new stereo, even though your old one isn't broken), how high an interest rate would you be willing to pay?
(a) no more than 5 percent
(b) between 5 and 10 percent
(c) 11 to 15 percent
(d) 16 to 20 percent
(e) It wouldn't make any difference what the rate was as long as I could handle the payments.

22. You are offered a job that pays twice as much as you now make. However, you don't think you'd be very happy doing it. Would you be likely to take it anyway?
(a) yes, probably
(b) Probably not, although if it paid three or four or five times what I now make, I might reconsider.
(c) Definitely not. The most important thing is to be happy with your job.

23. Would you be more likely to agree or disagree with this statement: "If money were abolished, we'd probably all be better off"?
(a) agree
(b) disagree

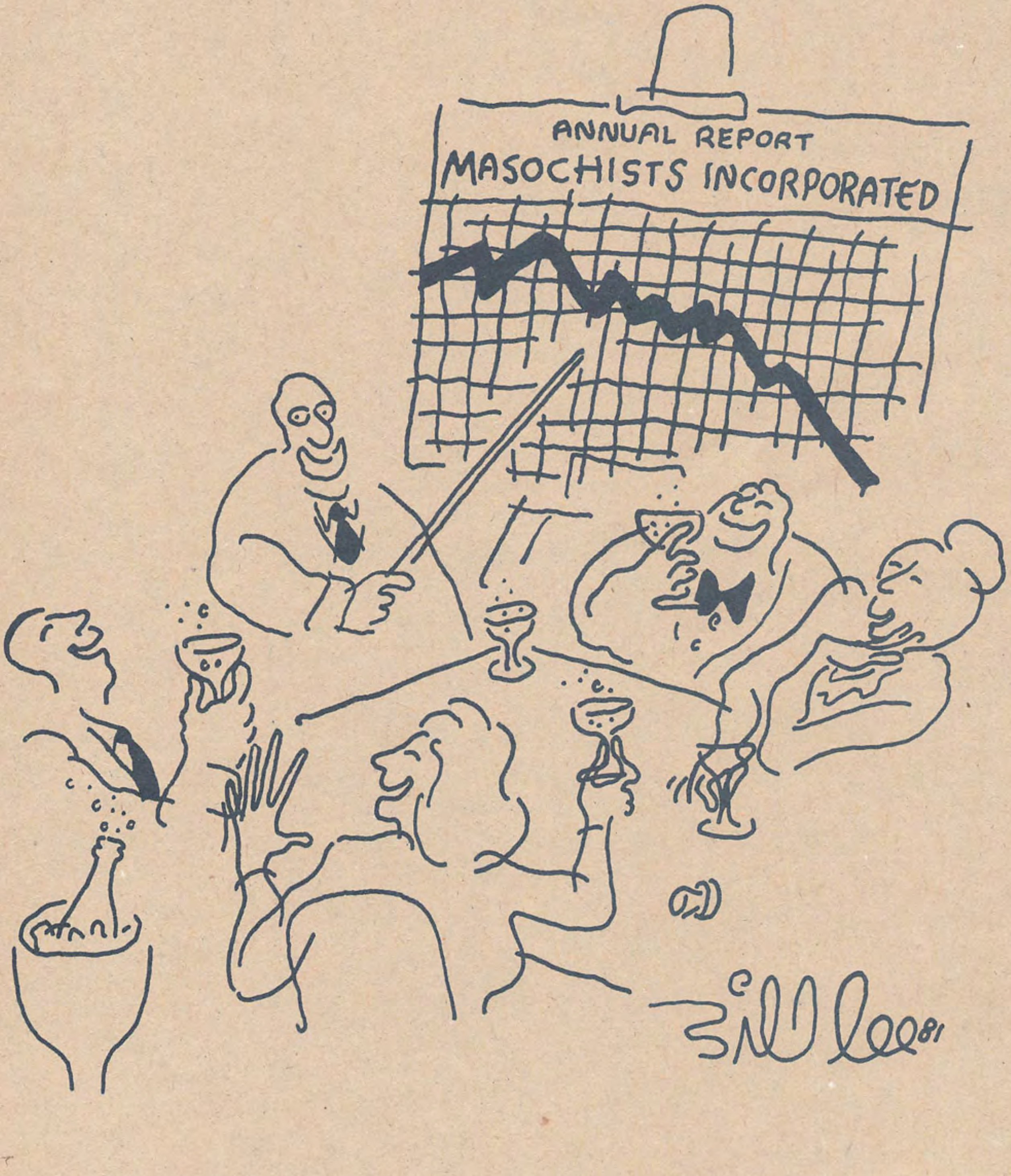
SCORING
All possible answers have been awarded point values, which are listed below. To get your score, add up the point values of the answers you chose. The highest possible score is 109 points; the lowest, 28.

1. a-1, b-3, c-5
2. a-1, b-3, c-5
3. a-5, b-1
4. a-5, b-4, c-2, d-1
5. a-5, b-1
6. a-4, b-3, c-2
7. a-5, b-3, c-1
8. a-2, b-3, c-4
9. a-1, b-5
10. a-5, b-3, c-1
11. a-5, b-3, c-2, d-1
12. a-2, b-4
13. a-5, b-1
14. a-5, b-3, c-1
15. a-2, b-3, c-4
16. a-1, b-3, c-5
17. a-1, b-3, c-5, d-1
18. a-1, b-3, c-5, d-1
19. a-1, b-2, c-3, d-5
20. a-1, b-2, c-4, d-5
21. a-1, b-1, c-3, d-4, e-5
22. a-5, b-3, c-1
23. a-2, b-3

If you scored 83–109 points:
You have an easygoing attitude toward money. Whatever you get you're likely to spend. Money to you is a means, not an end in itself. It's important to you only insofar as it enables you to acquire things—like status, pleasure, and excitement—that are really meaningful to you. You could be given a fortune and in no time at all would find all sorts of extravagant ways to blow it. You are likely to be a trendy person who picks up on the latest fads and buys all the latest status symbols. Thrift and careful financial planning probably bore you. You'd rather go for the big gamble and the quick money-making scheme than work steadily toward a constant goal. It's possible that you're quite generous. You just like to spend money, and you don't always care whether you spend it on yourself or on others.

55–82 points:
You're probably fairly typical of the average person. You're not a spendthrift, but you're not a cheap bastard either. You know how to have a good time, but you don't have a compulsive need (as men in the category above do) to let every dollar that comes your way slip through your fingers. You understand the importance of planning for the future and saving for that proverbial rainy day, but you're not a slave to that sort of thing. You may not indulge in too many extravagances, but when you do, you don't feel guilty about it. You generally lead a well-balanced life. You enjoy yourself now without depriving yourself of financial security in the future.

28–54 points:
You have kind of a love-hate relationship with money. If people examined your lifestyle, they'd probably think that money means nothing to you: you're not the type to go out and buy the flashy car, the big house, or the fancy clothes. Yet you probably have a strong need to acquire money, because you see it as the basis of future security and peace of mind. You don't have expensive tastes, but you have a strong need for order and predictability. Money gives you that psychological sense of protection. You tend to be prudent and cautious and don't trust people who act impulsively. You are also likely to be very much your own man. You are sure of your likes and dislikes and don't need to buy the latest status symbols to give you a sense of self-worth.


ANNUAL REPORT
MASOCHISTS INCORPORATED

Bill Lee 81

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Dr. Louis Inwood, M.D., D-ABFP

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A dedicated neighborhood doctor, Dr. Louis Inwood has been quietly helping hundreds and hundreds of his patients, their families and friends to overcome the embarrassment and the private suffering of baldness for over 30 years. His New York neighborhood clinic has recently been swamped with people who have heard about the incredible success rate attained by the doctor's own private formula.

DOCTOR'S CLINICAL SECRET NOW AVAILABLE

The success of the doctor's treatment has spread by "word of mouth," the most sincere form of praise and documentation. The following is a small sampling of certified testimonials. Read them carefully — these people were just like you before experiencing Dr. Inwood's treatments.

ACTUAL FILE PHOTOS AND CERTIFIED TESTIMONIALS

"I have seen a tremendous difference in this short time — I am no longer bald. Before too long at this rate I expect a full head of hair." Mr. S.K., patient

"When he (my husband) started treatments with Dr. Inwood, I told him it was impossible to get his hair back. But as his treatments have progressed, I have seen his hair grow back. I really don't believe my eyes, but there it is, hair." Mrs. S.K., wife of patient

"Dr. Inwood started to give me hair treatments. Since then there has been a tremendous growth and also other improvements in which my family and friends and myself are elated." R.C.

"After eight hair treatments from Dr. Inwood, my wife and I both agree that new hair is growing in areas that have been bald for several years." J.K.

"I have found this experience very rewarding after so many other remedies have failed. This treatment has all the potential of being the answer to baldness." A.G.

"I wish to testify that not only has the Doctor grown hair in the area that I have been without it all these years. My wife, in signing this letter after me, testifies to the fact that she has witnessed the growth of this new hair." Mr. & Mrs. W.K.

"This was a second attempt to restore the growth of hair on my scalp (the first being six months of unsuccessful treatment by Dr. (world famous dermatologist). I have received encouraging and positive comments from my family as to the effect of new hair growth. I have been under the treatment of Dr. Inwood for approximately three months." R.B.F.

"After going to other doctors and getting no results, one month under Dr. Inwood's care I noticed a marked difference." P.D.

"Dr. Inwood's hair treatments were recommended to me by a hairdresser. He was taking the treatments himself for his hair loss and had regained hair that he had lost. I have noticed new hair growth. I am going to continue these treatments until my hair is fully restored." S.C.

These letters and hundreds more like them are more than mere testimonials. These are examples of sincere and deserved thanks. The doctor has now authorized his formula to be used by you in the privacy of your own home at a price you can easily afford.

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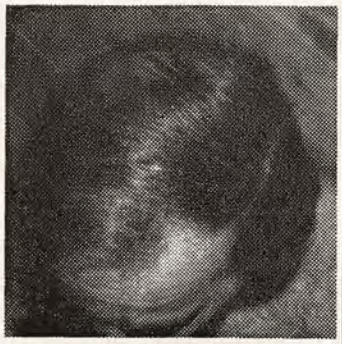

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PHME

INTERVIEW

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 112

vention of religion. In the beginning men were polygamous, and everyone thought that was fine.

Penthouse: Are women polygamous?

Claude: Yes, I think so.

Penthouse: What do you think of male prostitution?

Claude: I do not believe in male prostitution. The obstacle is basically psychological. In France we have an expression, not very elegant but quite apt: "It's a lot easier to open your mouth than extend your arm." A man can't perform if he has doubts. A woman can always fake it. Male prostitution just wouldn't work.

Penthouse: But as you know, there is an upswing in male prostitution.

Claude: Well, yes. But then there are two types of male prostitutes: homosexual and heterosexual. In California, where there are many gay men, there are a lot of male prostitutes for men. In Europe there are more of what we call "gigolos"—men who are young and handsome who sleep with women who are a bit older, a little richer. But it is much less common than female prostitution.

Penthouse: Now that there are women executives, do you think that they, like high-powered male executives, will have the same needs for companionship when they travel? Will there be a growing need for gigolos?

Claude: No. It's just not a common thing.

Penthouse: Why?

Claude: It is technically so much more difficult. And then there are the psychological reasons. Women are so much more sentimental. The reactions of men and women, you see, are just not the same. A man, even when he is paying for the services of a lady, will still be nice, be romantic; he will still seduce the young lady. But if a woman pays for a man for a night, she will not seduce him. In her mind she still wants him to be romantic and seductive. Women are not seductresses. Women are too smart, too realistic for that. A woman is well aware that if a young man is with her, it is because he has paid to spend the night with her. That's all. Women's heads are more squarely set on their shoulders than men's.

Penthouse: Did lesbian women come to your call girls?

Claude: There were some, yes. Why not? But in general, I think that the most interesting thing for gays of either sex is the *hunt*. They like the search. The *game* is important. There are, of course, many straight men who also prefer "the chase" part of sex with women. But I think that those who seek sex with the same sex are always looking a little to find their double, to find themselves.

Penthouse: Many people think that prostitutes are often lesbians, perhaps because of their disillusioning experience with men. Is this true?

> ‘
>
> Women have dominated men throughout the centuries. Now liberationists want to become men's equals. How silly! . . .
>
> In Europe very few women go after alimony after a divorce. But in America women become *savage* when they divorce. . . .
>
> It's not that European women don't love jewels and money, but they admire their men more.
>
> ’

Claude: No, no, I don't think so. There is no greater percentage of lesbians among prostitutes than among other women. Women do not become prostitutes because they detest men. No, that's not true.

Penthouse: Is it true that men who are uncertain about their sexuality will visit a call girl to test their male identity?

Claude: Yes, certainly. I must say that these types were always extremely nice to the girls. They would come as if to a psychiatrist. They would explain their situation. Frequently, they would be gay but not know that they were gay. They didn't know exactly what they wanted; they didn't know exactly who they were. But they could speak more freely with prostitutes. They would come and they would say, "My God. I've got such a problem. I'm much more attracted to a handsome man than to a beautiful woman. Often, when I'm with a girl, I can't get it up, but when I see a good-looking guy . . ." Sometimes it would turn out that, after listening to a man for a long time, my girl would say, "Look, you're gay." And that could simplify the guy's life immensely. These men couldn't tell their feelings to their mother or priest. The girls would be the ones to help them get in touch with their true sexual feelings.

Penthouse: The girls didn't try to convert these men to heterosexuality?

Claude: Why try to seduce someone away from his real desires? There's nothing wrong with being gay. One is simply that way. This is much more accepted these days. Years ago gay men felt they had to marry, and then they made their wives miserable!

Penthouse: What do you think of bisexuality?

Claude: It's very much in vogue now. For the past few years, there has been a big discovery of the bisexual nature of everyone, men and women. But I must say that women have been much more willing to accept this. Many women can have a few homosexual relationships without becoming lesbians. It's no big deal to them. It doesn't lead to a radical change in their sexual orientation.

I think many men and women are actively bisexual now. It's almost a political decision; it's far more of a conscious thing. And often I've heard a woman say, "If my husband cheated with another woman, I would be upset, but with a guy—that doesn't bother me." That's quite bizarre, isn't it? But I can see that it's true. We tend to be less upset about it.

Penthouse: Why?

Claude: The sexes are so mixed up now. Often on the street you see someone up ahead with long hair, wearing pants—you don't know *what* it is! The styles—and the whole life-style right now—are fairly bisexual. One doesn't know quite what one is. One has to experience everything. The young try everything—in drugs, sex—and why not? Nothing is set. If you're happy with someone of your own sex or of the opposite sex, that's all. Happiness is all.

Penthouse: Did your ladies fake their orgasms?

Claude: My ladies were exactly like other women. When they were with a sexy, agreeable partner, they would react as any other woman would. But they weren't orgasm machines. You know that when a woman married for five or fifteen years makes love with her husband, she doesn't have delirious orgasms each time. She must therefore be content to give him "a little theater." It's the same with my girls.

Penthouse: What makes for "good theater"?

Claude: That which most closely resembles reality.

Penthouse: Wild moans and groans?

Claude: The simpler, the more real.

Penthouse: Do you think men know when women are faking orgasms?

Claude: They never know. Oh, they know that women sometimes fake it. But they think that "it's with all the others except me."

Penthouse: How do you explain the sexual difference between men and women?

Claude: Just being with a man, in his arms, brings a certain happiness to a woman. She feels good and is content. She is happy with the pleasure that she can give him. If she didn't have an orgasm, it is not really

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very important. However, for a man, the same situation is completely different. Each time he makes love, it's a big chance. If just once, by chance, nature doesn't comply, all sorts of worries beset him. He fears he has become completely impotent! That he will be impotent for life! A tragedy! This is the most important sexual difference between men and women. This is why the two sexes will never really understand one another. They simply don't have the same needs or possibilities.

Penthouse: For women, reaching orgasm is not a big thing?

Claude: A woman may have a one-night or one-weekend adventure with a man and have many great wonderful orgasms but leave the encounter with a feeling of . . . disgust. On the other hand, she may spend her time with a man who wants to send her into raptures but can't, but for whom she has a special tenderness. He may be the one man she remembers.

Penthouse: And what of love and sex?

Claude: Ha! They are certainly not the same. Don't confuse them! One can have love. One can have sex. One can have love and sex. But these three things are completely different experiences.

Penthouse: And when one has love *with* sex?

Claude: That is paradise! And it is also the beginning of hell. Because at that moment, one begins to fear losing paradise!

Penthouse: Tell us about the differences between men of different nationalities.

Claude: You want me to say that Italians are this way and Englishmen are another? No. Me, I say that men are men. Of course, there *are* types. We spoke earlier about American men, who are a little neurotic about sex. There are also some absolutely marvelous American lovers.

Penthouse: The English are supposed to be the worst.

Claude: The English have that reputation, along with their umbrellas and their monocles. It's not true. Not all Englishmen have monocles or carry umbrellas, and they are *not* all undersexed! When they're good, they're good. Italians are warm lovers. They are expressive both with their hands and with words. Even if they can only fuck badly for five minutes, they'll make up for the failure afterwards. American men, though, while technically good, often lack the warmth and *savoir faire* of the Italians. Americans just stop after coming. The Germans—they are very conscientious in love. When I would explain to a German girl how she must make love, I could be certain that she would do exactly what I had told her. They are very good that way, the Germans.

Penthouse: How would your service work, typically?

Claude: A foreign businessman—from New York, perhaps—arrives in Paris. He is alone for the entire evening before he must attend to his business the next day. He has called me in advance from New York and said, "I'm arriving at ten o'clock." So I arrange for my young lady to meet him at the airport. I will have arranged for the best table at his favorite restaurant in Paris and then for their entrance into Regine's or whatever club he desires. Then he has a young lady who will spend the night with him. It's perfect. For him it is so simple. The next day she will accompany him to the airport. Perhaps she will accompany him on to Berlin or to London for a few days or a week. He takes care of business, and he has a good time.

> A man can't perform if he has doubts. A woman can always fake it. Male prostitution just won't work. . . .
>
> Some women practice the most horrible prostitution of all, the kind that lasts a lifetime—marriage! . . .
>
> One can have love. One can have sex. One can have love and sex. But these are completely different experiences.

Sometimes men would take my young ladies on trips around the world that lasted several months! Especially for special occasions: music festivals, carnivals, Mardi Gras. Also on many trips on yachts. Then I would take care of tickets, reservations, tables at restaurants, seats at the theater.

Penthouse: You must have had clout with maitre d's and club managers.

Claude: Oh, yes, I was well known, so it was easy. I would call a restaurant and ask for a table. "No, I'm sorry, we're all booked," they'd say. "This is Mme. Claude," I'd say. "Ah, yes, the best table for you!" would be the answer. Private clubs would welcome my client by name, where usually he couldn't get in without a membership. So you see, I was a real agency, not just a madame. And this was all very important to my clients. I made the life of the traveling businessman very much more pleasant and simple.

Penthouse: Is there a service like this in Paris now?

Claude: No. This *type* of service exists, but there is no service of the same quality as mine.

Penthouse: How did men contact you for the services of your women?

Claude: They had to know a friend of mine.

Penthouse: How many women were in your establishment?

Claude: About thirty.

Penthouse: How many clients did you have?

Claude: No one has ever asked me that before. It's difficult to say. But I can say that they were from a certain level of society, a very high level of society.

Penthouse: Giscard d'Estaing, for example?

Claude: No names! No names! Let's just say that he and I have met.

Penthouse: Did business take place in the grand hotels?

Claude: When a man telephoned me, I sent a young lady wherever he requested. Or he might visit her apartment. All the young ladies had their own apartments. Many men would travel with their companions—to America, to Australia, everywhere.

Penthouse: How were your girls paid?

Claude: The men would pay them, and then I would take my percentage.

Penthouse: What prices did these ladies bring?

Claude: I built a reputation for great quality. I had quality because I was expensive.

Penthouse: What is "expensive"?

Claude: I don't know what the equivalent prices would be today, what with inflation and exchange rates. It's been a long time since I've been in the business. But if you insist—whatever the others were charging, I charged three times that fee.

Penthouse: When you received a call, how would you decide which girl to send?

Claude: I spoke with the client and found out exactly what he wanted. Then I would send only someone who matched his request exactly.

Penthouse: Did you ever send the wrong girl?

Claude: That happened, of course. But only rarely. And even in such a case, the situation was not as awkward as you might think. They can always find an excuse.

Penthouse: How many hours would they spend together?

Claude: Generally, in the afternoon it was two hours. The length of time in the evening was determined by the man and the young lady. Sometimes they would spend weekends and vacations together—a month or many months. It happened. There were also those who stayed together an entire lifetime.

Penthouse: They married?

Claude: Yes. There were many marriages.

And I must say that they generally have very good marriages, as they've already learned to understand men; they've learned the patience, gentleness, and intelligence necessary for a good wife. In a royal wedding party I spotted one of the prettiest of my young ladies. Some of my young ladies have married very famous gentlemen. I often see certain of my girls in the magazines: they're photographed someplace exciting with very famous people. That's always pleasant to see.

I was in a restaurant once when I saw a very pretty blond who I thought was an American actress. Then, suddenly, I realized she was one of my girls, who had married a Swiss producer. I just sat quietly as she was leaving. But she spotted me and hugged me and kissed me. Later she called me and said that her husband had remarked, "When you saw Claude, your face lit up like you were seeing an angel."

Penthouse: Many people say Jerri Hall was with you, Madame Claude.

Claude: But who is Jerri Hall?

Penthouse: She is a model, the girl friend of Mick Jagger.

Claude: No, she wasn't with me. But I take the rumor as a compliment. I hope she does, too.

Penthouse: What do you think of the women's liberation movement?

Claude: I don't think men and women can ever truly understand one another. We don't have the same ideas, the same sexual needs, or the same way of interpreting things. A man has his career, his sports, his friends. Women . . . they have another life . . . with children and the home . . . it's totally different. Certainly they can live together, but . . .

But female liberation is just foolishness, because women are much more intelligent than men; they have dominated men throughout the centuries. Now liberationists want to become men's equals. How silly!

Penthouse: What impact has the women's liberation movement had on the call girl business?

Claude: A great impact! There is much more competition, as a result, for the call girls today. Now all girls take the Pill, and that has greatly changed their approach to sex. For the girls of my generation, there was always the fear of pregnancy. They met a man whom they liked, but they waited before they went to bed. Now a couple meet, a couple makes love. Just like that. No risk. It's made women a bit more like men, given them the same kind of freedom men have always enjoyed.

Penthouse: What happens to the call girl business during a recession?

Claude: The need and demand for sex remains constant. Sex is one of the few things that can survive any recession.

Penthouse: What about a change in the political climate?

Claude: My kind of business is very difficult in Eastern countries, where the politics are usually to the left. The leftist men want to be purer than others. They aren't, of course; they are only more hypocritical.

Penthouse: How long has it been since you left France?

Claude: I left in 1977 because I was having tax problems.

Penthouse: And what do you do now?

Claude: Now I do nothing. I travel a little. And think about what I might do next. Here in the United States I have listened to the problems of many women. American women, I think, have the same problems as other women, in addition to their particularly American problems. Three-quarters of them don't know how to be attractive. I believe I could do for them what I was able to do for my young ladies, that is, make prettier those who are not pretty, make extraordinarily pretty those who are already pretty enough. I believe one can do this for any woman. I like to create beauty. That was the reason for my success. I would like to help women: teach them how to dress, how to act, what to do. Tutor them in how to enter grand hotels, restaurants, airports. Teach them the details of how one acts when one is well-born. Help them improve their sexual performance. I would like to run a school which would do what I did with my young ladies. Not train them to be prostitutes, but make them beautiful creatures of dreams.

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WINGING IT

Ever since Icarus glued his ill-fated wings with wax, man has assaulted the skies with daredevil dreams and alarmingly shaky contraptions. Until recently, flight with the birds seemed little more than earthly conceit. But in 1970 a bold birdman jumped off a Northern California dune strapped to a kitelike glider designed from obscure forty-year-old NASA research, and soon hundreds were leaping off cliffs in search of the perfect thermal. Today the United States Hang Gliding Association boasts 7,000 members, with an estimated three times that number soaring uncounted in the wild blue yonder. And of all these daring aerialists, few are more expert than former national champion Keith Nichols.

Ranked second among all American hang gliders, Nichols serves as the USHGA's competition director and last year coached U.S. pilots to a top finish in the world championships held in Japan. Winner of five major tournaments, the thirty-eight-year old Nichols is one of the more celebrated veterans of a sport whose average pilot-age is twenty-three. His favorite jump-off sites lie high in the Colorado Rockies; from an 8,000-foot perch in Owens Valley, Calif., he once soared to 20,000 feet. His record time aloft is five and one-half hours. Though hang-gliding suffered some early fatalities because of shoddy equipment, Nichols now calls it "incredibly safe. It's pilot error that gets you in trouble." Inexperience and too much bravado remain the major sources of risk.

Do not, however, underestimate the rigors required of gliding. It's serious sport and demands peak condition. Weight per se may not be a problem—large gliders will carry a 250-pound pilot—but beware of an excess of flab: running an eighty-pound glider at fifteen miles per hour for takeoff could lead to cardiac arrest instead of arresting flight.

For the purposes of soaring, upper-body development is most important. Don't try for bulging Mr. Olympus bulk (the more you weigh, the larger the glider you'll need), but remember that flight control depends on the muscles in the arms, shoulders, chest, and back. To get in tip-top shape, Nichols recommends frequent use of the parallel bars, chin-ups, or regular workouts on pulley-and-weight machines, such as the Nautilus. Gymnastics are excellent preparation, and it is not surprising that the highly respected Southern California School of Hang Gliding (in Los Angeles) is run by two former gymnasts. Such sports as racquetball, squash, and volleyball build crucial stamina as well as the quick reactions and good hand-to-eye coordination needed for gliding. Nichols finds Ping-Pong terrific practice.

Staying fit also means eating right. Nichols's own diet features fish, poultry, and veal with steamed vegetables plus lots of fresh fruit and juice. Cut out the junk food. As a supplement, work out a regimen of balanced vitamins—particularly important if you're on the road and can't prepare all your own meals. Before any serious flight, Nichols munches down on a breakfast of juice, cereal, eggs, and bacon. To avoid being bloated, skip lunch. If you anticipate the flight being long, carry a snack, like candy bars, sunflower seeds, or granola, that can be comfortably stowed in a pocket. Drugs or alcohol, Nichols stresses, should *never* be taken before a glide. They will only diminish coordination and slow your reflexes.

Because hang-gliding is a potentially dangerous sport, you must be certified before strapping on wings. Drop a letter to the USHGA in Los Angeles (P.O. Box 66306, zip 90066) for a list of certified instructors and training programs. Among the schools that Nichols recommends: Aerial Techniques in Ellenville, N.Y., Kitty Hawk Kites in Nags Head, N. C., and San Diego's Flight Realities. Count on approximately ten lessons before certification. The cost for lessons and purchase of glider should run about $1,500.

Nichols's own plans include a truly awesome feat for 1982: a coast-to-coast flight in a motorized glider. As spokesman for Shulton Inc.'s new fragrance, Blue Stratos, Nichols will also organize this summer's Blue Stratos East Coast National Tournament, in which ninety top pilots expect to compete. The theme for Blue Stratos, by the way, is "Unleash the Spirit."

So get in shape—and soar.

PHOTOGRAPH BY HANK LONDONER

IN THE FEBRUARY FORUM ON YOUR NEWSSTAND NOW

WHY WOMEN SHOULD TAKE THE INITIATIVE

For years women have been complaining about men and complaining about sex. Female therapist Carole Altman has a controversial answer to all those complaints: women must take control of their own pleasure instead of just going along for the ride.

MARCO VASSI'S JOURNAL

America's foremost erotic writer returns to *Forum* with a frank new look at his life and loves. Find out why the nation's sexual future may be found in the erotic life-style of Marco Vassi.

GIVING MASTURBATION A BETTER NAME

According to Josh Bagby, the only bad thing about masturbation is its reputation. In this surprising article he reveals a totally new approach to self-pleasuring, guaranteed to make it a rare treat for both you and your lover.

LIVING TOGETHER—WITHOUT SEX

More and more men and women are living together without sleeping together, reports Renée Brown. Find out why it makes sense to share expenses but not sex.

WHEN SEX IS ILLEGAL

Should the government have a right to clamp down on your sex life? Well-known criminologist Dr. Georgette Bennett says absolutely not. Read her fascinating report on the Moral Majority's move into your bedroom.

MARCO POLO

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 88

that julep. But before that, stand up and move over, in front of the window. I want a good look."

Blackford obeyed. "Okay?"

"Not really. I could look all night. But," she sighed, "my mother taught me to be a good hostess. So put on your pants, and I'll go grind the damn mint."

"Knead the damned mint."

"Knead the damned mint."

October 1959

When Blackford turned the key to his apartment, opened it, and saw the three men sitting in chairs boxing the compass of his room, he stopped. Slowly he shut the door behind him. Two of them were smiling, the third—something less than that.

"Son of a bitch. I *mean,* even Hollywood wouldn't do this! God*damn!*"

He embraced Anthony Trust, and another bear hug for Singer Callaway. Rufus he actually slapped on the back—before sobering up and extending his hand. He felt as if he had stolen a kiss from Marie Antoinette at Madame Tussaud's.

"So," he said. "What is it that brings to my humble abode three burglars? Or do you have a court order authorizing your illegal entry?"

Anthony Trust, a year older than Blackford, slim, intense, primly affectionate, a former classmate at Greyburn Academy in Great Britain and at Yale, pointed to Singer Callaway. Age, oh, fifty-five? Relaxed, loose-jointed, idiomatic, he'd have looked altogether at home performing behind a guitar in his native Ohio and singin' a little old song or two to his little old girl/Waitin' for ole Singer/To stop singin', and come home. And Singer in turn pointed to Rufus.

So Rufus got down to it. There was at hand a considerable crisis. As with some crises, this was one that bore an opportunity. Rufus had consented to take the command post. He had—" 'specified' would be the wrong word," he said, but he did not go on to supply a substitute—that he work with three men with whom he had worked on a number of other assignments. Unhappily, the sheer scope of the enterprise would require that many men be involved. But he was here authorized to ask Blackford to accept recommissioning as an agent of the Central Intelligence Agency. Rufus thought it entirely inadvisable, on this or any future occasion, so much as to touch, let alone dwell upon, the reasons for Blackford's separation from the Agency. An earnest of the director's confidence in him was that if Blackford agreed, he would be reinstated immediately as a Grade-sixteen officer. The invitation was, at Blackford's choosing, finite or other than finite. Rufus hoped that whatever his ultimate professional plans, he would at least agree to interrupt them in order to help with the enterprise at hand, but he was here also to say that if he desired to stay on in the Agency, he would be welcome. He had already briefed Callaway and Trust on the problem and had brought them along in order for Blackford to know that if he consented, he would be working with men with whom he had shared a number of experiences . . .

Blackford said, "Let me think about it, Rufus." He paused, wrinkling his face in a caricature of concentration. "I've thought about it. The answer is yes. I assume I can give Ambrose & Gaither a couple of weeks notice?"

"We'd like you to start working—tonight."

"Okay, Rufus. I'm all yours. What are we going to do about dinner?"

"Michael Bolgiano is having it brought in."

Blackford could not remember when last he was so thoroughly content.

The directors of Central Intelligence and the FBI sat with Rufus, going over two sets of documents, the first relatively dated, the second fresh as last week.

The first pile was from the dossier "GAITHER, Amanda."

It contained the notorious forty-page questionnaire completed by applicants who desire to serve in the Agency, together with reports from FBI agents and special CIA agents. Few routine files in Washington are more copious, and Rufus sighed at the prospect of going over it, but much of it, of course, he could skim. The three men sat alongside each other at The Quarters, and Rufus would pass along a document to the director of the CIA, who would then pass it on to the director of the FBI. Reviewing the first pile took over an hour. They all took notes.

Rufus addressed them. "It is clear that Miss Gaither was an enthusiastic supporter of Henry Wallace and was deeply involved in the Progressive Citizens of America, an operation dominated, particularly in its last period, by the Communist party and from whose ranks the Communists did their most vigorous recruiting during the late forties."

"Yep," Hoover added. "But most of them dropped out."

"We are not talking about most of them," Dulles said, with just a touch of stiffness.

"By the time she left Vassar, she seemed to have got away from the hard-core apologists for Stalin; in fact, she appears to have quarreled with them. In any event, the next three years, spent here in Washington with the Spanish Tourist Office, don't seem to suggest any residual political obsessions. All her teachers and friends seem to like her."

"Her boyfriends certainly seem to like her," Hoover said gruffly.

"There is that," Dulles agreed, "and the usual blackmail opportunity. But—do you realize that I have known her since she was approximately four years old?—to the great distress of her very proper parents, Amanda has never made much of an effort to conceal her . . . capacity for total infatuations. Nor does she appear to have been attached for any very considerable time to any one person, the ironic exception being Michael Bolgiano—with whom, however, there is no trace of a relationship going beyond the fraternal. She was often in the household of her godfather, Dean Acheson. I telephoned him a day or two ago and asked about her."

"Did he say he would never turn his back on Amanda Gaither?" Rufus asked.

Dulles's eyes moved quickly to ascertain whether the FBI director had gotten the quip; he hadn't.

"He said he found her consistently lively, amiable, and rather apolitical and apparently satisfied with her job."

"Very well then," said Rufus, "let's look at the second dossier. It is—correct me if I am wrong, Mr. Hoover—a minute-by-minute account, to the extent possible, of her activities during the past week, correct?"

"Correct."

Experienced eyes read quickly through such material, trained to brake at the anomaly. Rufus wanted especially to focus on just where she went upon leaving the office of the director of the CIA and what she carried with her. The answers were there: no fixed pattern as to where she went. Monday it was to Camalier and Buckley, where she made a purchase. Tuesday it was to a bridal shower, Wednesday a Vassar tea, Thursday to her father's office, Friday directly home, to prepare dinner for six guests, none of them members of the Politbureau.

She carried with her, on leaving, only her raincoat and a purse. They studied a picture of her emerging from the office building. "That purse isn't large enough to contain a wad of papers," Dulles observed.

That sort of thing went on for another exasperating hour, until finally Rufus, calling first for fresh coffee, said: "Gentlemen, let us reason a posteriori. If we can rule out that the director here is a mole, or his deputy, then the transmission is necessarily being done by one of the four women in the office. The only one of these four women who operates the Xerox machine is Amanda Gaither. Moreover—I grant this could be coincidental—it is an employee of Amanda Gaither's father who has been photographing the materials and serving as courier to our spymaster in New York. There cannot be any reasonable doubt that it is *she*. If we cannot deduce how it is that she actually takes the documents out of the building, why can't we devote an effort to discovering how she takes copies from the Xerox machine? Mr. Hoover, is it feasible to install a moving-picture camera trained to film the Xerox machine when it is operated by Amanda Gaither?"

"Of course. It will be done tomorrow."

April 1960

Singer Callaway materialized at noon, local Tokyo time, to be with Blackford at the

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FICTION

DEATH EXPERIENCES

SINCLAIR

THE INCREDIBLE SHRINKING SINCLAIR—Briton Clive Sinclair has gotten very big by thinking small. Smash! Sinclair makes TV tubes of the thickness of a magazine. Crunch! He turns out a tiny home computer priced below $200. As *Omni* shows in an incisive profile this month, Sinclair is like one of the small, wily animals that existed when dinosaurs still ruled: he invents in the shadow of giant corporations and survives on his wits. Next Sinclair may take on Detroit.

OUR LADY OF THE ENDORPHINS—In 1973, when Candace Pert was a twenty-six-year-old pharmacology graduate student working under Solomon Snyder at Johns Hopkins, she startled the neuroscience community with her discovery of the opiate receptor. She's continued to make groundbreaking discoveries in brain chemistry. This month in *Omni*'s interview Pert discusses such vital questions as: How does the brain regulate behavior? What is the locus of the Valium (or Hoffmann-La Roche) receptor? Why does Angel Dust twist perception?

SPARE GENES—Within the next ten years machines may routinely scan the genes of a fetus, searching for odd "fingerprints" that warn of problems ranging from color blindness to cystic fibrosis. And when scanners detect a problem, doctors will go to a stock of "good" genes for replacements. Researchers today can inject DNA into a cell by using wispy glass needles, changing the cell's "blueprints." In the future they may be able to combat human disease with related techniques. This month's *Omni* reports the potential of gene therapy.

RECOLLECTIONS OF DEATH—A brilliant light, a serene landscape, the spirits of long-departed loved ones—all these figure in the tales told by people who recover from clinical death. In this month's *Omni* cardiologist Michael B. Sabom discusses the results of his five-year investigation into NDEs, or near-death experiences. Dr. Sabom's study, the first scientifically rigorous examination of the NDE, calls into question our beliefs about the nature of human life.

SCIENCE FICTION—A historian chronicles events after the death of God, in Greg Bear's "Petra"; two exobiologists discover a mystery on the planet Aton-17, in Scott Sanders's "The Audubon Effect"; and a victim of a rare illness capitalizes on his affliction, in Gregg Keizer's "I Am the Burning Bush."

beginning of his great adventure, flying the U-2 over the Sino-Soviet frontier. He greeted Blackford happily but asked one favor, that he be permitted to sleep, to recover from the endless flight traversing ten time zones. Blackford gave him the second bedroom in the suite and told him he had ordered dinner served right there in their quarters. Singer was doggedly asleep, even six hours after diving into bed. But following his shower and a drag on his beloved cigarette, Singer was relaxed, speaking in those long, rounded sentences Blackford had remarked when he first met him in London. It was characteristic of Rufus (everyone always assumed that he was motivated only by his professionalism) to dispatch Singer all the way to Tokyo, to see Blackford off, so to speak. Blackford could think of no other reason, really, why Singer was seven thousand miles from home.

"We begin with this." From the refrigerator Blackford brought out a carefully selected bottle of Riesling, which he uncorked. "At eight a Japanese girl will come around with something or other. It will taste good."

"Hmm," said Singer, dressed in khaki pants and a light sweater and leaning back in an armchair, "This *is* good! Ugh, what a flight. The things I do for you, Black. And I mean, all *you* have to do is fly a few thousand miles over Central Asia! Did I tell you I figured out an easy way to navigate? Well, you make sure that on your left there are five Communists for every Communist on your right. That way you'll fly right between Khrushchev's Russia and Mao's China without missing a thing! Here's to you, boy." Singer raised his glass and gave Blackford a fatherly wink.

Blackford was anxious for news of Tango. The arrests had taken place the Saturday of his departure. The English language press in Tokyo had carried a fairly full account, together with a statement by Hans Steiner's lawyer.

"I see he got himself old J. Daniel Umin."

"Yup. Umin is having a ball. He has told the press that the injustice already done to Hans Steiner—he always refers to him as 'the internationally renowned artist'—is the greatest injustice since Dred Scott."

Blackford's laughter was the closest he had come to release since Michael's death. This was the laughter of the trade. The kind of amusement professional students of Soviet behavior derive from reading a bald lie in the Communist press, inevitably introduced by the phrase "as everyone knows . . ." Intraoffice jokes. They are the most satisfying. Inside jokes. Yes, gallows humor, even. "I caught him on television, Black. I'll tell you, that character is the meanest, funniest son of a bitch I ever saw. I got to confess I'd give one nut to stick J. Daniel Umin in a Soviet courtroom for just one hour."

"Yeah, right. But tell me, did they find the mole?"

"Yup."

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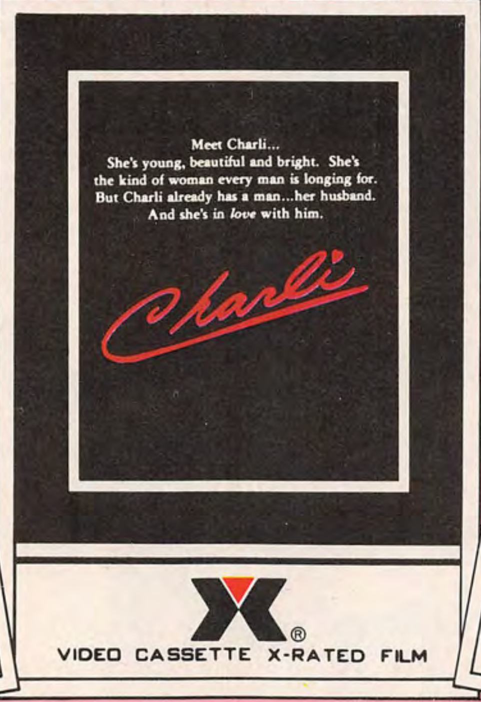
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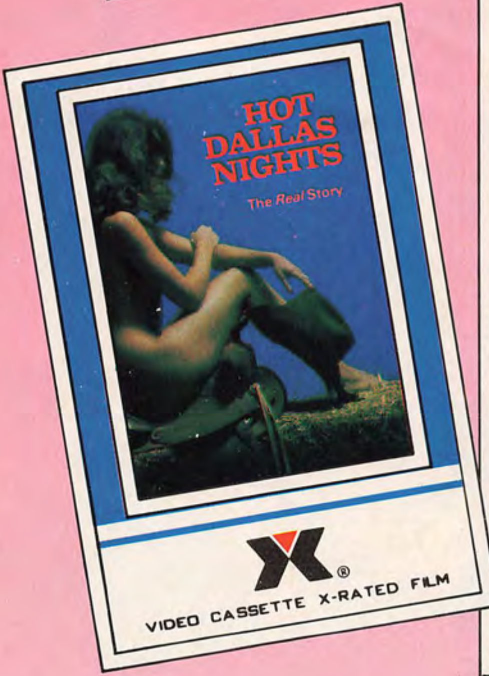
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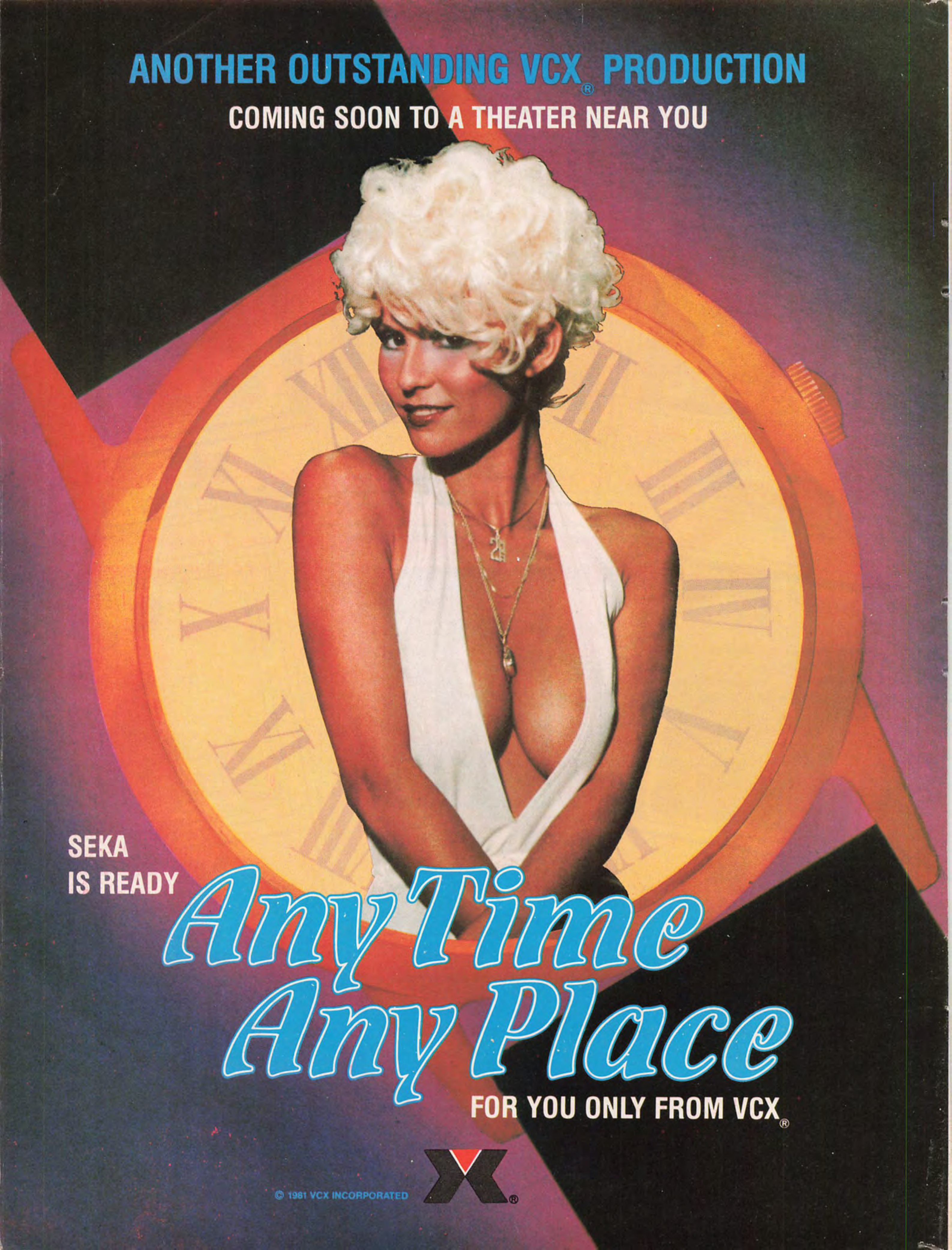
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Blackford waited. "Are you going to tell me who it was?"

"Under the circumstances, I can. The mole is Amanda Gaither."

Blackford put his glass down. He stared at Singer, his lips parted. Singer could hear the exhalation of breath.

"What the hell," Singer said, struggling at once to console and dismiss. "You can make out a solid case for the inconceivability of most of them. Look at the social background of Harry White, Alger Hiss, Donald Maclean ... She was recruited while at Vassar."

Again Blackford paused, his wine glass forgotten, his eyes glazed.

" ... How did she ... bring it off?"

Singer poured another glass of wine.

"Well, my boy, it happens that your old friend Singer Callaway was in the very room when J. Edgar Hoover's technician explained it—or tried to—to Rufus. He even brought in the piece."

"The piece of what?"

"The piece of hardware, I'd guess you'd call it. Maybe 'electronic hardware' would be more accurate. But before I explain how it worked, let me tell you what happened, okay?"

"Yeah."

"As you know, Amanda" (it crossed Singer's mind to amuse himself by characterizing her "your every-now-and-then-girl-friend Amanda," but he pulled away from jocularity in reaction to the gravity of the expression he looked up at; Singer resolved to cant the analysis of what happened on the technical, rather than the human, end, at which level he was in any case better prepared to cope, having very little original to say to explain why Amanda Gaither would choose to work for the people who operated Gulag, rather than for the people who wanted to confine Gulag's boundaries). "Amanda worked—I'll tell you, in a minute, why I'm using the *past* tense: she doesn't work for him any longer—in the office of the director himself. Among other things, she was in charge of the beautiful new Xerox 914. Seven copies per minute ... Neat, dry stuff—you're familiar with it.

"Anyway, that was one of her jobs, to run the thing, keep up the paper supply, teach authorized assistants how to work it—that kind of thing. How she 'brought it off,' as you put it, was by a thing the FBI have called 'the Diverter.' "

"The what?"

"The Diverter. First let me tell you what she did; then I'll tell you how it worked. Or do you care?"

"I care," Blackford said. He leaned almost unnoticeably forward on his chair, running his hand around the undrained wineglass.

"Okay. Well: under the rig was—is—a foot switch. If activated, which our Amanda could do by a slight movement of her toe as she bent over the machine to put down the documents, the Diverter was activated. Stayed activated till she pulled the switch back."

"Come on, Singer."

"Easy. So, she would push the switch. Then put the document, as usual, face down on the glass plate on top of the machine, positioned for the scanner. Then she'd press the RUN button, and the machine would begin to crank, delivering whatever number of copies she had designated on the COUNTER. The magic of it was simple: the Diverter would make an extra copy."

"Blackford intruded. "Couldn't people see the extra copy being made?"

"No, no, you don't understand. The Diverter didn't extrude an extra copy on the tray. If the orders were for, say, two copies of a document, she'd set the exposed COUNTER button at—'2.' And ... two copies would pop out of the machine. But, ho, ho, ho, a third copy had been made. In sequence, it was actually the first copy. But instead of ejecting into the delivery tray, it was kicked down into the bottom of the machine, where it sat under the internal mechanism. Sat there until Amanda retrieved it. Retrieved them."

"Retrieved it—them—when?"

"We filmed her. Toward the end of the day, usually. Tidy-up time. She'd open up the big panels on the 914, normal practice: check the feed mechanisms, take out mangled sheets of Xerox paper, that sort of thing. While at it, she would pick up copies of the national treasures. Take them, casually, and put them on one of the file baskets, where papers are habitually collected for USIA. One of her jobs was to address them. Simple. She addressed the *un*-classified papers to USIA, at their P.O. box number, and the *classified* papers to—a Soviet drop, using an official-type P.O. box address ... Benni's box ..." Singer looked up cautiously. It was not his assignment to come to Tokyo to upset the principal field executive of the Marco Polo operation. He could tell that Blackford had absorbed the Michael-Benni shock.

"How did the Diverter actually work?"

"Remarkably simple. Even I understood it, though maybe only because Hoover made his guy repeat it about five hundred times.

"To begin with, our friends in the KGB tracked the new Xerox 914 machines coming off production. We still haven't picked up the cutie pie at *that* end of the business. That was last July.

"*Anyway,* when Amanda had that foot switch kicked over, a metal blade would intercept the first copy of any run, directing it into the cavity at the bottom of the machine. Amanda's role was *that* simple. With the kick switch on, she'd push the RUN botton. The machine goes into motion and comes up with the designated number of copies. *But*—before it ejects the first of those copies, it has made an extra copy, diverted to the bottom of the machine. A complete one-document cycle (the Xerox boys are real proud of this) takes exactly 9.1 seconds. But a nonexpert has no idea how long the warm-up period takes. In the case of Amanda's ma-

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chine, the warm-up period, sounding in with a gentle purr—you guessed it, took 9.1 seconds—before the visible copies would start going through. The purr period was making copies for the Kremlin."

Singer was clearly caught up with the mechanical excitement of it all, which he had mastered at such pains, thanks to Mr. Hoover's corresponding incapacity easily to grasp technical detail.

"See, Black, just when the first copy starts to climb up out of the bottom of the machine, to arrive at the delivery tray, the Diverter goes to work. A metal blade—the FBI people call it the 'guillotine'—comes down. Catches the leading edge of the paper and drives it down through the gap. One of these and the black box cuts off the current to the solenoids, the springs snap the blade back up out of the way, and the machine operates in a conventional way. But—put in another, first copy of paper—and the pressure reactivates the black box, for a return performance. Neat?"

"I'll be damned."

"Well, of course, Rufus had instructed that there should be *no* difference whatever in procedures on the Monday after the arrests, *nothing* to make Amanda suspicious. On the other hand, Benni had no one to take secret papers to, at least not until the KGB reinstructed him, which would take time; so we were set to just, well, let things ride. Let Amanda go on using the Diverter, without knowing who'd pick the stuff up from Benni. She saved us the trouble."

"How so?"

"We had her under continuous observation, of course, from the moment we found out. We watched her when Klaus was arrested. She stayed home. On Sunday she called a professional delivery service and gave the messenger boy a letter to deliver to Benni."

"Did you intercept?"

"Uh-huh. And consummated delivery to Benni within a half-hour."

"Saying?"

"Saying that she was not going to sit around Washington waiting to be picked up. She was leaving that afternoon for Mexico, where she would tuck in with the Mexican consul she had one of her flings with last year. She told Benni maybe she'd marry him, maybe she wouldn't, but in any case she could be reached in care of her lover boy, and she gave his address."

"So much for that problem?"

"Wait. So Benni gets this communication. Apparently it gives *him* the shakes, because the next thing he does is board a plane for Rome. Blackford, have you ever seen a truly *sad* man? I mean, a truly *wretchedly* sad man?"

"Well, yeah, I guess so."

"No, you haven't. I'd have said I had. But I didn't. Not till I saw J. Edgar Hoover at The Quarters on Sunday afternoon, when we sat there with information that a Central Intelligence mole was en route to the airport to fly unmolested to Mexico, and her superior was en route to the airport to fly unmolested to Rome. He began by saying that of course he would not permit it. Rufus said, 'Mr. Hoover, you got to be nuts. Tango is over and out; now all that matters is the success of Marco Polo.' It was obvious, but the sheer agony of Hoover, letting two prime spies, who'd have faced life sentences, sashay out of the country . . . He made Dulles promise that at the earliest opportunity the CIA would release a statement saying that the FBI had permitted the spies to go out for overriding reasons of national importance."

"What did Dulles say?"

"He said if Marco Polo works, it's going to be a long time from now before we'll reveal that we were ever on to the Amanda-Benni operation."

"I must say, rather neat for our team, if you leave out the punishment angle."

"Right. Especially since when Benni gets to Rome, he'll establish contact there and give them Amanda's address in Mexico, so the KGB won't think she's ducking out on them."

"What about the Diverter?"

"We're going to leave it in the machine for a couple of months. Just in case there's another mole anywhere in the building who might have a reason to check whether we got on to it. All he'd have to do is reach with his foot and see if the stud pin's still sticking out. If it is, the Diverter is still presumably in place. A couple of months from now, a Xerox inspector can stumble onto it, remove it, and file some sort of confused report on it, which we can ignore."

Blackford was summoned to the door. He opened it, and a lissome Japanese girl followed by a male assistant came in, followed by a trolley with a half-dozen covered trays of hot food. Blackford went for another bottle of wine.

"How do you feel, Singer?"

"I'm beginning to feel good. How do you feel, Black?"

"I'm beginning to feel lousy."

Singer laughed. The laugh was not entirely wholesome. It was sound psychology at once to make light of the danger of a mission, while staying safely on the short side of trivializing it. It was a blend Singer could effect, and Blackford was soon smiling, and together they enjoyed the long evening, at regular intervals during which Singer would do his imitation of J. Daniel Umin affirming the chastity of his client. Blackford, in bed, thought about the passionate Amanda and struggled to recall whether she had ever betrayed her extralibidinal preoccupations, but he could recall only, every now and then, her enthusiasm for the prospects of some stallion or other. He doubted she ever could interest herself in a gelding. So it was Amanda in whose arms he lay on the eve of his departure for Berlin, there to work his labyrinthine way from 48 Mittlestrasse back to: the beautiful saucy dangerous girl who loved to make love and probably understood herself, manipulating the Xerox machine, as involved in making love to all of mankind.

"I go to all this trouble, and you forget the barbecue sauce?"

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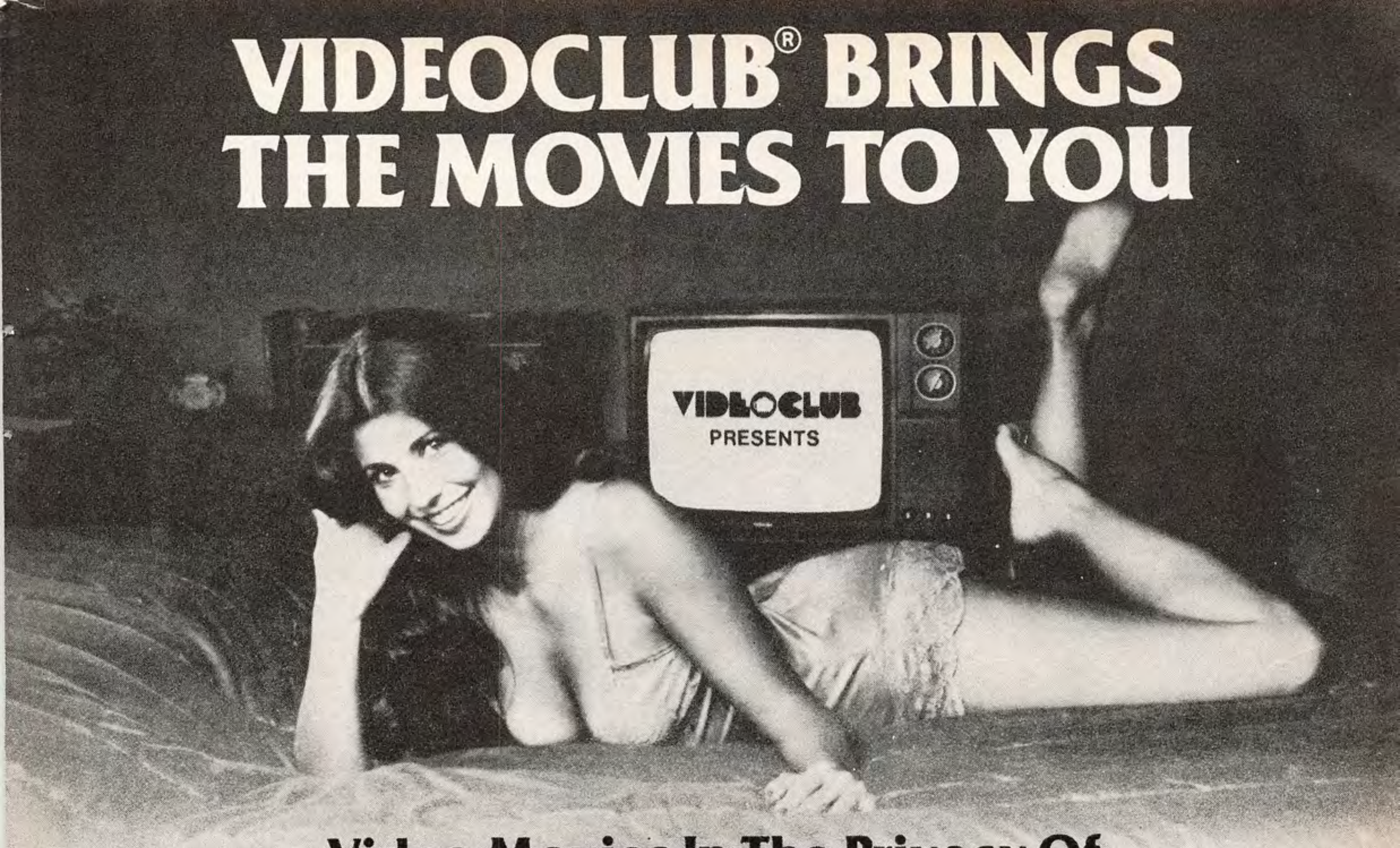

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WOMAN MURDERS OWN CHILD, BECOMES PRISON-SPONSORED BABY-SITTER

***Wetumpka, Ala.*—In a horrible bureaucratic bungle, a woman convicted of beating her own baby to death was allowed out of prison on a work-release program—and given a baby-sitting job. Hours later, she savagely beat a helpless six-month-old while his parents worshipped in church.**

"It's an outrage," cried the infant's dad, Jerry Wood of Wetumpka, Ala.

"I can't understand how prison officials could let a thing like this happen."

Jerry and Brenda Wood had left their blond-headed, blue-eyed baby, James, in the care of the nursery at Trinity Episcopal Church.

They never suspected that the woman who had charge of their son and two other babies had been serving a life sentence for beating her own 5-week-old daughter to death.

In 1975, Therese Burgess had flown into a rage and cold-bloodedly murdered her baby.

Therese told police she had spanked her daughter and hit her with a belt to make her stop crying. She admitted throwing her into the air and letting her fall to the ground.

The 27-year-old woman was serving a life sentence for the first-degree murder conviction, but in April she was allowed to take part in a work-release program.

"She had been working a regular job in a garment factory for about four months, and then she was allowed to be the attendant at the church's nursery on Sundays," Alabama Deputy Prison Commissioner Joe Hopper told the NEWS. "We're investigating to see whose fault this is. That woman should never have been allowed to take care of children." *(Weekly World News)*

Some people never learn.—Editor

Witch Doctor Performs "Low Overhead" Brain Surgery

An African witch doctor has successfully performed incredibly delicate brain surgery on a 9-year-old boy—using only a razor blade and an iron-tipped tool!

The amazing operation was performed in a jungle clearing without anesthetic or antiseptic as a highly trained medical expert watched in disbelief.

And when the painless five-hour operation was over, the boy astonishingly got up and walked home by himself.

Doctor Rolf Meschig, a researcher with the Institute of the History of Medicine in Düsseldorf, West Germany, told the NEWS, "It was the most incredible thing I have ever witnessed." *(Weekly World News)*

Dramatic proof that high-priced medicine may be unnecessary.—Editor

HOOVER SWALLOWS UNSUSPECTING PENIS

Two surgeons, writing in the *British Medical Journal,* report that they recently treated four men who—in unrelated incidents—injured themselves with vacuum cleaners.

According to surgeons, all four of the victims "were probably in search of sexual satisfaction."

The doctors write that one thing all of the four victims had in common, however, was their insistence that their encounters with the electric vacuums were purely accidental.

One of the men, for example, told the doctors he was dressed in a loose-fitting dressing gown when he reached across the machine to turn it off. According to the article: "At that moment his dressing gown became undone and his penis was sucked into the vacuum cleaner."

The doctors further report that two of the four cases involved a brand of vacuum cleaner which has fan blades about six inches from the inlet. The doctors write in their own words: "The present patients may well have thought that the penis would be clear of the fan but were driven to new lengths by the novelty of the experience and came to grief." (Zodiac News Service)

Next week: How far can you trust a Cuisinart?—Editor

IN VA., A CASE OF MISTAKEN ENMITY?

***Virginia Beach, Va.* (AP)—Orvall Wyatt Loyd, a mechanic, told police that he had mistaken his 270-lb. mother-in-law for a large raccoon when he hacked her to death in her garage last April, according to a detective's testimony yesterday at a preliminary hearing.**

Loyd, 33, of Dallas, told police, however, that after he struck the woman once with a hatchet he realized it was his wife's 49-year-old mother, Margaret K. Wise—and then he hit her again.

"I snapped or something," Loyd said in his statement to police. His case was sent to the grand jury. (New York *Daily News*)

A 270-lb. raccoon!!!—Editor

CRIMES OF PASSION DEPT.

***Coloma, Mo.*—What witnesses described as a young man, masked and pointing a .45 caliber pistol, held up a grocery store here Monday night and fled with a Penthouse magazine.**

Coloma Township police officer John Friese said the 9:43 P.M. holdup occurred at the Little Paw Landing at 7165 Lake Road.

No shots were fired, and no one was injured, Friese said. A tracking dog brought from the Paw State Police Post was unable to pick up the trail, he said.

Friese said he was told that the holdup man, wearing a knitted stocking cap over his face, walked into the store, pointed the gun at clerk Michael Brown, 50, and said, "Don't do anything," and then walked over to the store's magazine rack and took a copy of *Penthouse*. . . .

Nothing else was taken, police said.

The robber was described as being about 5 feet 9 inches tall and weighing about 90 pounds. *(Benton Harbor-St. Joseph Herald Palladium)*

Good taste may be his only defense.—Editor

UPI

CAMPAIGN SWING

H. John Rogers of West Virginia, who had just announced his 1982 U.S. Senate candidacy, is certainly pulling no punches in his response to a reporter's inquiry. The question: "Do you think your recent stay in a mental institution will hurt your candidacy?" (New York *Daily News*)

Evidently not.—Editor

BOX VOBISCUM

A House of Horrors was raided yesterday, and a 12-day-old baby boy was found living with his parents in a plywood box.

Inspectors in Passaic, N.J., said the baby's poverty-stricken mother and father were renting the box for $30 a week and using it as their home.

The box measured only 6 by 7 feet—about the size of a packing crate—and was discovered in the cellar with nine other boxes, which were also inhabited . . .

Incredibly, the "tenants" had their own locks and keys for their individual boxes.

"My heart sank when I saw that place. It looked like a concentration camp," said Milton Sadrakula, chief building-code enforcer. He said the people living there may be illegal aliens.

The house is located on a tree-lined street in a quiet neighborhood and is one of the best houses on the block, officials said.

"It's a beautiful house. You would never think this was going on in the cellar," said Sadrakula. . . .

He said those living in the boxes shared a kitchen and a refrigerator in the cellar. Those who lived in smaller boxes paid $25-a-week rent. *(New York Post)*

One-family box, no doubt.—Editor

Price Of Beer Soars

***St. Paul, Minn.* (UPI)—A woman who became a stripper in Florida sold her two babies to a stranger for two glasses of beer, court records revealed yesterday.**

Affidavits filed in Ramsey County District Court showed that the mother, not identified, went to a bar in East St. Paul on June 20, 1979. She met another woman, and later the two stopped at her apartment before going to another bar.

The second woman said she found two babies, a 3-month-old girl and a 16-month-old boy, crying in their cribs. She also found seven dogs and several cats.

The second woman said there was nothing but sour milk on hand, but the mother told her to fix bottles for the children with the milk anyway.

"I told her, 'Why don't you take the kids and give them to my mother?' " the woman said.

The mother then offered to sell the children for a glass of beer each.

"I took her across the street and bought her two beers, and she gave me the children," the woman said. *(New York Post)*

Fair is fair.—Editor

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 64

going to give him two swats for that."

Dillabaugh added that after the paddling he embraced the boy and said, "Your pastor loves you. Do you love your pastor?" According to the preacher, the boy responded,. "Yes, I love my pastor." Caryl Fischer has an explanation. "I believe Timmy said that because he was scared to death and wanted to get out of there."

Reverend Dillabaugh was acquitted. In the words of District Attorney James Doyle, Jr., "You just don't get a conviction in a battery case without a victim." "I'm vindicated," declared the controversial preacher after the jury came in. "God wins again!"

Timothy was scarred by the ordeal. "It took him a year and a half to really come back," said his mother. "I had to put him a year back in school, and he was kind of afraid of people. He's couldn't trust people where he went to school. He couldn't get close to them. He's very bitter toward Dillabaugh. Even today. Very much so. He used to hide on the ride to school and duck down in the car. He wouldn't even look that way. For a long time. For a whole year of school. I think he'd freak out if he saw Dillabaugh. If Dillabaugh came up to him, he'd run."

Caryl Fischer does not believe in corporal punishment. "I believe in a normal spanking, but not in beating. For anybody. I spank Timmy, but he doesn't end up with bruises. I think Dillabaugh has problems. I can't say he's crazy; but anybody who beats a kid that severely has problems."

The ultraconservative Reverend Dillabaugh has a rather curious history. A former trustee of the First Baptist Church in New Philadelphia, Ohio, where Dillabaugh spent three years, said that he was startled when the new associate pastor boasted that he once hit his brother so hard that he nearly killed him.

All questions of policy and finances at the First Baptist Church and the church-operated Indian Hills Christian School were controlled by Dillabaugh and his friend and mentor, Pastor Wesley G. Hunt.

Children were told that it was sinful to say "negative" things about the school, even to their parents. The former headmaster of the school, who describes Dillabaugh as a "bully type" and a "real hard-nosed kind of guy," said Dillabaugh personally dealt with all matters of school discipline.

The day-care center connected to Indian Hills Christian School, Love-N-Care, was denied license renewal after a teacher was convicted of child abuse for beating an eighteen-month-old baby with a Ping-Pong paddle. Also, the Tuscarawas County Welfare Department received a complaint that children at Indian Hills were being disciplined with a makeshift electric chair. Similar to the device created by

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Reverend Wymer, this metal stool was wired to deliver a shock to the child strapped to the seat. Use of the contraption was supposedly called "sparking." When a child-service worker wrote a letter to the church asking about the device, she received a reply stating that it was not in the school but in the church and that it was not used for discipline but for "recreation."

On matters of child discipline, Pastor Hunt made his position clear. He said that he would follow "the command of God, no matter what the Welfare Department says." He even suggested that children were designed by God with spanking in mind. "God put four inches of padding there," said Hunt.

But spanking is just part of the New Christian Right's well-financed program on education. ("We must bring amoral public education to its knees," said Jerry Falwell on the steps of the Capitol.) They are also engaged in a smear campaign against public schools and teachers; lobbying for private-school tuition tax credits that will undermine already cut-back federal, state, and local aid to education, eventually resulting in the public schools going bankrupt; exemption from state supervision and licensing of their "Christian" school network and child-care homes that mix rigid theology and ultraconservative political indoctrination; legitimizing corporal punishment on a mass scale and abolishment of child protection agencies; trashing academic freedom by censoring textbooks ("Soviet propaganda," according to Falwell) and school libraries; mandating prayer and "creationism" courses in the classroom; and a general war against enlightened education under the charge that it is "secular humanism," their code word for any kind of instruction that doesn't hold the threats and promises of heaven and hell, salvation and damnation, over a child's head.

This reporter traveled to a seventy-nine-acre converted Lewisville, Tex., farm to interview the man that Jerry Falwell calls "the driving force in Christian education today."

Rev. Donald Howard is the founder and president of Accelerated Christian Education, Inc., a God-and-free-enterprise curriculum business that he claims is being used in over 4,500 schools in the United States and thirty-six other countries. He also boasts that a new "Christian" school is opening every seven hours. Howard, a Texan in his early fifties, not only wraps himself in the flag; he wears it. Both men and women of the 200-worker staff are required to costume themselves in red-white-and-blue uniforms emblazoned with the A.C.E. logotype, an eagle with a thirteen-star American flag perched on an open Bible. They resemble airline stewards as they glide through wide concrete buildings festooned with patriotic slogans.

"God ordained government," said Howard. "The powers that be are ordained by God.

"In the countries overseas we recommend that they teach a spirit of nationalism and patriotism. A good Christian ought to be a good citizen. The Bible teaches that. And the old red-white-and-blue, if they want a sharp-looking uniform, we developed that. The kids think it looks snazzy."

A shopping mall for fundamentalist educational materials and methods, A.C.E. advertises that for less than $5,000 a congregation can buy its kindergarten-through-high-school "package," featuring a back-to-God curriculum and administrative training. Biblical principles are built into the curriculum. Obedience is cultivated. In social studies a work text reads: "My father and mother love me. I want to obey my father and mother. I want to always obey God, too." An anti-evolution science text instructs that all things were created by God. It states that "God made all life" and concludes, "All that God made is good."

In a two-hour conversation Howard expressed his feeling that the social pendulum will continue to swing right for the next fifty years. It can't get too far right for him.

Along with a one-week training session for teachers, corporal punishment is encouraged in A.C.E. schools. "If you teach a child to do right, he may or may not do it, a little child. But if the child does wrong

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Young Seka's Secret Films—$29.95 each

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Look, But Don't Touch—Steaming young Seka wants it bad, so she lures Ken on by talking dirty 'til she gets all she can take and he shows his "love." You can see the look of love on Seka's luscious face! **#658 Reg.-8mm, Super-8 #661.**

Blonde Sandwich—Two horny guys are so hot for this blonde bombshell they are all over her in minutes. They sandwich her between them and make Seka prove that 3 is not a crowd. They do it all, everywhere! **#664 Reg.-8mm, Super-8 #667.**

Caught in the Act!—Seka and Rhonda Joe are getting it on together when Seka's husband discovers them. He punishes both by forcing them to swallow pride and commit every sex act at his command. **#269 Reg.-8mm, Super-8 #270.**

Babysitter's Love Lessons—Tina Verville is a young babysitter who strips down and makes love to herself. Seka and Ken come home early and make her take it all in—every which way. It's a lesson you'll never forget! **#670 Reg.-8mm, Super-8 #673.**

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Sweet Alice the Cook—Guess who's cooking? Jamie, Seka and an Oriental beauty won't leave you guessing! **#282 Reg.-8mm, Super-8 #249.**

Sweet Alice and Her Friends—Seka can't stand watching her girlfriend making it with her boyfriend, so she makes it with both! **#284 Reg.-8mm, Super-8 #251.**

Spring Vacation—Seka brings her sorority sister home for vacation. They give a high school senior a graduate course in sex education. **#291. $39.95**

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deliberately and you produce a pain in his body and the pain is related to disobedience, then he develops a respect for obedience."

I asked whether this might not backfire and make the child susceptible to the wiles of a dictator. Howard agreed but concluded this would be acceptable "if Jesus is that dictator. The ideal system in the world is not democracy," he said. "The ideal system is totalitarian government with a righteous and a pure and a godly leader." It's hard to see anybody on the horizon who fits these qualifications, but Howard has a friend he admires greatly. "I think you could probably say according to scriptural principles that Jerry Falwell is a prophet. The day will come when God will rule and reign with a rod of iron, and Jesus Christ will sit on the throne of the universe."

He expects to see that day in his lifetime. When it happens, I asked, will there be room for dissenters? "I think legislation against apparent and obvious evil, if it is totalitarian or dictatorial, then it's what will happen when Jesus Christ reigns." By "obvious evil" he cited magazines like this one. "Pornography all ought to be burned. The rock-and-roll music records all ought to be burned. The burning of institutions? It depends on what it is. If it's a witch cult, it ought to be cleaned out."

Then Dr. Howard offered this explanation: "We are fighting to change the hearts and minds of children."

A.C.E. sponsors an annual convention of uniformed youngsters from "Christian" schools across the nation, where they compete in sports and "academic" events. Last year it was held on the Rutgers University campus and was called, with militaristic appropriateness, "Conquest '80s." I joined thousands of short-haired, unsullied youngsters and pastors as they roamed the green. I listened intently as David Gibbs of the Christian Law Association instructed preachers how to keep the government off their backs. Another exciting and excitable event was the public-speaking competition where a youthful contestant had to playact the role of a preacher who opens a school and receives a letter from the State Department of Education saying that the school is not accredited and the teachers not certified to teach. He must defend himself orally against the attack. Good political training. I sat in the huge decorated gymnasium, the only journalist in the press box, as thousands of hymn-singing youngsters were worked like putty by hysterical preachers raving about the evils of premarital sex, cigarette smoking, and beer drinking. There were many Confederate flags, red dinner jackets with gold buttons, and inspiring speeches with maxims like "God never asked you to think your way out—he asked you to submit your way out." But most interesting of all was my conversation with a group of students from a Christian school in Conneaut, Ohio, on the shores of Lake Erie.

"I would like to see abortion called murder and its practice banned by the government and the government to punish those who practice it by death," said Jeff, age sixteen, his red-white-and-blue tie tightly knotted. The other kids deferred to him. But their opinions were just as fervent.

"God will punish homosexuals by sending them to hell, and they should be killed because that's what the Bible says."

"The more I submit to authority, the better I will be."

When asked what they felt should be done about "humanist" books, rock-'n'-roll records, libraries, and films . . .

"A big bonfire, if they're all in it."

They all thought that a poor woman who was pregnant must be denied an abortion and that if she was too poor to raise the baby, it should be taken away and raised in a "good Christian home."

"Jews are following Satan because they've been deceived by Satan."

"The powers that be are ordained by God."

"Man left by himself always degrades himself."

"Everybody who doesn't accept Jesus will go to hell."

"This is not our home. Our home's in heaven. It's just like we're passing through."

"Fortune-telling, plotting your life by stars, tea leaf reading, should be banned by government and punished by death."

All had experienced corporal punishment. Each in turn told me they never questioned parents, teachers, authority, or government. Jeff felt that Alexander Haig, George Bush, and Caspar Weinberger were not to be trusted, as they were once affiliated with the Trilateral Commission and were thus too left. They all believed Dr. Howard would make an excellent president. They are trained in a literalist interpretation of the Bible. Any view of The Book other than their own they called "perversions."

"What do you mean by 'independent thinking'?" one asked me. "There are set principles of right and wrong. They never change."

The next day all 4,000 children climbed into their fleets of school buses for the highlight of the convention: the Conquest '80s parade through the West Side of Manhattan. Dr. Howard had been planning the event for two years. It was his chance to make the sinners sit up and take notice. He billed it as the biggest event since the Billy Sunday crusades sixty years prior. There were far fewer than the 100,000 marchers he'd hoped for, but to the sound of brass bands and drums the youngsters and their teachers lockstepped down Central Park West. Neighborhood residents were astonished. There had been no previous announcement of the parade, and the sight and sound of giant crosses, fluttering Christian flags, huge floats, and uniformed children who looked neither to the left nor to the right ("If there are any hecklers, just ignore them") seemed rather out of place in the center of Manhattan.

Five blank-faced girls marched by with signs espousing the A.C.E. philosophy: "How Heavy Is the Load?" "How Long Is the Stick?" "How Effective Are the Controls?" "How Big Is the Carrot?" "How Hungry Is the Donkey?" Others bore placards: "We Are More Than Conquerors!" "Christian Youth Are Patriotic." "Ohio For Jesus."

When they reached Seventy-second Street, all dutifully filed back into the school buses for the return ride to Rutgers. Jerry Falwell was casting his spell that night. But the parade's organizer, Reverend Howard, was delayed a few minutes by an irate spectator, a tennis player, who looked him deep in the eyes and kept repeating, "You should be ashamed. You should be ashamed."

Religion is not the enemy. The abuse of religion is. Disciplining children is not wrong. The abuse of discipline is. Fundamentalist religions, of the Jewish, Islamic, or Christian variety, have historically removed themselves from society in order to practice their beliefs in peace. But we are now witnessing an unprecedented attempt by a militant mass movement to impose its beliefs upon the society at large. Spanking is just the beginning.

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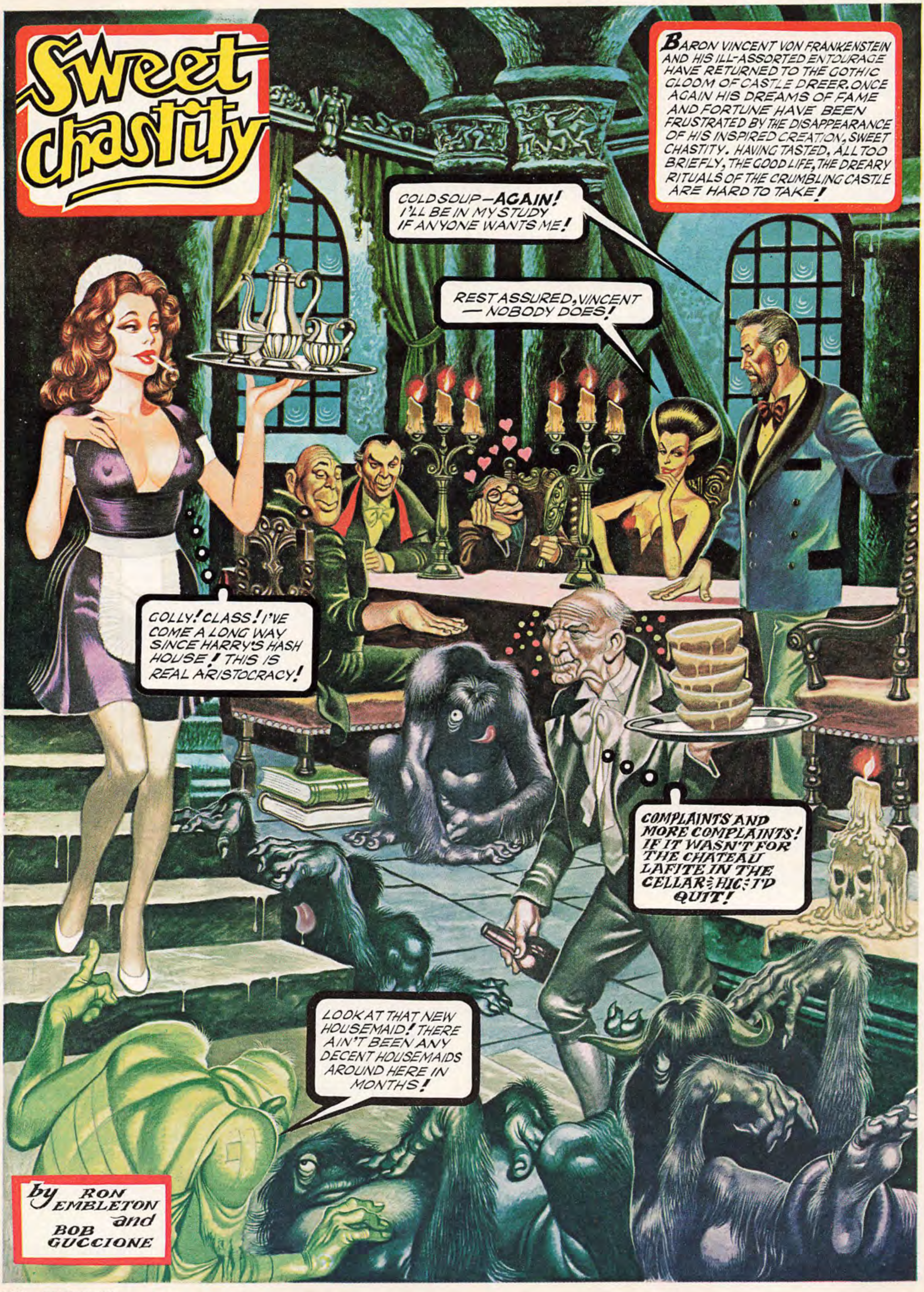
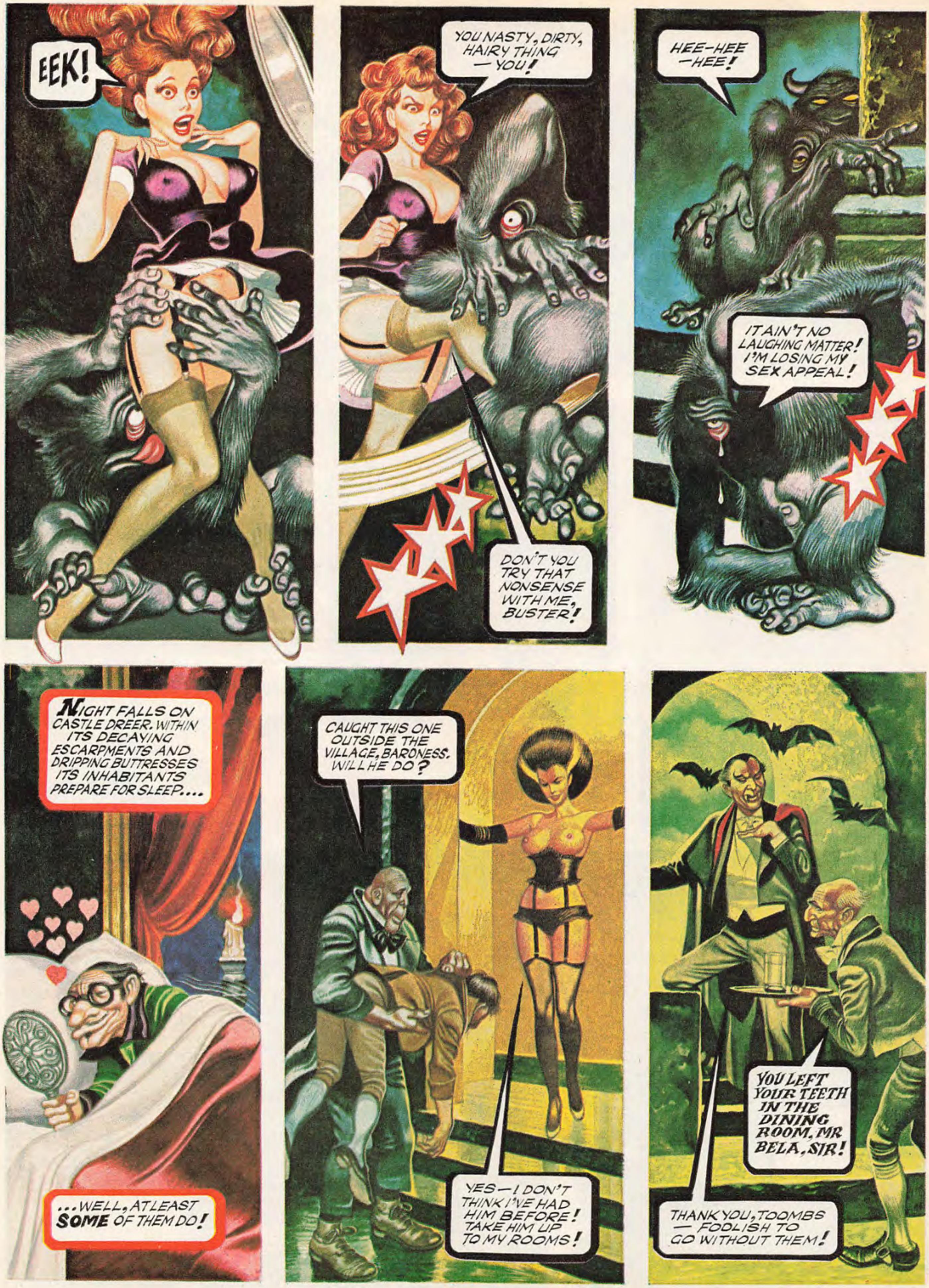
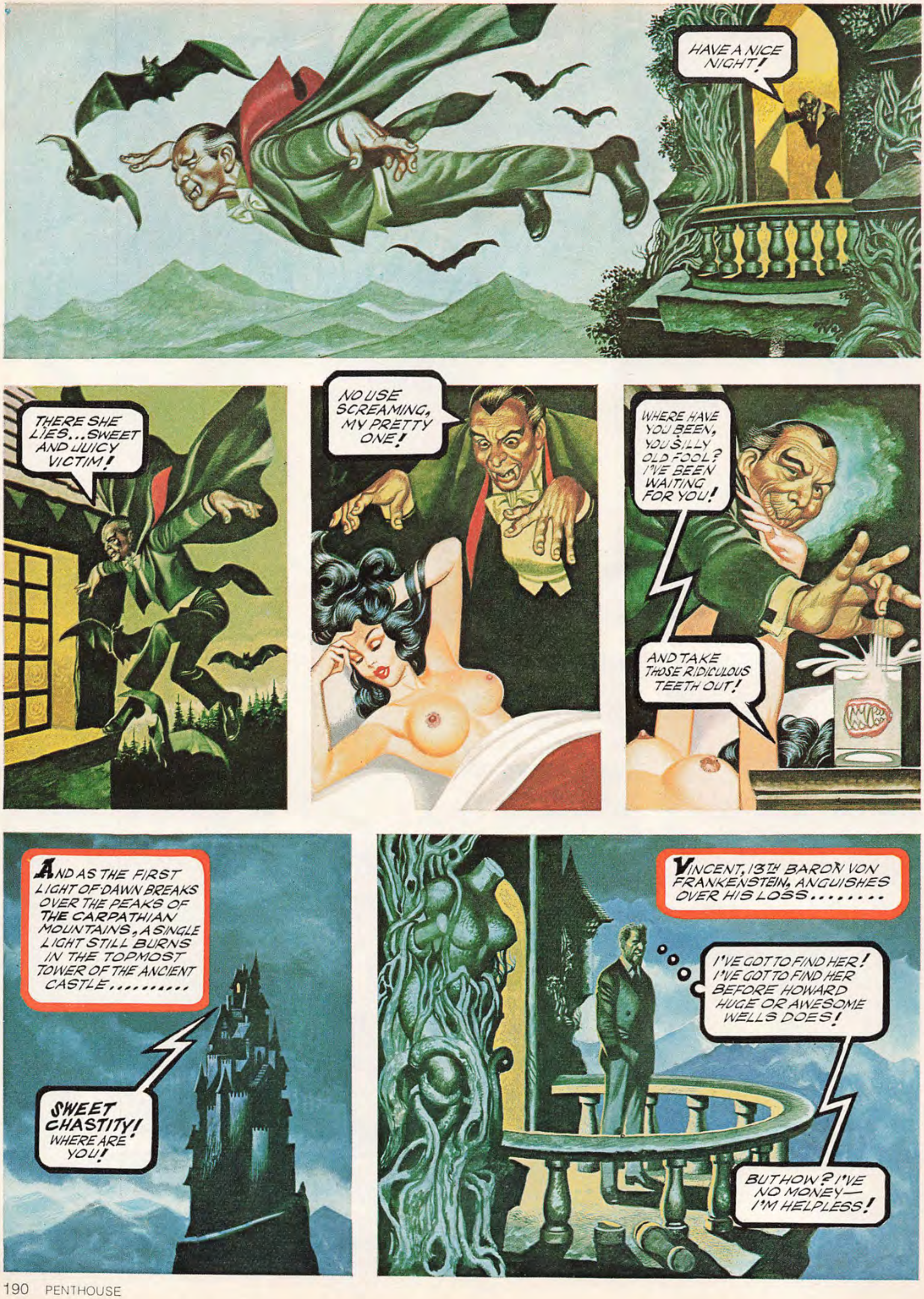
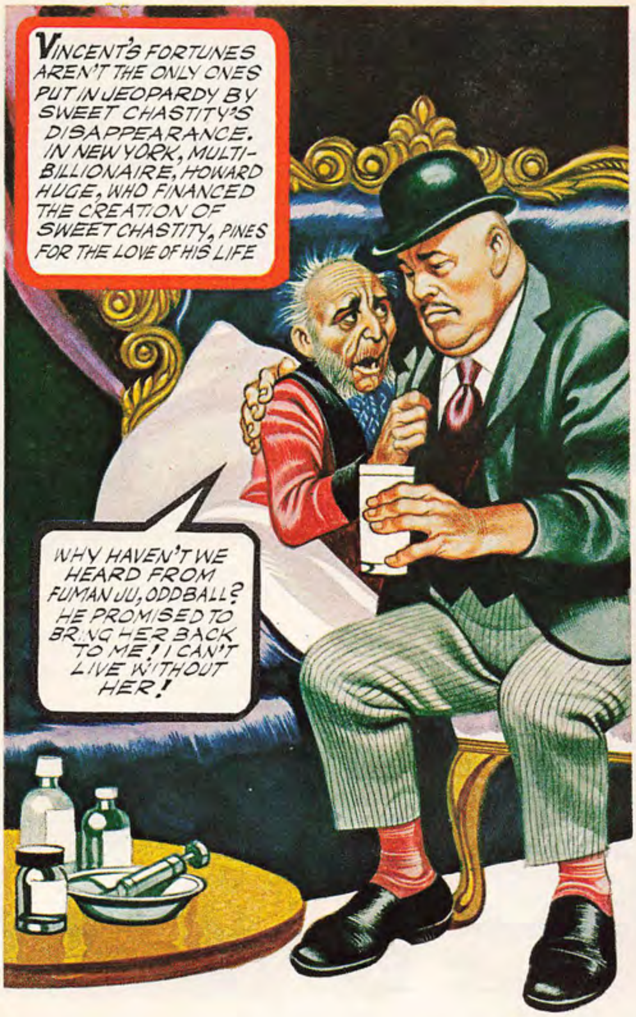
Sweet chastity

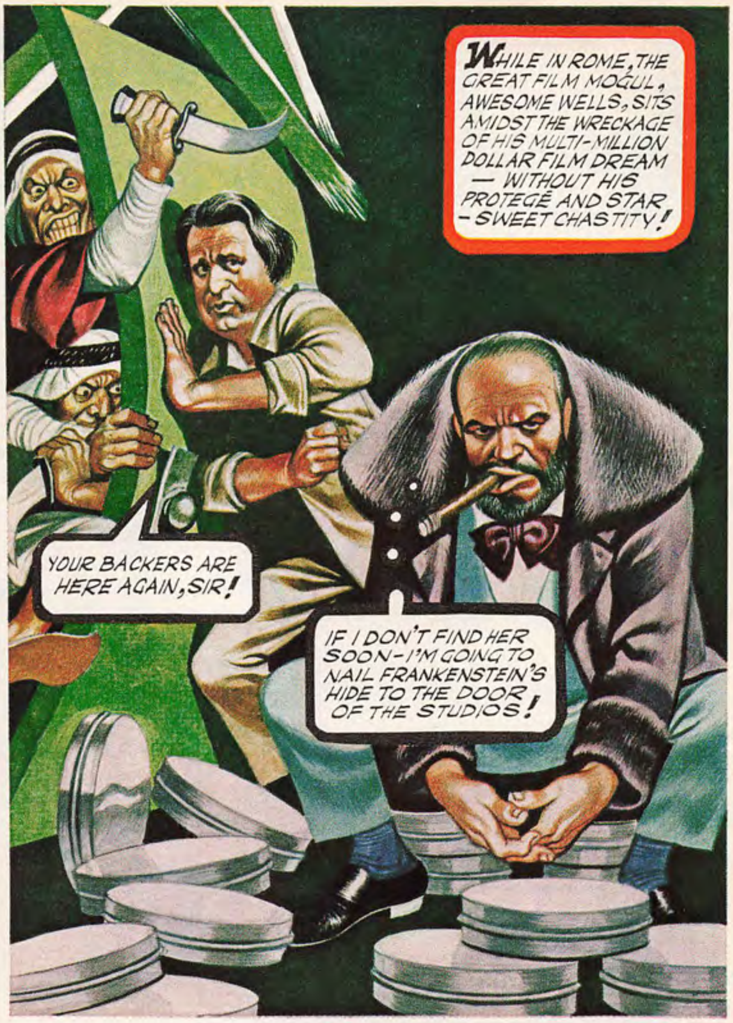

BARON VINCENT VON FRANKENSTEIN AND HIS ILL-ASSORTED ENTOURAGE HAVE RETURNED TO THE GOTHIC GLOOM OF CASTLE DREER. ONCE AGAIN HIS DREAMS OF FAME AND FORTUNE HAVE BEEN FRUSTRATED BY THE DISAPPEARANCE OF HIS INSPIRED CREATION, SWEET CHASTITY. HAVING TASTED, ALL TOO BRIEFLY, THE GOOD LIFE, THE DREARY RITUALS OF THE CRUMBLING CASTLE ARE HARD TO TAKE!
COLD SOUP—AGAIN! I'LL BE IN MY STUDY IF ANYONE WANTS ME!
REST ASSURED, VINCENT — NOBODY DOES!
GOLLY! CLASS! I'VE COME A LONG WAY SINCE HARRY'S HASH HOUSE! THIS IS REAL ARISTOCRACY!
COMPLAINTS AND MORE COMPLAINTS! IF IT WASN'T FOR THE CHATEAU LAFITE IN THE CELLAR—HIC—I'D QUIT!
LOOK AT THAT NEW HOUSEMAID! THERE AIN'T BEEN ANY DECENT HOUSEMAIDS AROUND HERE IN MONTHS!

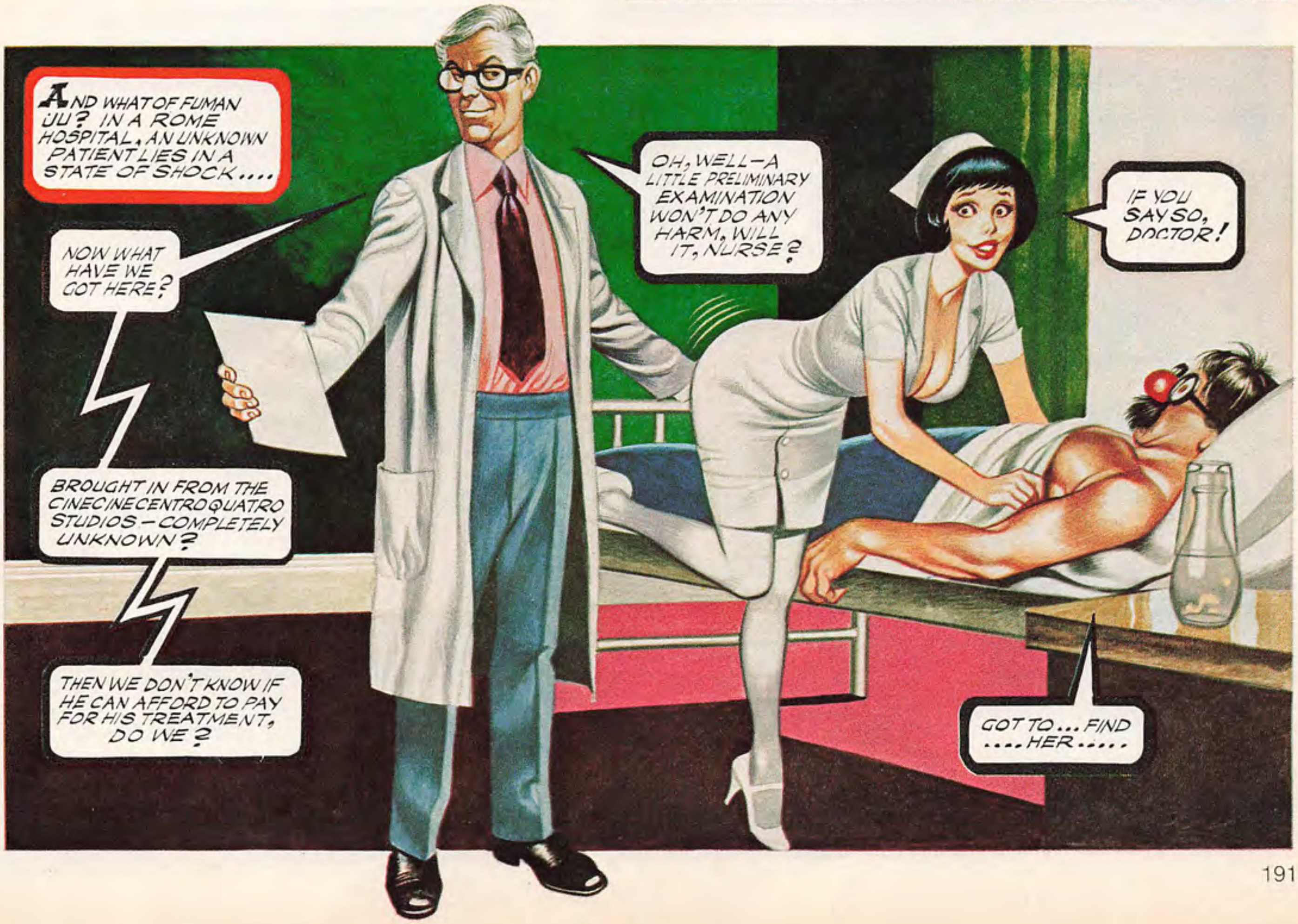
by RON EMBLETON and BOB GUCCIONE

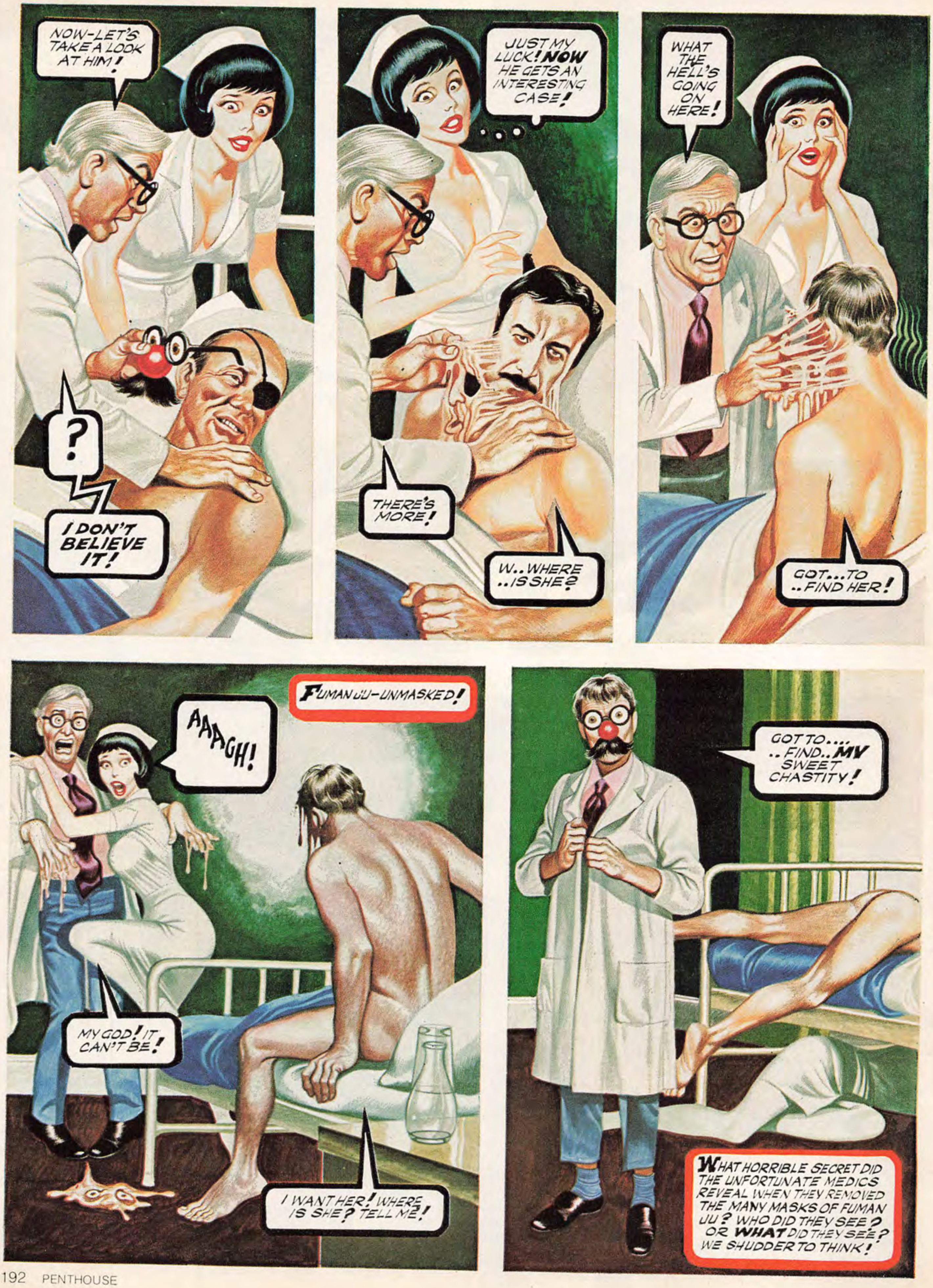

EEK!
YOU NASTY, DIRTY, HAIRY THING — YOU!
DON'T YOU TRY THAT NONSENSE WITH ME, BUSTER!
HEE-HEE —HEE!
IT AIN'T NO LAUGHING MATTER! I'M LOSING MY SEX APPEAL!
NIGHT FALLS ON CASTLE DREER. WITHIN ITS DECAYING ESCARPMENTS AND DRIPPING BUTTRESSES ITS INHABITANTS PREPARE FOR SLEEP...
...WELL, AT LEAST SOME OF THEM DO!
CAUGHT THIS ONE OUTSIDE THE VILLAGE, BARONESS. WILL HE DO?
YES — I DON'T THINK I'VE HAD HIM BEFORE! TAKE HIM UP TO MY ROOMS!
YOU LEFT YOUR TEETH IN THE DINING ROOM, MR BELA, SIR!
THANK YOU, TOOMBS — FOOLISH TO GO WITHOUT THEM!

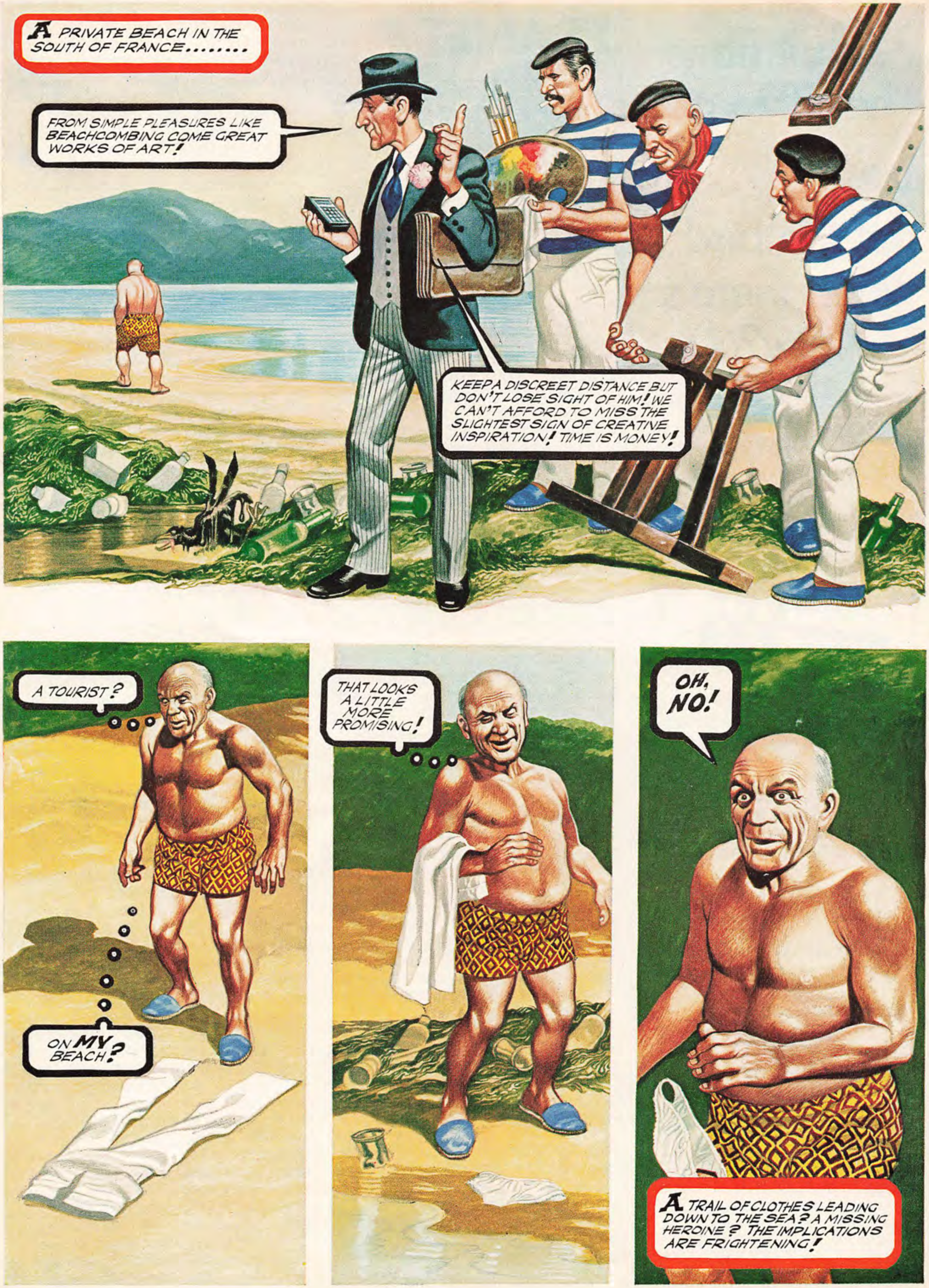

HAVE A NICE NIGHT!
THERE SHE LIES...SWEET AND JUICY VICTIM!
NO USE SCREAMING, MY PRETTY ONE!
WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN, YOU SILLY OLD FOOL? I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU!
AND TAKE THOSE RIDICULOUS TEETH OUT!
AND AS THE FIRST LIGHT OF DAWN BREAKS OVER THE PEAKS OF THE CARPATHIAN MOUNTAINS, A SINGLE LIGHT STILL BURNS IN THE TOPMOST TOWER OF THE ANCIENT CASTLE..........
SWEET CHASTITY! WHERE ARE YOU!
VINCENT, 13TH BARON VON FRANKENSTEIN, ANGUISHES OVER HIS LOSS........
I'VE GOT TO FIND HER! I'VE GOT TO FIND HER BEFORE HOWARD HUGE OR AWESOME WELLS DOES!
BUT HOW? I'VE NO MONEY— I'M HELPLESS!


VINCENT'S FORTUNES AREN'T THE ONLY ONES PUT IN JEOPARDY BY SWEET CHASTITY'S DISAPPEARANCE. IN NEW YORK, MULTI-BILLIONAIRE, HOWARD HUGE, WHO FINANCED THE CREATION OF SWEET CHASTITY, PINES FOR THE LOVE OF HIS LIFE
WHY HAVEN'T WE HEARD FROM FUMAN JU, ODDBALL? HE PROMISED TO BRING HER BACK TO ME! I CAN'T LIVE WITHOUT HER!


WHILE IN ROME, THE GREAT FILM MOGUL, AWESOME WELLS, SITS AMIDST THE WRECKAGE OF HIS MULTI-MILLION DOLLAR FILM DREAM — WITHOUT HIS PROTEGÉ AND STAR - SWEET CHASTITY!
YOUR BACKERS ARE HERE AGAIN, SIR!
IF I DON'T FIND HER SOON - I'M GOING TO NAIL FRANKENSTEIN'S HIDE TO THE DOOR OF THE STUDIOS!


AND WHAT OF FUMAN JU? IN A ROME HOSPITAL, AN UNKNOWN PATIENT LIES IN A STATE OF SHOCK....
NOW WHAT HAVE WE GOT HERE?
BROUGHT IN FROM THE CINECINECENTROQUATRO STUDIOS - COMPLETELY UNKNOWN?
THEN WE DON'T KNOW IF HE CAN AFFORD TO PAY FOR HIS TREATMENT, DO WE?
OH, WELL - A LITTLE PRELIMINARY EXAMINATION WON'T DO ANY HARM, WILL IT, NURSE?
IF YOU SAY SO, DOCTOR!
GOT TO ... FIND .... HER .....


NOW–LET'S TAKE A LOOK AT HIM!
?
I DON'T BELIEVE IT!
JUST MY LUCK! NOW HE GETS AN INTERESTING CASE!
THERE'S MORE!
W..WHERE ..IS SHE?
WHAT THE HELL'S GOING ON HERE!
GOT...TO ..FIND HER!
FUMANJU–UNMASKED!
AAAGH!
MY GOD! IT CAN'T BE!
I WANT HER! WHERE IS SHE? TELL ME!
GOT TO.... ..FIND..MY SWEET CHASTITY!
WHAT HORRIBLE SECRET DID THE UNFORTUNATE MEDICS REVEAL WHEN THEY REMOVED THE MANY MASKS OF FUMAN JU? WHO DID THEY SEE? OR WHAT DID THEY SEE? WE SHUDDER TO THINK!


A PRIVATE BEACH IN THE SOUTH OF FRANCE........
FROM SIMPLE PLEASURES LIKE BEACHCOMBING COME GREAT WORKS OF ART!
KEEP A DISCREET DISTANCE BUT DON'T LOSE SIGHT OF HIM! WE CAN'T AFFORD TO MISS THE SLIGHTEST SIGN OF CREATIVE INSPIRATION! TIME IS MONEY!
A TOURIST?
ON MY BEACH?
THAT LOOKS A LITTLE MORE PROMISING!
OH, NO!
A TRAIL OF CLOTHES LEADING DOWN TO THE SEA? A MISSING HEROINE? THE IMPLICATIONS ARE FRIGHTENING!

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PLANET

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 140

tate on the inspiring adventures of one of his favorite gods—Buddha, Krishna, Hercules, or Jesus Christ. Obviously, Ensign 73-J was not programmed to turn his mind off when not employed on the official Space Marine business of conquest and domination, like one of your average SM motherfuckers. Not only did Ensign 73-J possess his own practically original thoughts, but he had a range of feelings besides, ranging from curiosity to vague regret and on to muddled aspiration, which he cultivated, like so many hybrid flowers, for its own sweet sake. In a word, Ensign 73-J was a dilettante, but not so that it had ever interfered with his capacity to perform his duty with gung-ho dedication. He was the kind of soldier who would have thrown himself on a live grenade, in the days when there were such things, in order to save the buddies in his platoon. He was a Space Marine.

After many more somersaults and a small infinity of blue paradoxes, Ensign 73-J arrived at the Green Hillls Decompensation Station on Luna, where he had to spend a time equivalent to the time of the jump being decompensated, lacking which precaution he would have bounced back all the way he'd come in the form of a random, extremely rapid flux of quarks and pi-mesons.

After an hour in a sleep accelerator, he spent his remaining time at Green Hills revving his engines, letting the tension build, and wondering whether the reality of his first rape would measure up to the long-cherished dream. Not that he let on to any of the other decompensating Marines at the station that this was his first taste of R and R and that the closest he'd ever come to seeing the bona fide blue skies, scudding white clouds, and soft sensuous cunts of his native Earth was in the thought-reels of porn that unwound through his head during his daily trip to the Men's Room. No, he could swap tales with the best of them, and nobody was the wiser, since (as he suspected) they were all faking it, too, the Green Hills station being used exclusively for the decompensation of ages fifteen through nineteen, the jerk-off brigade.

Not all of Ensign 73-J's time in this lunar waiting room was spent gassing about apocryphal exploits. As always, he saw to his fitness with a workout in the Green Hills gym, starting off with ten minutes of incline sit-ups, seventy-five pushups, and a nice sprint eight times around the quarter-mile track. Considering the moon's low gravity, even with the station's boosters, he should have done better than that, but he was feeling too antsy to concentrate. He bypassed the weight room and did four rounds with a Norelco Electropuncher, winning three and drawing one, following which, without even a zap of the toner, he went straight to the Men's Room and threw a quick fuck into the Polly Doll. Whap-Blap. To the number, today, of twelve, whereupon he shot his wad with a satisfying sense of dispatch.

The Green Hills Men's Room was built on a scale and appointed with an opulence that exceeded any Men's Room Ensign 73-J had ever visited. Just the range of fetishes was amazing, and some of them were of so exaggerated a character as to seem nearly grotesque to the young Marine, who, naturally, had eyes only for his own sweet Polly. Polly Dolls were Chrysler's answer to Ford's prizewinning Susie Tawdry model. They had red hair, red hoopskirts, and blue tits with little silver tassels—the so-called Queen Victoria look. Ensign 73-J had done his Erotic Training on a Polly all through boot camp—from age eleven through age fifteen. After that much behavioral conditioning it would have been strange indeed if anything but these precise specifications should turn him on.

Ensign 73-J had not always been such a lady-killer as to climax in just twelve swift plunges. By no means. In his first months of boot camp he'd had to drill an extra hour every day, plugging into God only knows how many reels of remedial porn until the stuff seemed to come out his ears, at which point, crazed with desire, he'd slip his very best hard-on into the fetish and pump for dear life, since if he didn't come within the allotted two minutes he would get a punishing jolt of electroshock direct to the cerebral cortex instead of the lollipop of orgasm. Many were the days that he'd overstayed his welcome and had to suffer the consequences, but eventually he got it down pat. The human organism is, after all, a pretty reliable piece of engineering.

Even after a shower and a massage, there were three hours of decompensation to get through before the jump down to Earth; so he decided to take in a mind-flick. He went to the public library, found himself an empty console, and connected the jacks to his brain stem. The choice was between "Kiss of Fire," a saga of World War III, a gladiatorial combat direct from Wimbledon, and an art movie, "Cylinders in Space," on the educational channel. He chose the art movie. Made in Shanghai, it featured, as its title promised, various kinds of cylinders moving through space. Some were pricks; some were missiles; some were just plain computer-generated cylinders in primary colors. They rotated, vibrated, wobbled, and pulsed, but mostly they just plunged straight ahead into the roseate glow of a space that unfolded endlessly to receive the cylinders' endless zoom ahead. Very abstract, very intellectual, and very ennobling, thought Ensign 73-J, as he zoomed along with the movie unwinding in his brain. Every so often, like the launching of some incredible religious rocket of inspiration, his own real-life reality would grab hold of him, and he'd shiver all over, thinking, "O Lord, O Baby, I'm about to rape a

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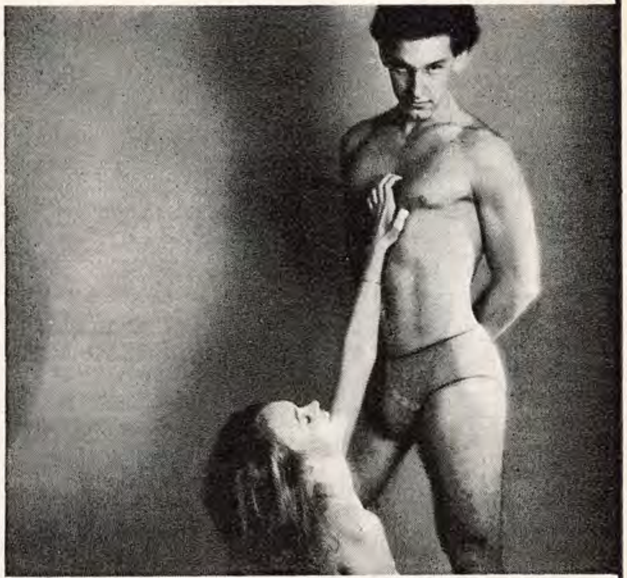

by Dr. Brian A. Richards

ABOUT THE DOCTOR

Dr. Brian Richards is one of Europe's best-known sex therapists. He heads the Kent Private Clinic in Sandwich, England, where he has helped thousands of men and women attain physical happiness and sexual success with one another. He is a fellow of the Royal Academy and the New York Academy of Sciences. His lifetime of work helping people with sexual problems has given him a treasury of personal information pointing the way to how sexually ambitious individuals can become more able to give and receive all the joys of sex, naturally and unashamedly.

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He'd never been so nervous in his life.

The man who had given Colly such a turn was not, after all, the man who was going to rape her, but only the beautician assigned to get her ready. All the while he took blood tests, urine samples, and such, he chattered away, burbling at his own incomprehensible jokes and asking a lot of useless questions, the answers to which were all there in the packet of forms that Colly had brought with her.

"Well, Fresh-Face," he announced cheerily, when the tests were done, "what did you say your name was? Colly?"

"Yes. It's short for Ecology."

"You'll be a Colly no more, my little lady. For I am going to turn you into . . ." He paused for effect, eyes gleaming within the ovoid casing of his head. ". . . a Polly! What do you think of that?"

"Not anything, really. I don't know what you mean."

A snicker emerged from the ovoid. "Oh, yes, we've heard *that* story before! And I suppose you think your cunt is a change purse, too! Ha! You'll find out what a Polly is soon enough, and I can guarantee it's a lesson you won't forget!" Abruptly his manner changed. "Good God in heaven, *I* almost forgot!"

He went over to the cabinet of medical supplies and returned with a bottle labeled "Amnesty." He uncapped the bottle, rolled out a capsule, and pushed it into Colly's mouth with a peremptory "First things first. Swallow."

But Colly, who had studied General Traditions long enough to guess the pill's purpose from its name, did not swallow. She was feeling so aggrieved at the uncaring way her rape was being processed that she decided then and there *not* to forget a single demeaning moment. So, while the beautician's back was turned, she quickly removed the amnesia-producing capsule from her mouth and stuck it as far inside her left ear as it would go.

After strapping Colly into a body brace that would have been suitable to the treatment of a broken spine, the beautician began to dress her for her new role as a living, breathing Polly Doll. First a floor-length, hemispherical bustle was slung from the body brace. Then the bustle was draped with a red skirt across whose vast circumference a multitude of pink ribbons formed a brief message of sexual invitation. Her bare breasts were coated with a kind of plastic and placed into molds, from which they emerged a few minutes later, firm as eggplants and blue as the noses of two baboons. Tiny silver tassels were hung from the nipples. Her face was painted the same Day-Glo pink as the ribbons on her skirt, while her temporarily enlarged lips, her wig, and her blindfold picked up the skirt's shimmery red. Her shoes were a size too small and had heels so absurdly high that every step she took in them seemed an unreasonable risk—until she discovered, stumbling, that the bustle not only supported her skirts but would hold *her* upright in all contingencies. As a final touch, to emphasize her feminine delicacy and defenselessness, her hands were snugged into a pair of fingerless, thumbless, shoulder-length mittens, and her wrists were weighted with a number of heavy gold bracelets with winking red lights.

Once Colly was completely rigged out in this manner, she seemed as artificial as a Christmas tree—a construction and not a person in any recognizable sense. One could quite easily forget that there was something alive and sentient under all these trappings.

With a parting pinch of her tasseled tits, the beautician led his latest creation down a corridor and through a tall glass door into a hall, where several gigantic carousels revolved. On the carousels stood the women of Earth, attired and bedizened especially to provoke the lusts of the space warriors home on leave. The warriors themselves milled about on the floor of the hall, comparing the wares being offered and, here and there, leaping on the carousels to sample them.

A small cheer went up as Colly was ensconced in her own little niche on a carousel, but this proved to be only a formal courtesy, for no one immediately approached her. None of this scene, of course, was visible to the blindfolded girl. For her there was just a varying rumble of voices that was largely drowned out by the ear-splitting waltz being broadcast through the hall. She stood, balancing precariously on her heels, her weighted arms dangling at her sides, while the carousel joggled slowly round and round.

Earth was nothing like Ensign 73-J Hardscrabble had imagined it during all those years of growing up at the edge of the galaxy. Its famous blue sky was no different from the blue skies of a dozen other planets he'd been to. The water was blah and very expensive. Except on a few streets set apart for the top brass, the buildings looked old and worn-out, while the widely advertised natural beauties—the trees and grass and other forms of vegetation growing wild in the ancient bomb site at the heart of Old Town—all these left Ensign 73-J completely cold. If Pleasure Island was a fair sample of the planet, then the best thing to do was move out the personnel, scrape it down to bedrock, and terraform it into some sort of order.

The real source of the young Marine's distress lay elsewhere, however. It lay in the fact that after three hours on Pleasure Island he had yet to score. Part of it was plain bad luck. The women he'd seen were all built along the wrong lines. They were Blond Venuses or African Queens or some other off-turning variety. A Space Marine responds to a doll just like the doll he does his Erotic Training on and to no other. Thus, by the simple means of matching a girl's genotype to her style of attire, the government saw to it that every seemingly free encounter between rapist and rapee resulted in an optimum genetic match. God Himself could not more cleverly have concealed His predestining hand.

There had been some Polly Dolls about, of course, but all those he'd seen seemed to be spoken for. So, unless he picked a fight over someone else's Polly, which he was not feeling prime for, the only thing to do was to go, as the Official Pleasure Island Guidebook recommended, to the source, which was the YWCA on Bagnio Avenue, and that is where, eventually, he went, and where he saw Colly, as we left her, mounted on the carousel. With her bracelets winking and blinking and the tassels on her blue breasts jingling a delicate song of romance, she seemed, to the smitten ensign, to have stepped right out of his dreams. He almost came, just looking at her.

Now he understood what had been so disconcerting about all the other Earth women he'd seen so far. Despite the best efforts of the Quartermasters Corps to deck them out like familiar Men's Room fetishes, they all looked human! Particularly when their escorts allowed them, in open violation of the S.M. Code of Conduct, to remove their blindfolds, since the blindfold of a real fetish was not removable. Of course, theoretically, women *are* human beings, for if they didn't belong to the same species, how could you breed with them? But some of the women he'd seen had seemed human in a really ugly and threatening way, as though a *man* had been trapped inside the machinery of a Polly Doll and all that could be seen of him was his eyes rolling around desperately in a doll's pink face.

Not, however, this one! This one was a goddess. Ensign 73-J had to have her for his very own, and as there was no one else just then who was in the market for a Polly, nothing could be easier. He clambered onto the revolving platform, grabbed a boob in each hand, squeezed hard, and bit down passionately on the puffy red lips. The goddess screamed, but he went right on kissing, certain that her joy was equal to his own. She raised her weighted, mittened hand as though to push him from her, and as she did so, the velvety tip of a mitten brushed against the hair-trigger source of all his joy, which required no more. Semen gushed all over the pink ribbons that formed the *F* on his Polly's skirt. The Marines who had been spectators at this brief performance burst into sincere, admiring applause. A Space Marine was expected to be quick on the draw.

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Proudly, eagerly, and all a-tremble, Ensign 73-J Hardscrabble led his captive off to the De Sade Sheraton, where in the privacy of a forty-credit Deluxe Dungeonette he fastened his beloved to the wall and proceeded to screw the daylights out of her. Once, twice, a third time, and a fourth. Then, after a mess of resimulated steak and Gallowbird Burgundy, he did it all over again. Eight times he had raped her on their first day together! You can't do better than that.

"O Polly, juicy Polly, I want to fuck you forever and ever and ever," he whispered into her ear, when he had finished with her for the last time that night.

He'd chosen the ear with the pill in it, and she never heard him. If she had, it doesn't seem likely that she could have made an appropriate response. After so many hours of screaming, there was nothing left of her voice but the driest husk of a whimper. But to Ensign 73-J that little whimper was far dearer than another victim's most anguished screams. Truly, he'd fallen in love.

The third day after she'd been brought to the Sheraton, Colly broke down and begged to be fed.

Ensign 73-J set aside his copy of *Martial Love*. "Darling! I was beginning to wonder if maybe you *couldn't* talk. But I figured if you can scream, you can talk." He chucked her under the chin affectionately. "So what'll it be, sweetie?" He showed her the variety pack of Femme-Food ampules he'd bought at the deli downstairs. The pack included a free syringe and mouth clamps for rapid forced-feeding. "There's meat flavor, cheese flavor, lemon-lime, and red-hot Mexicana."

Colly burst into helpless tears and shook her head. Raised, as she had been, on wholesome organic foods, she felt that this was like being offered a choice of motor oils for an aperitif. She refused to make a choice. Better, after all, to starve herself to death, as she'd been meaning to. If only, if only, *if only* she could have freed her hand and gotten at the pill that was still lodged inside her ear! Ah, but it was too late now! How would she ever return to her old utopia with the memory of this experience! The pill would wipe out only the experiences of the month that followed its being swallowed. It couldn't erase these past three hellish days. They would always torment her. What a fool she had been! And how hungry she was!

While Colly was thinking such melancholy thoughts, Ensign 73-J had returned to his manual, where the author was explaining the fierce sexual pleasure to be shared with a woman who was suspended upside down from a system of chains and pulleys. An enticing notion, but Ensign 73-J was just too fucked out to take such initiatives.

What he really wanted to do was talk.

Polly was so beautiful, so warm, so soft, so womanly, and he was so in love with her and therefore curious. There was so much he didn't know about women. What were their lives like when they weren't here on Pleasure Island? What did they think of their warrior lovers when they were left on their island planet, like so many million Penelopes? How did they pass the lonesome hours?

According to *Martial Love*, by using the right combination of threats and promises, any woman could be made to carry on an intelligible conversation. There were sample dialogues in the book, but much as he enjoyed them, Ensign 73-J somehow didn't like the idea of his Polly memorizing someone else's words. He wanted her to use her own words to tell her secret, innermost thoughts. After all, wasn't that what being in love was all about?

Threats he could come up with easily enough, and when his own were used up, there were whole chapters in the manual to refer to. The problem was what to promise. His Polly no longer screamed and struggled with the same passion as when they'd first made love. This seeming listlessness might simply be caused by hunger, but it seemed just as possible that she wasn't enjoying it as much any more. Women were known to be easily jaded. Sex, therefore, didn't seem like precisely the right enticement to dangle before her. There was food, of course, but the trouble

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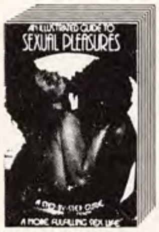

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with food is that the appetite for it is so easily sated. One syringe of nutrition, and it would be twenty-four hours or more before the same lure would work again.

Then it came to him—he could *ask* her!

"Polly?" He tweaked her nose affectionately. She whimpered. "Polly, isn't there something I could *do* for you? Something I haven't thought of myself yet? Just tell me, darling, and I'll do it." He bent close to her lips to hear her whispered request. "What's that again, dearest? You'll have to speak louder."

She wanted him to remove her blindfold and take off her mittens.

At first he refused. Much as he loved her, he didn't entirely *trust* her. Furthermore, he thought that fingers and thumbs were a desecration of any woman's true beauty, which is her helplessness. But there was nothing she could be persuaded to accept as a substitute; so, after explaining what he would want in return—her absolute candor—he removed her blindfold and mittens.

She was not the same Polly. Her bare hands, which she began to flex and rub, seemed especially unnerving, even repellent. Yet at the same time she became more fascinating than ever. Those eyes! Like tiny portholes peering out into the depths of space. They were alive. They regarded him, Ensign 73-J Hardscrabble, and sent detailed reports about him to her brain. Jesus, how he'd have liked to *read* those reports!

He was about to ask her whether she thought he was particularly good-looking or only average, when she started playing with her left ear—sticking her finger in and wiggling it round energetically. Surely, this was an example of one of those unpredictable erogenous zones referred to in *Martial Love*. Being too reticent to tell him about her desires outright, Polly had asked to have her mittens removed so she could show him in this mute fashion.

Taking the hint, he pinioned her naked wrists above her head and began to lick and tickle her left ear. She struggled with renewed energy. Mounting her, he took her whole ear in his mouth and sucked for all he was worth. At the moment that he came, so did, amazingly, her ear.

Unless a woman's anatomy was even more peculiar than he'd supposed, it must have been wax—a great gob of wax that slid down his throat before his reflexes could chuck it back up. Not that a Space Marine would ever get squeamish over a little thing like earwax. Even so, he decided that for the future he would leave ears alone.

A month went by.

At last the time came for Colly and for Ensign 73-J to say farewell to Pleasure Island. He was to be jumped back to his post on the S.S. *Gestapo Melody* on the outskirts of the galaxy. She would go home to her utopia. As they left the De Sade, Ensign 73-J gave her a parting fuck and then draped the symbolic blue mantle of motherhood over her slender shoulders. From now till they clocked in at the jump station, Colly would be off limits, even to himself.

As they walked down the cracked pavements past the crumbling hotels of the city, Ensign 73-J was overcome by an emotion compounded in equal parts of tristesse, relief, and guilt. He was sad for the obvious and ageless reason that his holiday was now definitely at an end. His relief stemmed from a sense, dim but powerful, that his love for Polly had definitely gotten out of hand. Once, in their final week together, berserk with delight, he had completely disrobed her, making her, in effect, not his Polly at all, but something ancient and solemn, an Aphrodite. Then, naked himself, he had deliberately prolonged his lovemaking, timing himself with a stopwatch to see just how exquisitely far he could drag it out. His best time, after four tries, was a nerve-racking three minutes, forty-eight seconds. This was insane, even subversive behavior, but Ensign 73-J was beyond caring about right and wrong when it came to the dictates of the heart. Love was his excuse.

The guilt he felt now had less to do with his sexual misconduct than with the fact that he had revealed certain vital military secrets to his Polly. It had seemed natural at the time. They had been lying side by side on the little mattress on the floor of the dungeonette, and she was telling him about the life she'd led on Earth in her utopia. It all seemed so lovely, a life made of music and talcum powder. She told of milking cows and watching sunsets, of gathering rosebuds and sitting by the fire on long winter nights. Then she asked him about his life in the Space Marines. What did they do out there in Outer Space? How had the Marine Corps come into being? And though it had been stressed in all the briefings that it was strictly forbidden to speak of such classified and top-secret subjects in the presence of women, even when they were presumed to be asleep or unconscious, though this was tantamount to collaborating with the enemy, he *had* answered all her questions to the best of his ability, which was, admittedly, limited. What harm could it do, after all? Her memories of the entire month she'd spent on Pleasure Island would soon be randomized out of recognition, including her memories of his act of treason.

Including (and this thought turned his knees to jelly) all her memories of *him!*

"Will you miss me, Polly darling?" he asked, in a burst of fervor.

"How can I, if I have no memory of you, sir?" She had adopted the suggestion in *Martial Love* that he was always to be addressed as sir.

Ensign 73-J sighed. He wished she would have stooped to the occasional, accommodating lie. He would have, in her shoes.

"I'll miss you, Polly." That, certainly, was no lie. "I'll miss you something awful."

They walked on in silence. Since they were on the street, Polly was wearing her blindfold, and so she couldn't know how near, how very near, they were to the jump station. The guards outside had already seen them. There could be no turning back. He stopped. He groaned. He grabbed her mittened arm, and she stumbled to a halt, swaying in the rigid basket of her skirt. He looked at her for a long moment, but so little of what her costume left visible suggested the girl of legs, fingers, eyes, and toes that he'd learned to adore.

"Oh, Polly, Polly, Polly," he began in a tone of ardent valediction.

"Oh, Colly, Colly, Colly," she corrected. Ever since she'd begun to talk to him, the matter of her name, that single consonant of difference, had been a bone of contention between them. "Sir."

"Colly," he repeated in a whisper. The name sent shivers through him. Truly, love had made him mad. "Colly, tell me one thing before we part forever. Tell me—do you love me? Really love me from the bottom of your heart?"

Whenever her rapist went off on one of these tangents, Colly was unsure what would serve to put him off. Some of her expedients had worked very well; others, not at all. Her ordeal was so near an end. For all she knew they might be standing on the threshold of the jump station. She dared not make a mistake now! So to answer him, she fell back on her oldest standby. It was a kind of monologue she'd learned by heart from *Martial Love*. "Oh, oh, oh, stick it in me now, I'm so hot, oh, oh, fuck me, fuck me, yes, oh, shove that big cock right up there, oh, yes, oh!"

It was more than mortal flesh could bear. With a strangled cry he lifted her up in his arms and ran the rest of the way to the station.

Owing to an unexpected supernova in the vicinity of Procyon, the journey returning to the edge of the galaxy took much longer than had the journey in the other direction. Procyon was nowhere near the straight line that would have connected the two points of Earth and the S.S. *Gestapo Melody*, but in hyperspace straight lines don't count for much. Ensign 73-J arrived at his ship's decompensation station after thirty-two uninterrupted hours of tumbling headlong through the violet (owing to the supernova) void.

During these thirty-two hours he had reached a decision. He was going to approach his commanding officer, Admiral 99-A, and make a clean breast of it. Never before had he allowed the slightest infraction of the S.M. Honor Code to remain on his conscience but had always gone straight to the authorities to confess before a single one of his friends had been able to report him. That's what he'd do now. No doubt there would be repercussions. At the very least a black mark would be entered on his record. Possibly he'd be broken in rank or even sent to the brig. But for a Space Marine, duty comes before any personal considerations, and it was

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clearly his duty to report the wrong that he had done.

He realized, now that he was away from her, that his entire month on Pleasure Island had been one long dereliction of duty from the moment that he had succumbed to the woman's blandishments and removed her blindfold and mittens. Instead of sharing his whore with other like-minded Marines, instead of obeying his own natural instincts and raping as many suitably attired women as he could lay his hands on, he had spent all his time holed up in the De Sade Sheraton, letting the woman called Colly (who he was sure now had been a spy) sap and debilitate his moral fiber, until at last he had been cajoled into betraying the one secret no woman on Earth could be allowed to know! How could he have done it?

He would confess, but not this very moment, since there was no way he could communicate with his officers. In terms of their reality Ensign 73-J was still in hyperspace until he had finished decompensating. He'd have to wait another thirty-two hours, and since there were no amusements or amenities on the ship's decompensation chamber, he decided to catch up on his sleep.

He went to sleep with a clean conscience, and while he slept, the Amnesty did its work. He woke with every experience and thought of the last thirty days wiped from the slate of memory. The last thing he could remember was his beautiful Polly sticking her finger in her ear. Then—but this was impossible; perhaps it was a dream—they were walking together, at sunset, through a meadow toward a cow with gigantic blue udders.

The Chairperson of the Federal Procreation Council removed her reading glasses and put on the other pair so as to see the face of the girl who'd been waiting eight days to speak with her. Her records identified her as Mama Ecology of the Butterberry Utopia in the Fourth Administrative District. She had recently returned from her first tour of duty on Pleasure Island, so recently that her body as yet gave no sign of her altered condition.

Doubtless she had come to protest the established policies of the Council. The situation was not unusual, but it was never easy to deal with. So often her meetings with these poor guileless zealots had repercussions that were most unfortunate for those who refused to come to reasonable terms with the Council. The Chairperson did pity them, but there was no better way, alas, to dispose of the danger they represented to the civil order than to follow the procedures already laid down and known to be effective.

"I see your name is Ecology," the Chairperson said, with professional warmth, "and that you live at the Butterberry Utopia. One of my dearest friends lives at Butterberry . . ." This was so, but for the life of her, the Chairperson could not remember her friend's name. She concluded lamely: "One of my *very* dearest friends."

Colly nodded gravely. After all the inner turmoils of the days of waiting, she felt strangely calm now. It was too late to turn back. She would speak out, regardless of the consequences.

"When I was on Pleasure Island," she began cautiously, "I learned something I didn't know before."

The Chairperson patted her hand. "Of course you did, my dear. I daresay we *all* do. But then, thank goodness, we forget it."

"*I* didn't forget it." There! It was out in the open.

"No? I am sorry to hear that. But there have been other cases of this sort. Whether they came about by accident or oversight is no concern of ours, here at the Central Office. Indeed, your case is much more common than you would think. Now, I suppose, you'd like to be able to forget what happened—and you can't."

"Well, yes, that too. I mean, I *would* like to forget my rape. But what I learned . . . what I came to tell you . . . is something much more important than . . . what happened to *me*. It's something that no other woman on Earth is aware of—a vital military secret."

"Dear me. And how did you come to ferret out this secret?"

"I was told by the man who raped me. He thought I'd forget it along with everything else that happened to me then."

"Well, my dear, spit it out, spit it out. I'm a busy woman."

"The world," Colly explained carefully, "wasn't always the way it is now. Men and women didn't always live apart. At least not to the same degree."

"I've had four years of General Traditions myself, and I'm aware that there were eras of darkness and injustice. History is something of a specialty of mine."

"Then do you know about the Hyperboleans?"

"The Hyperboleans?" The Chairperson removed her glasses and pinched the bridge of her nose. "Not the Hyper-*bor*eans? No? Then I don't believe I ever heard such a name in *my* years at school."

Colly, anxious to set forth her astonishments, did not notice the Chairperson's equivocation.

"You see, Mama Chairperson, the Hyperboleans are the reason that things are the way they are today. A long time ago, hundreds of years probably, there was a war on Earth, the most destructive war there'd ever been, and the only reason it didn't wipe everybody out is that at the last moment these people from outer space, called Hyperboleans, stepped in and stopped it. Apparently Hyperboleans had always been around, watching us, and interfering now and then with history to make it go according to their plans. They looked like ordinary human beings. The men did, anyhow. No one ever saw the Hyperbolean women. And so it was easy for them to be pharaohs and presidents."

"And Chairpersons?" asked the Chairperson archly.

Colly looked startled. "They could have been male Chairpersons, I suppose. But the thing is, there aren't *any* Hyperboleans any more. That's the secret I discovered."

"Really? What became of them?"

"We killed them. I mean, men did. You see, they were what once was called 'warlike.' That was why they hung around Earth for all those centuries pretending to be human. One group of them would join a war on one side, and another group on the other side. It was all a game for them, like checkers, only immensely more complicated, of course. Then, after they'd stopped World War III, they decided it would be more fun to teach us to fight a war by *their* rules. With their weapons, which were exponentially more powerful. So they trained us. There weren't many human beings left at that point. Just a few Mormons in some caves in Utah, some Italians in the Dolomites, and the odd survivor here and there. The Hyperboleans rounded them all up, put them in a training camp, and taught them a new kind of mathematics and some other things. And at the same time–and this is what is so shocking—they got them to adopt their own peculiar social and . . . and sexual customs."

"And what were those, Ecology?"

"Their women lived completely separate lives back on their home planet, Hyperbole. Once every three years they had to prostitute themselves at a kind of sex resort, like Pleasure Island. They kept their own female children, but the males they gave over to be raised as warriors. We adopted their system."

"Don't you think there may be something to be said for the system?"

Colly shook her head firmly. "Nothing whatever. It's as degrading for the men as for the women."

"That's as it may be. But in a practical sense, my dear, it seems to me it might be a very effective way to breed a race of warriors. Or Space Marines."

"But that's just it! There's no *need* for warriors any more. We conquered the Hyperboleans ages ago. First we atomized their home planet, with all the Hyperbolean women, and then we wiped out the men. There isn't a DNA molecule of Hyperbolean flesh left in existence."

"Fancy that! It makes one proud to be human, doesn't it?"

"But don't you see what that means? We're a warrior culture without any wars to fight. The nearest thing to an actual enemy that the Space Marines have found in centuries is a kind of aquatic dinosaur on

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the fourth planet of Aldebaran. There simply isn't very much intelligent life in the universe. That's why the Hyperboleans needed us for an enemy. We were all there was, except for themselves."

"And now we're all there is in the absolute sense. How ironic."

"It's more than ironic. It's wrong."

"How so, my dear? It doesn't sound like our boys are doing much harm out there in the universe. Unless, of course, you think that hunting dinosaurs is wrong."

"The wrong is in the way they treat *us*."

The Chairperson smiled a superior smile. "I thought so. Sex! It always comes back to that."

"But the way we live, as a result of all this, is unnatural. And unnecessary."

"But just think—what if we had to cohabit with our men the way women used to? Do you think *they'd* be any better for having us about all the time? On the contrary, *we'd* become worse. Believe me, dear, things are much better as they are now. We've reached a kind of equilibrium, and I think it would be most unwise to tamper. Yes? So what I would suggest is a nice course of hypnotherapy so that you can put all these distressing details out of mind. That's what the Central Office is here for, you know—to handle details."

"But, sir—" Colly broke off with a blush that verged on hemorrhage.

"Yes, Ecology?"

"But, Mama Chairperson, there's something else. But it's so . . . so awful . . . so incredible. You'll think I'm crazy, but . . . Oh, I don't know how to *say* it!"

"In as few words as possible, my dear. I'm already late for an important conference on glanders."

"You see, rape is . . . quite awful . . . at first. But then, after a while, you get used to it. And when you've gotten used to it . . ."

"You mean to say, my dear, that you enjoyed being raped."

Colly looked away from the Chairperson's piercing gaze. Her shame was boundless, absolute, eternal. But what the Chairperson had said was true. She *had* enjoyed it. She really wished that she were dead.

"But of course, my dear! Of course. We *all* enjoy it. That's what I thought you meant to tell me when we first sat down. It's what most girls discover their first time out. The difference is only that you neglected to take your Amnesty, and so you returned home with that uncomfortable knowledge."

"But if you understand all that . . ." Colly didn't understand at all.

"You mean to ask—why do we bother? Why do we maintain Pleasure Island, et cetera? The drama, my dear—that's why. One returns, each time, with one's entire maiden innocence. One relearns, each time, the same inspiring lesson. Sex is a very dull habit. But it is a wonderful adventure. Any other questions?"

"So you don't mean to do anything?"

"Well, my dear, something must certainly be done about *you*. You can't be allowed to return to your utopia in your present frame of mind. So, I can offer you this choice. Either you may choose to undergo a course of treatments that will erase the trauma of your rape . . ."

Colly shook her head decisively. "I'm sorry, but that would go against my principles."

"Then you may prefer to stay on here at the Central Office. We can always find room for a young lady of your proven initiative."

"There's no other possibility?"

"There is, but I'm not at liberty to mention it till you've determined whether you'd like to work in the office."

"I'd like some time to consider."

"Naturally. As long as you like. Till you've made up your mind, my dear." She held out her hand to Colly. "It's been a pleasure."

When Colly had left her office, the Chairperson breathed a sigh of relief. Her nose was simply killing her. Quickly she caught hold of the bridge between her thumb and forefinger and peeled it off. Then, able to breathe again at last, she sat down to write a recommendation, in the ancient script of Hyperbole, that Mama Ecology of Butterberry Utopia be sent back to Pleasure Island for a permanent tour of duty.

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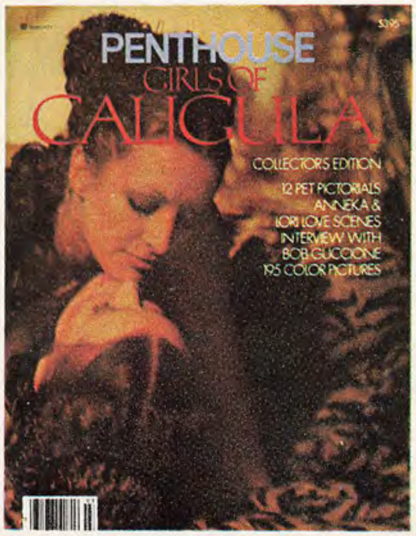

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32

He reached down to unzip his fly and release his erection. I looked down, grasped it, and said, "It's hard and nice!" He replied, kissing me, "I'm glad you think so. Now do you think I qualify for a threesome with you two?" I pretended more ignorance, "What do you mean? Did Bob mention that we've talked about it?" He pulled my panties off with my help as he said, "Sure! And he said you wanted to try it with someone who turned you on." Again I pretended. "Do you think I'm turned on to you?" His hand was back between my open legs, and he inserted a finger, even as I was stroking his erection. He laughed. "I wouldn't know from what's going on!"

I was really enjoying this, especially sensing that Bob was listening—and probably watching. I turned my head to see Bob smiling as he looked around the doorway. I ran my tongue over my lips and lay back on the sofa, knees drawn up, tugging Tom up between my legs.

When Tom started to mount me, I asked, "Why don't you get rid of those clothes?" He hesitated, "But Bob might . . ." And I said, "Oh, I thought you told me that you two had agreed that we could make love . . ." With that, Tom grinned and was quickly naked, his erection very evident to me. I wriggled out of my strapless bra, and before I knew it, he had entered me. I raised my legs to his shoulders and looked over at Bob. Then I gave Tom my full attention, at first intending to put on a show for Bob, bucking up to meet his plunges, moaning, and avidly licking my lips. But soon I meant it and was really responding, giving vent to my urges. I met his final deep thrust, then kept time with him as his plunges became quicker, ending with a deeper penetration. He stiffened as he ejaculated, then lay spent atop me.

Bob chose to enter the room then. He calmly said, "Well, I see that you two seem to be getting along well together." Tom was momentarily startled. He turned to me. "Do I qualify for your threesome?" I hugged him to me and said, "I really don't know yet. What do you think, Bob?" Bob quickly stripped. His erection was evident as he took our glasses and went into the kitchen.

I was still lying there, and Tom looked down and smiled, "That was super!" I smiled back, "It sure was!" He leaned down to kiss me, and I hugged him to me, still feeling plenty of urges within me. Bob returned with the refills and saw us lying together. He grinned, "I thought we talked about a threesome, not just a twosome." I was perverse, "Well, you watched the whole thing!" Tom looked at Bob, "You *did?* How did it feel, seeing me between Nancy's legs?" Bob said, "*Great!* It was better than I ever imagined it would be, to see her long legs on your shoulders, wriggling up to meet you. Especially when she turned her head to me while you two were fucking and I could see she was enjoying it!"

We talked for a while, mostly about what each one of us especially liked. I admitted that I'd like to have an erection in my mouth and have a man perform cunnilingus on me.

We finished our drinks and went to our king-size bed. When the two of them had done everything they could to please me and I to them, we slept together. I finally knew how wonderful it was to share two men, for when one was temporarily limp, I could turn to a willing other, and I ultimately admitted that I was as satisfied as they were.

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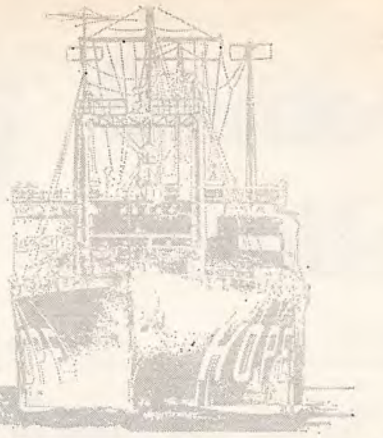

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Friendly persuasion

First of all, I am not the cheating type, but my willpower was weak when this sexual encounter started. The wife was out of town when her friend Sue, four feet eleven inches, with black hair, came to visit her. She is twenty years old, with a 35-23-34 body of ninety-one pounds.

Sue was wearing a white one-piece bathing suit that really showed off her tan when she came by. She was going to leave, but I gave her a drink in the hope that she would stay. I was feeling horny and wanted her little ass. I invited her to watch TV with me. I set up the video recorder so it would play *The Story of O*. Sue wanted another drink, and so I fixed her a double.

I said to myself, "Why not try?" and sat right next to her. My hands roamed to her suit and skin without any problems as she relaxed. Sue was hot, and the crotch of her suit was wet. I probed her love box with my fingers. She pulled away and rose to her feet. She then removed her suit and pulled out my eight-inch hard rod. As she did this, my hands pulled her to my lap. She knelt above my waiting cock. She spread her legs as I sucked her tits, being a little rougher than normal. My rod parted her lips slowly but surely. It inched its way through the tightest cunt I'd had. She tightened up, and she bucked from pain and pleasure as my load fired up in her.

I wanted more, but Sue was not sure. I started rubbing her slit. As she moaned, my middle finger eased some of our juices onto her anal opening. I eased it in a little, but she said stop or she would leave. We rolled to our knees. I bent her over the couch and laid my cock in her pussy from behind her. I was soon pumping slowly, and the juices were flowing again. I eased my finger in her ass and only heard a low moaning protest for a second. As I pumped, I eased out and pressed her still-virgin ass. As my rod entered, she said it would not work, because it hurt. I pushed on as my hands rubbed her tits and cunt. Sue moaned with pain, so I started to pull out, and as I did I put more juices on my pole. With just the head left in, Sue relaxed as my hands touched her tiny hips. In it went, to about four inches, as Sue gasped. She started to buck as she cried for all of it. Pumping hard, I finally made it.

Sue was tired and sore the next day or two, but we get together when we can, as she loves to have her back door entered.—*Name and address withheld*

Justice is hers

I would like to tell of the "hell" I have just been through in the past six weeks.

It all started when I decided I wasn't getting enough sex at home. Patty, my wife, is a very sexy lady with a pair of thirty-nine-inch tits that really drive me wild. She also has a sopping pussy. She can milk you dry with that fucker. Our busy schedules have kept us from giving each other the attention we should. She had recently gone back to work at a hospital.

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One Friday night when she was working, I went on the prowl for some "greener grass." I got lucky and landed a real babe. I have always been a tit lover, and my new friend, Nina, had two of the most lovely, firm knockers I have seen in a while.

After quite a few drinks and a whole lot of bullshitting, we headed for a more private place. I was scared to take her to my house and her roommate was home, so we headed for her sister's house.

That lady turned me every way but loose. When she went down on me, I thought I was in heaven. I have never been deep-throated before. She took my cock, which is about seven inches long and very thick (so I'm told) all the way down. I ate her cunt for what seemed like an eternity. She was so hot I couldn't believe how much juice she was putting out. We fucked in a position that was new to me also. I lay on my back, and she squatted over me and rocked back and forth.

We both decided to quit after we were too sore to go on, so we dressed and headed out to take her home. That's when fate struck. Some idiot pulled out in front of us, and I creamed the shit out of his car. Nina didn't get hurt, but I was a mess. I woke up in the hospital. You guessed it—the same hospital Patty was working in.

Patty was so mad she didn't come by to see me for two days. When she did finally come in, she was very cold toward me. I thought my married life was through. She dropped by after her shift and said she would be back later with a surprise for me.

When she opened the door and stuck her head in and smiled, I should have known something was up. She came through the door with two guys. She locked the door and said what's good for the gander is good for the goose.

Here I was just lying flat on my back in traction with a broken leg, and those two assholes put a gag on my mouth. Patty turned to me and said, "Enjoy the show" and went to work on one of the guy's pants. When she reached in and pulled out his cock, it looked like it belonged to a bull. It was as thick as a pop bottle. The other guy had stripped and was working on her clothes. She started sucking that monster just as hard as she could. The second guy started pounding her cunt while the first fucked her mouth.

After they finished, she took the gag out and left without saying a word. I didn't see her for two more days, but when she came back, she said she was ready to try to patch things up if we could. I had had time to think and decided that she deserved the right to get even. Since then, things have been pretty good with us, but I'll never forget the lesson I was taught.—*Name and address withheld*

For more provocative, stimulating, and controversial letters, read the exciting **Forum Magazine** now on sale at your newsstand, or, for this month's copy, send $2.50 to **Forum Magazine,** P.O. Box 358, Belleville, New Jersey 07109.

COMING IN THE MARCH PENTHOUSE

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Paul Newman Speaks Out—"Ninety percent of what people read about me in the newspaper is untrue, completely fabricated, or altered in some way," says Paul Newman. "Ninety percent garbage!" A victim of the press? Hollywood's superstar thinks he is and has made a controversial new movie called *Absence of Malice,* which puts some heat on, if not roasts, one of our sacred cows: the First Amendment. Newman joins the film's director, Sydney Pollack, and Pulitzer Prize–winning reporter Kurt Luedtke for a symposium on freedom of speech, so-called irresponsibilities of the press, and sexism in the cinema.

Hellfire—Jerry Lee Lewis was always the wild man of rock 'n' roll and became a near superstar after "Great Balls of Fire" and other hits. His success rivaled that of Elvis—until everything went wrong. Rock 'n' roll has never been the same since. A preview of what will be one of the year's most talked-about show-biz biographies, *Hellfire* (Delacorte), by Nick Tosches.

Oldest Profession/Youngest Victims—On L.A.'s Hollywood Boulevard, 4,000 arrests were made for prostitution last year. As many as 1,500 involved juveniles. Bill Lawren examines the trauma of broken homes and parental sexual abuse that forces today's youth into prostitution. Working with the Los Angeles Police Department and Children of the Night, an organization that helps runaway teenagers, Lawren uncovers a world of pimps, hard drugs, and street violence to prove that it's not a victimless crime.

Escape from Reverend Moon—Kate Kennedy was eighteen years old, and her future looked bright. Born and raised in Europe of American parents (her father, Tom, was an important newspaper editor), she decided to travel around the United States before settling down and going to college. Then she was invited to spend a weekend at the Reverend Sun Myung Moon's Unification Church indoctrination camp. The weekend extended into a two-year-and-ten-month nightmare, a nightmare that was ended only when Tom Kennedy had to literally kidnap his daughter to make her realize what a hell her life had become. In this dramatic excerpt from their new book, *The Devil's Work,* Kate Kennedy and her father both describe what the day-to-day existence of a Moonie is like and what anguish finally drives a man to kidnap his daughter to save her from herself.

Missing in Action—Are there still Americans held prisoner in Indochina? Has our government decided to let them rot there forever, while their families suffer the torment of never knowing whether they're dead or alive, for some vaguely defined foreign-policy objectives? This is the premise of J. C. Pollock's exciting new novel, *Mission MIA* (Crown Publishers), which *Penthouse* is exclusively previewing in March. And in a companion feature *Boston Globe* reporter Ben Bradlee, Jr., interviews former Green Beret hero Bo Gritz, who explains why he is convinced that there are indeed Americans still held captive in Laos.

The Industrialization of Space—America is on the brink of a boundless new frontier, the age of private development in space, reports Gary Hanauer in an eye-opening article on what one expert calls "the first major cultural, moral, ethical, and philosophic shift to take place since . . . one hundred years ago." The almost unbelievable benefits of building factories in outer space, mining the moon and the asteroids, and producing miracle medicines under zero-gravity conditions will totally revolutionize our lives, says Hanauer, but first America must commit itself to spend the billions of dollars necessary to begin the process.

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